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Presented in 1878.

THIRTY YEARS AGO;

OR THE

MEMOIRS

OF A

WATER DRINKER.

J. William Dunlap

BY THE AUTHOR OF

MEMOIRS OF GEORGE FREDERICK COOKE; BIOGRAPHY OF CHARLES BROCKDEN BROWN; HISTORY OF THE AMERICAN THEATRE; AND HISTORY OF THE RISE AND PROGRESS OF THE ARTS OF DESIGN IN THE UNITED STATES.

"I think of as many matters as he; but I give Heaven thanks and make no boast of them."

"Of two hundred and thirteen convicts received at the State Prison of Sing Sing, during the year 1835, ninety-six were of the State of New-York; and of these one-third were foreigners. Two-thirds of the tax paid by the community, is for pauperism and crime produced by intemperance."

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

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DEDICATED

TO ALL

TEMPERANCE SOCIETIES.

PREFACE.

I PROFESS to give my readers a novel. That is, something new. And I will give them something new; notwithstanding we are truly told that "there is nothing new under the sun"—and it might be added, neither is the sun new.

These seeming contradictions are perhaps thus to be reconciled: that although all is old—in nature a mere repetition of a rising sun in the east and a setting sun in the west—a spring, a summer, an autumn, and a winter, going their rounds yearly, in most habitable countries; and that, in literature, it is "a pouring out of one vessel into another:"—yet, as the successive generation of individuals, or nations, come into existence, *that*, which is of itself old, is to them new.

Nay, to the same individual, that sun, so often seen, is daily varied by situation in the firmament, and presents every hour a new face, as the mist or the cloud changes the medium through which we behold him: so the landscape, although seen every day, is never the same, either in appearance or reality. The truths or falsehoods of literature, although the same materials may be apparently poured from "one vessel into another," produce novelty by the mixture; for each operator has a different mode of mingling the ingredients

of the chalice, and the materials themselves are sometimes chemically changed, as it were, into something unknown before. Thus although all is old; all is new, in some degree, to every one; and to the uninstructed in the full extent.

So much to prove that a novel may be new—now to show that although it is a fiction, it may be true.

A novel is in its very nature a falsehood; yet if its author has the welfare of his fellow-creatures at heart, its substance and essence will be truth.

A Fable has been defined, "a feigned story intended to enforce some precept;" and a parable is said to be "a relation under which something else is feigned." But they are the same. They are both feigned stories, which *ought* to enforce truth: they are both "relations under which something else is feigned." And such is a novel.

The author of the best code of moral law presented to man, taught many of his precepts by parables. He knew that he must attract and hold the attention, before he could instruct.

A learned Divine once said, "When I see my congregation inclined to sleep, which sometimes happens of an afternoon, I could wish to read a novel to them instead of a sermon. Or, almost, to see a stage erected in my church, and a 'Morality' enacted, to awaken them to the truths I am in vain presenting from the pulpit." We learn from this, that the exertion of intellect necessary for receiving instruction is easier made when fasting than full—or, at least, that *temperance facilitates thought.*

CONTENTS OF VOL. I.

CHAP.		PAGE.
1.	A Scene in the Park, and a Walk on the Battery	5
2.	Heroines on and off the stage	21
3.	A Renunciation	33
4.	Explanations and concealments	41
5.	Beginning of a town—and a man	45
6.	A sporting gentleman and a philosophic lady	51
7.	We go from home to Boston	60
8.	An old Bachelor's house, a Lawyer's Office, and a Play in Boston	69
9.	How to study law.—A change of destination	81
10.	We return home,—Medicine and Theology in Vermont	87
11.	We go to England, and what we did there	85
12.	We come back to the starting-place.—A Scene behind the curtain	101
13.	A Walk out of town	108
14.	The difference between a tavern and a horse-shed	117
15.	The Walk back to town	123
16.	The Lunatic Asylum	135
17.	The result of Intemperance, and a Sick Chamber	149
18.	A little mystery, and an old acquaintance	157
19.	A dinner party in 1811	165
20.	Conversation and coffee.—Politeness and harmony	176
21.	Midnight and an apparition	186
22.	Things as they were thirty years ago	200

THIRTY YEARS AGO.

CHAPTER I.

A scene in the Park, and a walk on the Battery.

After your death you were better have a bad epitaph than their ill report ile you live."

"They'll take suggestions as a cat laps milk."—*Shakspeare.*

"Nor numbers, nor example, with him wrought
To swerve from truth."—*Milton.*

WHOEVER has been in the city of New-York, the great ntre of the commerce of the western world, must remember the marble front of the hall of justice, or City Hall. nding on the highest ground which the democratic system filling up hollows by levelling hills, or lifting the low by re-ving the superfluity of the high, has left to the great com-ercial metropolis. Lifting its stainless face in the midst of talpas and elms, poplars and sycamores, the pride of our ests, this structure, towers,—like the protecting genius of the id, inviting strangers to take shelter under the guardianship of v, and promising protection to the oppressed of all nations.

It was on a fine day in the October of 1811, about the hour noon, when the sun was shining bright and giving a dazzling tre to the front of this building, that two gentlemen came m within, and descending the flight of stairs with the gay, stic and careless step of youth, bent their way down the ntre avenue of the enclosure, in eager conversation; only errupted by occasional bursts of laughter. It was plain that y were not of the tribe to which this building seems princi-lly consigned—the men of the law—there was not the hurried p, nor the thought-pressed brow; neither were they of the ss of jurors dragged reluctantly from their own immediate airs to *pass upon* the interests, or the lives, or liberties of ers: nor were they litigious clients, filled with doubts and fears

of the law's uncertainty, or vexed by its delay—they were light and joyous as the day, (and what American knows not the beauty of an October day,) and appeared to defy or be unconscious of the existence of laws, judges, or jurors, except as their protectors from wrong. They were tastefully and fashionably dressed, and the shortest, who was not quite six feet in height, was a model of manly beauty; his companion was of the square herculean form, full six feet high, with the nose of a Roman Cæsar, the eye of a Spanish contrabandista, and the complexion of a Circassian belle.

The trees of the Park, for so the enclosure is called, were yet loaded with foliage, which the early frosts had changed from the uniform verdant livery of summer, to the motley brilliancy which distinguishes our autumnal scenery, presenting every tint from gaudy yellow to deep purple, through the intermediate shades of orange and scarlet; from the brightest golden hue, through various grades to the dusky brown, which denotes the speedy separation of the leaves from their parent stock, and return to that state in which they become its food.

To such of the busy citizens as, in crossing this triangular pleasure-ground, find leisure to think of nature, this imperfect glimpse of the beauties of American landscape might recall other more variegated pictures; the scenery of our mountains, forests, and prairies: but these young men were not, at the moment our story begins, thinking of woods and wilds—the beauties of nature occupied their thoughts, but they were beauties of a higher order, though as fleeting as the changing foliage under which they loitered, laughed and lounged. They walked half-way down the centre avenue and stopped, as if without sufficient motive either to proceed or return; meanwhile the more Apollo-like gallant sported with a terrier dog that followed him, and who was addressed by the familiar appellation of "Billy." After a few minutes of this wanton idling they, dog and all, bent their way again towards the hall of justice; appearing to look for some one to join them from thence, and they had nearly reached the portico when two very dissimilar figures came out of the front door of the theatre apparently from the box-office, and within view of the first-mentioned pair. The Park theatre, as we all know, being in its position opposite, or nearly so, to the hall of justice.

The walk to and from the hall took some minutes, notwithstanding that John Duncan, a Scotch traveller and A.B., says the enclosure we have praised only contains half an acre. If ever our North-British friend should be condemned for his sins

to make a pilgrimage of the circumference of his half acre, his shoes lined with peas, we doubt not that he will be happy to take a hint from a brother pilgrim and penitent, of former days, and be especially careful to have them well boiled.

A long loud laugh on the part of one of the first mentioned gentlemen was followed by, "He cannot certainly think of marrying her. Her personal attractions are not great, although her professional skill and talents may be deemed so; besides, she's a foot taller than little Spiff. They might play the giantess and Tom Thumb. And her mysterious conduct in regard to Trowbridge, both before and after his death, is too notorious to allow of such an alliance with a man of Spiffards correct way of thinking."

"But," said the other, who was no less a personage than Thomas Apthorpe Cooper, the justly celebrated histrion; "She bears the name of a man high in his profession as a tragedian, and Spiff may know nothing of her story, as he came to New-York after Trowbridge's death, and long subsequent to the affair to which you allude."

"He was then, and for some years before, in England," said the other.

"Hilson knew him there," said the tragedian, "See, he is coming out of the theatre with his friend Tam."

As we mention the names of two well-known personages, and shall hereafter in the course of our narrative frequently introduce more of the same description, let us pause for explanation. When we call a character by the name of a real person, dead or alive, still the actions of such character, as connected with this tale, are in general purely imaginary; and the deeds, thoughts and words imputed to him or her, mere inventions of the author's brain, meant to give point to the moral of his story, or add to the amusement of his readers. As Walter Scott makes use of the names of Cromwell, Charles Stuart, Ireton, Claverhouse, Montrose and others to decorate his characters withal, so we in our humble history of domestic life, take those of Cooke, Cooper, Hilson and other mimic heroes and and mimic villains, for our purposes, as well as some well known names of politicians and professional men of that time. If the action or incident attributed to the person is real, the reader may look for a note indicating it to be so. But we will not, if we have any skill in our vocation, appropriate actions to any one, bearing the name of a real personage, which shall be at variance with the general character of the person from whom the name is borrowed; although we might plead in ex-

cuse that, the great Scotch novelist has made the greatest man in England play the part of commander of a sergeant's guard, or a bailiff with a search warrant, when he (Oliver Cromwell) was in possession of supreme power. Once for all, we protest that this real history is an unreal mockery as it respects characters and events: all is a fabricated tissue wrought by the brain, or the imagination, from the materials collected during a long and variegated life. But as all images must have had existence from previous impressions made by realities, the fantastic combination, which we intend to present, may leave a lesson of profit on the memory, for the reader's conduct in real life.

For we do believe that our book contains true pictures of human nature, and that the actions therein described are the actions of men and women, appropriate to real men and women in similar circumstances, and that the consequences we attribute to the actions of our imaginary characters are the result of *such actions*, and will ever result from them. Therefore is our book, although a novel and a fiction, a book of truth; calculated to amend the heart, while it enlists the imagination under the colours of fancy.

But to proceed.—The tragedian and his companion, having again turned, had reached one of the avenues of the Park on the east side, and were in full view of the theatre. The herculean gentleman took a quizzing glass from his pocket and applying it to one eye, said, "It is Spiff and Tam, sure enough. Suppose you introduce the subject of the lady, and the world's babble about her, to show Spiff that *we* have heard something, if he has not."

"Agreed," said the tragedian. "We shall have some sport at any rate. It will be nuts for Tam." The two gentlemen from the theatre had now advanced to the gate of the park opposite Beekman-street, and were entering the enclosure.

As one of the new-comers is the principal actor in our Drama, and as both once were the very soul of hilarity—the delight of the laughter-loving throngs who crowd play-houses to see the creatures of Shakspeare and Sheridan, Coleman and O'Keefe—to gaze at scenes of imaginary magnificence, and forget the poverty they have left at home; as both are important to the readers of this work, and one the very pivot on which all our machinery turns, we will introduce them by a graphic description of their persons.

Zebediah Spiffard, or as his companions familiarly called him, "Zeb. Spiff." was in height rather less than five feet five inches. He was remarkably square and muscular, at the

same time that he looked attenuated from the absence of all those unctuous particles which give plumpness and swelling contour to persons who like him are possessed of youth, and endowed with health, strength and activity. There was no rounding of feature or limb; all was angular and sharp. His head was large and thickly covered with coarse sandy hair, (or rather a bright orange red,) and his face was long enough for a man of six feet. This face was in every feature, and in the physiognomical combination (if we may be allowed the expression) truly remarkable. The forehead was low, the eyebrows bushy, strongly marked, and almost meeting; they were attached to powerful muscles, and could be moved in various directions: his eyes were large and prominent; the colour of the iris hazle, naturally bright, but so covered by the upper lid, as, when not animated by passion, or excited by mirth, to appear sleepy and lifeless; yet occasionally full of fire; and capable, in concert with the flexible brows, of great comic expression, as well as strong and concentrated marks of emotion. The nose belonging to this extraordinary face was thin, high, and extremely hooked; with wide, ever-moving nostrils. The cheeks hollow, freckled, and pale; the mouth wide, lips thin, and bloodless; teeth long, regular and white; the chin square, yet sharp, having an edge though no point: in short, such a combination of feature and limb in face and person, was never seen before nor since. Spiffard's gait was as singular as his physiognomy. His step was long, slow, and slouching; and although he bore his head erect (as most short people do) he walked with his body bent a little forward at every stride. His voice was strong and clear; usually pitched high, but of great compass; and his enunciation was deliberate and distinct in conversation, but on the stage, in such characters as required the effort, it was uncommonly rapid, without losing force or distinctness. Such was Zebediah Spiffard, a Yankee by birth, and a water-drinker in practice.

Spiffard's companion at this time was Thomas Hilson; who, in appearance was a contrast to the Yankee water-drinker, though in height and breadth nearly the same, probably an inch or two taller. His frame well proportioned to his head. His muscles full and round. All his form indicating power without the hardness of his companion's. His dark hair curled naturally and gracefully. His forehead was high and white. His eyes small, black, and laughing. His nose far from prominent, and partaking of the rubies of his cheeks and mouth, which both glowed with the richest natural carmine that health could be-

stow; the cheeks and chin only rivalled by the colour of the lips. His whole physiognomy marked by youth, fun, frolic, and intelligence.

Hilson's gait was erect, firm, and elastic. His voice deep and powerful. His enunciation always rapid, and accompanied by a slight lisp. Such were the two dissimilar persons who now joined the tragedian and his companion within the precincts of the Park.

"Well Tam" said Cooper, accosting Hilson familiarly, "what is doing on the stage?"

"Strange doings are going forward," was the reply. "Old Cooke is rehearsing a love scene with Mrs. Trowbridge: that's strange, because she generally chooses younger lovers—but what is not strange—he is under the influence of last night's jollification: rather blind."

"And how does Mrs. Trowbridge take blind love?" asked the tragedian, chuckling to find Hilson stumbling at the first step on the subject he wished.

"Very kindly," replied the ruddy comedian: "as ladies should take love. The blind are entitled to pity, and pity leads the soul to love."

"A man must be blind in some way or other who could make love to Mrs. Trowbridge," said Allen—for such was the name of the tragedian's herculean companion,—the man with the imperial nose, towering height, and circassian skin.

The four young men appeared to be well acquainted with each other—indeed on terms of intimacy—and when this chat first began, Allen had saluted Spiffard with the air of every-day familiarity. The latter had not yet spoken; but with a constrained smile and half closed eyes appeared not to notice the words of his companions.

"What do you mean?" said the laughing tragedian, addressing the last speaker, "sure you would not disparage her charms? They are undeniably *great*. I think, Allen, she would overtop *you*. And for weight—your scale would kick the beam if we gave you half a hundred as a make-weight."

"Heaven forbid," replied Allen, "that I should be weighed in the same scales with a lady of such ponderous person and gossimer reputation. Besides, I hope never to come so near her high weightiness as only to be divided from her by the length of a scale-beam."

Spiffard affected to laugh. His face was convulsed. A slight flush passed over his pallid cheek. His under mandible was projected, and his thin lips quivered. He at length with a ghastly

smile said, "very gallant! Gentlemen! Ha ha! Very gallant! and no doubt very witty."

"Does she not—?" asked Allen, sinking the last word in Hilson's ear.

"It is more than suspected" said Hilson—"and as to the mother—" here was another mysterious whisper, and Spiffard made another convulsive and abortive attempt at a laugh.

"I do not believe it of the daughter," said the tragedian.

"By the by, Spiff," said Hilson, "they begin to talk of you and the lady; and it has been currently reported that you have made proposals—and further *they do say* that she does not look down upon, but condescendingly stoops to meet your lofty pretensions. If it should be so—all I say is—such a pair is the long and the short of matrimonial felicity."

"Ha ha ha! well said Tam!—but will the water-drinker, the man whose cold cup never coddles his calculation, the philosopher whose transparent draught never discolours the object he contemplates—will he, take such a leap in the dark! The cold-blooded sage whose cup can never excuse a desperate act! Why if common fame says true—"

The tragedian was fortunately interrupted. Spiffard cut short the intended portentous *on dit* by exclaiming, "You are very facetious gentlemen! But I must stop the current of your mirth even at the risk that its overflow may blast some *unprotected* name. I now inform you that your merriment is misdirected, as the person of whom you speak is my wife. Mrs. Trowbridge that *was*, is now Mrs. Spiffard." While the three stood aghast—after a pause, he added, "I am her protector—and *that* gentlemen, *is* the, long and the short, of it."

Great as we are at descriptions of the human countenance divine, we will not attempt to portray the faces of either the face-making tragedian or comedian, on hearing this speech from Spiffard. The curtain no longer half hid the sleepy eye. It turned flashing from one to the other, while the flushed cheek and bent brow spoke displeasure. Allen, a mere tyro in the art of face-making, was motionless and dumb. He looked any where but at Spiffard. The tragedian and comedian (Cooper and Hilson) exchanged glances; and the latter, with a tone in which good sense and good nature combined said, "Pooh, pooh, we have carried the joke too far—Beg your pardon, Spiff. We knew it. Wish you joy with all my heart—but you deserve all the hoax for stealing a march on us. A married man should never attempt to pass for a bachelor. We shall insist on a treat

though---Ha, Cooper ?---A rump and dozen.---We drink wine though you don't. Ha !---what say you ?---Wish you joy !" and so saying he took the manager's arm and they moved off across the Park to Broadway. Allen was left with the Benedict, and not having the facilities of the theatre, he very awkwardly iterated " wish you joy---Mr. Spiffard !" Then turned and followed the heroes of the sock and buskin.

Poor Zeb---our hero--for he is the hero of this true history, however defective he may appear, and shorn of the usual qualifications, stood as fixed as an antique statue, although in contour or attitude nothing like ; his feet were thrown out like the picture (in that book of wonders, called " the nine wonders of the world") of the Colossus of Rhodes---and bending his head forward in the direction of his late tormentors, he ejaculated, " Joy ! The joy ye wish me go with ye. Confound ye all !---what have I to do with such jesters ?" Then turning towards the gate by which he had entered, he strided slowly back from whence he came, not knowing exactly what he aimed at or whither he was going.

After a few long strides, which denoted rather the presence of muscular power than presence of mind, he began to soliloquize aloud. Was it a trick theatrical ? Was it a habit derived from the stage ? Or is it natural and common to most men ? We are inclined to the latter opinion. We cannot recollect the time when we did not think aloud, especially when under the influence of extraordinary excitement. Theatrical ?---There are many things and actions which in vulgar parlance are called theatrical, meaning thereby *unnatural.* Trust us, ladies, the truly theatrical, is the truly just imitation of nature. The writings of Shakspeare are theatrical---the gesticulations of Cooke and Garrick, of Kean and Kemble were theatrical ; those of Mr. —— on the stage, or Mr. —— in the pulpit, are neither theatrical, nor natural. But—whether you trust us or not—Zeb began very naturally and audibly, thus : " What do those fellows mean ?" He then took three strides. " They are eminent at a quiz—notorious. But then it is plain that they did *not* know that I was married ; and they might have meant"—

Thus speaking, he opened the same gate at which he had entered in perfect tranquillity a few minutes before. This gate, as mutable as his happiness, has long passed away—thrown by—split up to kindle some kitchen-wench's kettle-boiling fire--it was unlike the iron enclosure of the present day, but was a ricketty wooden pale-gate drawn back by a chain and bullet. " From my soul I hope—" " You are very rude, Sir !" squeak'd

a female voice—for he had most indecorously, though unconsciously, pressed against a girl, who supposing he opened the gate to let her pass, was entering the park—"I hope it is all a quiz," said Zeb, looking her full in the face without seeing her. "No quizzing matter, you ugly, impudent fellow." She passed on, adjusting her bonnet. He went on talking. "My mind misgives me—I now remember circumstances—I now remember—I—have been precipitate—perhaps"—He walked faster, and his strides became even longer. "To marry on so short an acquaintance"—

"How do you do, my boy!" cried a cheerful but harsh voice; and looking up he saw George Frederick Cooke descending the stairs in front of the theatre.

The appearance of the veteran denoted that at least fifty-five winters had passed over his head. His once athletic frame had lost the rounded outline of youth, and assumed the hard inflexible contours of age: yet his port was erect, and his step though stiff was firm; especially when he was under the influence, as at present, of the poison which was destroying him. It might be said of him in Shakspeare's words,

"He is in his fit now; and does not talk after the wisest."

His features were large, and had lost none of their plastic power—they could give form to the poet's airy creations, and were capable of expressing the widest range of passion. His forehead was broad, high, and prominent. His eyes of a dark grey, the upper eye-lids projecting and filling the space between the brows and the coloured portion of the organ. When the pupil of the eye expanded, it gave to the whole iris the appearance of brilliant hazle, almost black. The space between his brows was remarkably wide. His nose was aquiline and broad, without deserving the epithet "Roman." The whole physiognomy denoted something uncommon, and by nature, commanding. His grey hair was neatly dressed, powdered, and (behind) gathered into a short *queue*, which, with his suit of grey broad-cloth, gave him an old-school air, very prepossessing, and "every inch" a gentleman.

Spiffard would willingly, at this time, have avoided him; but the gay tragedian, (who was at the second day's progress in one of those careers of folly which it is well known ended in prostration of strength and intellect, and finally in death) had taken enough of the stimulating poison to render him talkative, and unceremonious; and had already seized the melancholy comedian by the arm. The deference due to age, and to the Drama's hero, rendered the miserable husband passive.

Cooke walked on, and talked on; while Spiffard sometimes attending, and oftener thinking of home, and the scenes of domestic discord which his fears told him were preparing for him, led the garrulous veteran down Broadway towards the Battery.

"We have got through rehearsal," said the tragedian, "Not very clear. It is sometime since I played Penruddock. John's the best Penruddock. Black Jack," such was his familiar appellation for his great rival, Kemble. "I must read the part before night. I should have *stuck* but for Mrs. Trowbridge. She is a fine spirited widow; flesh enough about her, and, flesh is frailty; a little haughty in the toss of her head, but that commanding brow of hers suits tragedy. They say she is not always on stilts—who is? I knew nothing of Trowbridge; they say he played tragedy well, he was a Yankee I believe; a Yankee tragedian! A Yankee king! King of the Yankee-doodles! He was a favourite with the ladies I am told, ladies of free and dashing demeanour; and Mrs. Trowbridge—"

Zeb. tried to change the too evident current of his thoughts by asking, "Do you think, sir, that she resembles Mrs. Siddons?"

"What! Sarah? No, sirr! Sarah is the Queen of Tragedy as well as the Tragic Queen. The Tragic Muse herself! John is great, Black Jack, as we call him, but he is nothing to Sarah. I wonder, sir, that any one who has seen the Siddons should make the comparison. Compare Mrs. Trowbridge to the Siddons! Blasphemy! that is, stage blasphemy! She may pass though for a Yankee Siddons. Sarah is tall, but this woman is a grenadier in petticoats. A good eye, though—and a wicked. A fine black brow, but she's nothing to the Siddons! They are a very extraordinary family. Charles is a good lad. Often has Charles sat up to *see* me home, good fellow, when John and I, Heaven bless us, were both past *seeing*. But Sarah's the pride of the flock. John is a poet; and can take the inspiring draught too, like other poets. There is Byron—My dear boy, of all vices *that* is the most detestable! the most destructive! the most insidious!—it undermines the constitution of the strongest, and levels the loftiest talent with the meanest. You are young, Mr. Spiffard, and comparatively have seen little of either the real or the mimic world. I can tell you from observation, sir," and lowering his head, and then looking up, askance, over his shoulder as if addressing a third person, and at the same time changing the tone of his voice,

"perhaps, I might say *experience*:" then resuming his former high harsh tone and imperative manner, "sirr, it is the bane of both health and talent, it is 'the accursed thing,' sir, as much as that spoken of in holy writ." Then with another sudden change of voice accompanied by a corresponding expression of his changeful eye, he added, "I see, you laugh, sirr; yet the Devil can quote scripture for his purposes; but *he* never does so for the purpose of warning from evil as I do now." Then with a firm and dignified air he continued. "Sirr, it is the besetting sin of our profession---the efforts we make exhaust us, and we fly to stimulants for relief or support in those exertions we have yet to make. At midnight we go from the theatre to the tavern, or the hospitable board of an admirer, and we further exhaust, instead of repairing exhausted nature. This, sirr, becomes habit, and we become drunkards---drunkards, sirr! Sirr, the mind and body of the drunkard becomes enfeebled until he appears only to live when under the influence of the poison which is consuming him. When in possession of his reason he feels his lost condition---he loathes existence, yet he dreads its termination---as reason torments him, he seeks madness, and the desire of life hurries him on to death, here and hereafter." Spiffard gazed upon the speaker intensely. The meaning of the excessive interest he displayed may be hereafter explained.

As Cooke ended they found themselves opposite to the City Hotel, and the moralizer suddenly exclaimed, "My dear boy, step in here with me. Let us look over the files of English papers. It is so refreshing to read an English paper. The Yankee journals are as flat as the whole surface of society in this country---a dead level---we look in vain for the splendid column with its Corinthian capital---the princely inheritor of millions who diffuses splendour on all around him and attracts the gaze of every eye."

"True," said Spiffard, "and we cannot find thousands who are prostrate in the dust; or the kneeling supporters of the one princely column."

The tragedian did not appear to notice this Yankee observation; but saying, in a hurried manner, "I have an ugly pain," he hastened into the bar-room of the hotel, and his companion followed.

Spiffard sat down and took up a newspaper. Cooke went to the bar, and gave a practical illustration of his discourse on the evils of ebriety, by adding more fire to the consuming flame within---by seeking in madness a refuge from reason and conscience.

The unhappy bridegroom looked on the newspaper, but it was a blank to his eyes; his mind was far away. He ruminated upon what he had heard in the Park; he endeavoured to determine upon the manner in which he should conduct himself at his next meeting with his wife. The first thing to be done was to announce his marriage to the public, and have Mrs. Spiffard's name put in the play-bills. This being resolved as a first step, then came thronging on his mind, doubts, resolutions, objections, recollections, jealousies, and dire misgivings, which made his heart sink at one moment, and at the next seem to rise and swell almost to suffocation. He forgot all present objects. He struck his fist upon the table at which he sat, and exclaimed, "I will have some——"

The sentence was left unfinished, for the sound of his voice brought to his mind the place in which he was about to soliloquize, and to his eyes the surrounding objects; and this awakening of his faculties was aided by an audible exclamation and start on the part of a gentleman who sat nearly opposite to him, absorbed in the price of stocks as reported in the Daily Advertiser. Among the surrounding objects stood a waiter.

"Some *what* sir? What will you please to have?"

"Come, my boy!" said Cooke. "Let us be moving. I feel better. Let us be going. Exercise is the parent of health."

"Yes sir," said the comedian, rising, "and temperance, the preserver."

They left the tavern, and Cooke, yet more garrulous, proceeded with additional powers of voice and energy of emphasis, "Let us continue our ramble. Exercise gives health of body and mind: promotes cheerfulness, dispels the thick-coming fancies of the brain, which late revels, and slothful morning indulgences (two familiar sins of our profession) bring upon us.

Spiffard had willingly obeyed the summons, glad to be relieved, in some degree, from his own thoughts by change of place; and the veteran, leaning on his arm, continued to pour forth his remarks and moralizings with renewed energy, but with increasing abruptness.

As they passed in front of Trinity church, Cooke, (to use the phraseology of his profession) took his cue from the object before him, and forcing his companion's distracted attention by making a stop and pointing to the door of the building, he commenced one of those rhapsodies which his unfortunate habits and peculiar mind made so strikingly his own. "What a mass of deformity in architecture these Yankees have made of this

once noble gothic edifice! It now belongs to no order or age. I remember it, when proudly it towered a monument of the taste of Englishmen, and the liberality of the church and government of England. A pure specimen of the rich and awe-inspiring gothic without, and decorated within by the sculptures and paintings of the most eminent artists of Britain. What is it now? A Yankee specimen of republican economy! They had better have left it a noble ruin as they made it when they fled from their gracious monarch's armies, sent in mercy to teach them their true interests. I remember, sirr——"

"You! Mr. Cooke!"

"Yes, sirr! I, George Frederick Cooke! I remember Trinity church in its pride, and I remember it in its ruins, even then infinitely more beautiful than in its present state. During the rebellion, sirr, when we occupied this city by right of conquest, the public *mall*, the favourite walk, was in front of the ruins of that proud building which even then from its dilapidated turrets spoke in praise of monarchy and prelacy---of church and state---and frowned on democracy and rebellion. Then, sirr, every evening in summer, we had our military bands of regimental musicians playing loyal airs in the church yard, while we promenaded with the wives and daughters of the refugees and loyalists, and confirmed them in the love of old England. In the morning, sirr, it was the parade ground, from which the guards were detailed, and marched with drum, fife, trumpet, bugle, and bagpipe, to their stations. The main guard was down there, in Wall-street, where the Custom House now stands. There stood the old City Hall and Court House, projecting into the street. Sirr, you stare at my knowledge of this place, and its history—come on, sirr!" By this time some other auditors were collecting, and he moved on, but soon resumed his rhodomontade. "The night after we crossed from Brooklyn, all this part of the city, including old Trinity, was one sheet of flame—all was burnt by the rebel incendiaries. All on fire from Trinity downwards, and then across to the east, leaving Kennedy's and a few houses towards Fort George, and the Battery. Here stood an old Sectarian meeting house which the flames had spared, and we made a military store house of it. The Yankee shopkeepers have built what they think an elegant church on the site and called it "Grace," there is grace in making it episcopal. Heaven grant them grace to improve their taste in architecture! It looks more like a storehouse still than a temple."

Thus the excited old man poured forth his recollections from

reading or from associating with officers who had been in America at the time he spoke of, mingled with his imaginings, as the objects they passed suggested images of things partly remembered and partly created. Thus with rapid strides and occasional pauses, he proceeded on his way, every word and every action marking that state of increasing excitement, which added an unnatural power to his colloquial faculties. His young companion, glad to escape from his own thoughts, gave way to the interest created by the remarks of his leader, and hung, wondering, upon his copious, singular, and wild eloquence.

They arrived at the Bowling-green. "There, sirr," continued Cooke. "There stood the equestrian statue of his sacred Majesty George the Third, my royal master!—There, sirr, within that circular enclosure. It was of lead, gilt over." Then with a sudden change of voice and countenance, looking over his shoulder as if speaking to some one behind him, in an under tone he added, "Gilded lead, said by the vile Jacobites, to be an apt emblem of the house of Hanover." Again resuming his former tone and manner, he proceeded, "Before we landed, the rebels had melted the Lord's anointed, and cast the heavy material into bullets—musket balls to murder his loyal subjects—thus adding sacrilege to parricide, rebellion, murder and treason. Yes, sirr, his leaden majesty was dethroned before we gained the town—but I remember Pitt's statue in Wall street, the rebels left him standing because he was the leader of the opposition in parliament—and because they could not make bullets of the marble: but some of our wild boys took his head off one night—by way of hint to those who encourage rebellion. Ha! this, sirr, is Kennedy's house, the head quarters of Sir William, Sir Henry, and Sir Guy, his majesty's commanders-in-chief, now rebuilt and enlarged to receive a Yankee broker! Yes, sirr, this corner house was the British head quarters, and opposite rose majestically Fort George, surmounted with the floating banner of England, surrounded by her invincible fleets and armies, overlooking land and water—the town, the battery and the bay—but the democrats have levelled it—the hill is removed by the faithless, and the natural defence of the city prostrated by the foolish."

"Perhaps they think its defence is in its men."

"And now, sirr, they are building yon stone Frenchified things! castles! things that one of our seventy-fours would batter down in an hour."

"Provided no guns were mounted on, or fired from them."

"Guns or no guns, sirr! Guns or no guns!"

They had now entered within the fence (then of wooden pales) which separated our magnificent public walk, still called the Battery, from the street which occupies part of the former site of Fort George, and is called State-street; and now the view of the spacious bay, with its islands, the rich and beautiful shores of the neighbouring state of New Jersey, the hills of Staten Island, and the meadows and groves of that part of Long Island which with the sister isle forms the outlet to the Atlantic and the inlet to all the commerce of the world, burst upon the view.

The hero of the mimic scene, looked around him on the realities of *the present*, and was for a moment silent: but soon he began again, taking a new hint from the prospect which opened upon him, and seeming to inhale additional animation from the pure sea breezes which swept over the waters, pouring health upon the busy multitudes he had left behind him. "My young friend" said he, "I never walk here, and look on these rivers, this bay and those shores, but I think over the days of my youth. I traverse again in triumph those heights." And he pointed to Long Island. "I marched proudly, driving before me the rebels with their Washington and their Lord Sterling (not a sterling Lord) until the night saved them from utter annihilation. It was the twenty-fifth of August when they fled before us to their lines in Brooklyn. I must give Washington credit for bringing them off that night. Yes, he made a skillful retreat, and did all that man—a Yankee man—could do with such troops. These Yankees, with all their self-conceit, are a poor race, sirr, a degenerate race in every thing."

"I think, Mr. Cooke" said Spiffard with an affected simplicity, "that it was on the twenty-fifth of August you said, seventeen hundred and seventy-six, that Washington fled with his army of raggamuffins before the disciplined veterans of Britain?"

"Aye, sirr! the twenty-fifth! the twenty-fifth!"

"And on the twenty-fifth—" "Spiffard was interrupted by the exulting repetition of the words, "Ay, sirr! the twenty-fifth!" But the Yankee proceeded deliberately, "the twenty-fifth of November, seventeen hundred and eighty-three, these same Yankees, led by this same Washington, marched into this same city not leading a rabble of raggamuffins but a few regiments of well dressed, well equipped, well disciplined Yankee soldiers; and was welcomed by the grateful inhabitants as their

benefactor and Saviour! while his Britannic majesty's fleet, men-of-war, transports and all, were seen from this same spot, wafting his crest-fallen warriors back to their native shores."

"My dear fellow," said Cooke, with one of his arch looks, "we will say nothing of that."

This day, ever to be commemorated not only by New-York, but by America, as the last day their soil was polluted by an enemy during the war of the revolution; this memorable twenty-fifth of November, 1783, was witnessed as a scene of triumph by the writer of these memoirs; and the words put into the mouth of Spiffard, supposed to be spoken by him as the result of tradition, may be received by the reader as the testimony of an eye-witness.

After a pause Cooke added, "You spoke the latter part of that last sentence, in a tone that would almost induce me to think you an American, but that you are too short and too clever for a Yankee. It is odd, sirr, that they have never produced one good actor. How long is it since you came to this country?"

"Five and twenty years."

"Then you must have come when you were six months old or less."

"Less, sir. Not an hour old. I am guilty of being born in Yankee land."

"So, so, so! and I have been be-rating the country, and the people, to a—a—"

"A Yankee actor," said Spiffard laughing.

"A sterling actor," said the veteran in his best manner, "come you when or whence you will." The chain of romance and rhodomontade seemed broken, and with a pleasant smile the old man said, "I have been fairly caught, I must confess. But I like you none the worse for being a native of the land of pumpkins and puritans. You must let me have my fling at you, especially as you know, let who will laugh, or who will rail, you Yankees have won the game."

Thus chatting, and somewhat recovered from the effects of reading the English newspapers with the bar-keeper of the tavern, the veteran was accompanied by the young comedian to his lodgings, who with difficulty excused himself from entering to share in the rich profusion of Jemmy Bryden's board at the Tontine Coffee House.

When alone, Spiffard again fell into mournful ruminations on his rueful condition. "If the suspicions which my volatile companions have raised should prove to be founded on fact." At one moment he strove against the thought that tortured him,

and the next gave way to his fears. "These fellows are quizzing me. They are always at their hoaxing sport—sport to them!—but then how should they know that I am married to her? I boarded in the house before. It is but two weeks—and no one in the house knows it but Mrs. Epsom, not even her cousin Emma—no, no, there is a foundation for this insinuation. I remember now a thousand circumstances in confirmation. But then she has a mind so far above the ordinary class of women. Her sentiments are elevated. The whole tenor of her reading and conversation is masculine and philosophic. True, her passions are remarkably strong, and she may have followed the example of her former husband whom she loved to excess—she may have—but that she now loves me I cannot doubt, and with her good qualities and superior mind what have I to fear?"

So soliloquizing our hero strode up Wall-street to Broadway, and on to the house of Mrs. Epsom, his mother-in-law, having in a good degree tranquilized his mind, and being determined neither to do nor say any thing which might interrupt his domestic felicity; unless it should be disturbed by the public avowal of his change of state, and the annunciation in papers and bills of his wife's change of name, which had become necessary after the scene in the Park.

CHAPTER II.

Heroines on and off the stage.

"Have you the lion's part written? pray you, if it be, give it me, for I am slow of study."—*Shakspeare.*

"Study is still the cant term used in the theatre for getting any nonsense by rote."—*Stevens.*

"Bottom discovers a true genius for the stage by his solicitude for propriety of dress, and his deliberation which beard to choose among many beards, all unnatural."—*Johnson.*

"I will draw you a bill of properties, such as our play wants."—*Shaks.*

"A cue in stage cant is the last words of the preceding speech, and serves as a hint to him who is to speak next."—*Stevens.*

Before Zeb appears again or undertakes to make known his purpose or rather his change of resolution, we will introduce

the reader to the family circle at Mrs. Epsom's. Mrs. Trowbridge (we will call her so for the present) had just returned from rehearsal (Cooke having absconded before his time, leaving the prompter to read Penruddock) and was busied in selecting and preparing the dress and properties she intended for the character of the evening. Mrs. Epsom sailed majestically about the house, occasionally visiting the kitchen to see that Rachel the black girl executed her orders, then with dignified pace and action taking her seat by the parlour window, and after an abundant administration of snuff to her capacious nostrils, resuming her spectacles and her occupation of sewing. A book was open on the chair beside her: whether on morality or religion the reader must determine when he has perused to the end of this history. We rather think it was deposited there for what in playhouse technicalities is called study.

Mrs. Trowbridge, or Mrs. Spiffard, as the reader pleases, was a vigorous square built woman of the largest English model; not only broad in frame but tall, and appearing still more so by the side of her Zebediah, who although a native of Vermont, it may be remembered was the very reverse of the long lank Yankee of the novelist and story-teller, or the towering and manly form of the real Vermonter; and she appeared the taller as she never lost an inch of her height by stooping, having a true tragedy elevation of head and a commanding carriage of the neck and shoulders. Her swan-like neck rose proudly from her chest, giving an air of pride as well as grace to the movements of the head, whose ornament was hair that in luxuriance and colour was truly Asiatic. Her arms were full, plump, white and terminated by small graceful hands. Her feet were rather large; they were decidedly not American. Her face was very remote from the painter's or sculptor's standard of beauty; yet might be called fine; complexion, a light brunette, but in spots rather ruddy. Forehead good, high, broad, white—strongly marked black eyebrows, which, with black eyes, and hair falling in masses of raven hue, gave powerful effect to the poet's passions, and sometimes to her own. She had a prominent full nose—red lips, somewhat thick, the upper one having rather a scornful curl towards its neighbour the impending nose, —when separated they displayed brilliant teeth—this congregation of features was finished by a square prominent chin, and the whole visage was slightly marked by disappointment. The aggregate gave indications of strong intellect, and, to the close observer, ungoverned passions.

Her mother, who played the tragedy, or serious, old women

of the Drama occasionally, was tall and thin, with a cream-coloured face, except the nose which was red, sharp, short and puggish—thin lips, the upper one of which (as well as her nose) was always discoloured with snuff—her whole physiognomy hypocritical—and in her air was seen that mock dignity, and that swimming and sailing manner already mentioned.

At the other window, so retired as that the light should fall on her work and not on her face, sat Emma Portland. She was intently employed in sewing; and her eyes being cast down in the direction of her needle, caused the long, dark, auburn lashes to be more apparent as contrasted with the brilliant white of her skin: they were relieved like the delicate touches of the pencil on a ground of snowy purity. When the fringed curtains of her eyes were raised, their azure tint and softness of expression caused fascination—not the fascination of the enchantress, but a holy attraction inspiring admiration, divested of all impurity, except when the beholder was impure. Complexion is evanescent—yet transparency and bloom add to the charms of form and expression. The most delicate tint of the damask rose-leaf did not equal the colour of this maiden's cheek. She appeared by the purity and simplicity of her dress, the placidity of her countenance, the slender symmetry of her justly proportioned form, and the graceful movement accompanying this common domestic occupation, to contrast strongly with the majestic figure of one, and the worldly appearance of the other of her companions.

Emma was not yet eighteen, and looked two years younger when not speaking. When she spoke, a mind of maturity indicating many years appeared in the unveiled mirror of her soul—her face—which beamed with intelligence and intellectual beauty. Nor did her words belie her lovely countenance, or in the least disappoint the expectation which her all-expressive physiognomy had raised. Purity and truth—piety and love (heavenly love) were written on her countenance. Of her form and face it might be said with the poet,

> "There is nothing ill can dwell in such a temple."

Her voice was

> "———————— musical
> As bright Apollo's harp strung with his hair,
> Or that of Orpheus, strung with poet's sinews."

A spotless white morning dress covered her person from the feet to the chin. There was no studied art to display form, or

coquettishly to conceal it; but the perfection of female loveliness was seen in every movement and in every limb. Her hair was auburn, fine and glossy as the richest silk; modestly braided, it formed a natural crown copeing her maiden brow; that portion which impinged upon the ivory of her forehead, was parted in the midst, and in ringlets hung clustering on either side, shading the blue veins of her temples, and sometimes as they waved, adding golden tinted shadows to the rich hues near them. Her face approached the oval in its form, with a portion of girlish roundness, which only added to its innocent expression when, as now, perfectly tranquil, and which expression of extreme youth was heightened by the glowing colour of her cheeks and lips. These lips were as usual two, and as the old poet says,

"The one was thin,
Compared with that was next her chin."

Yet both were full, exquisitely curved and rounded, and parted by a line more resembling the bow of Cupid when unbent, than any thing merely mortal; within this mouth, the rows of brilliant, pearly teeth, were in unison with the honied breath and honied words which flowed from the healthful frame and healthful mind of this matchless maiden. With this beauty she possessed a higher, holier loveliness; proceeding from within. In her eyes you beheld the pure soul which never knew or thought deceit—the charm of truth was spread over her countenance, but it *shone* in her eyes. She had read and heard of falsehood and arts of deceit, but they were theories with her—she confided in every one, because she felt her own sincerity and heretofore had no experience of the lack of it in others. She confided in all, and all confided in Her. How could they avoid it? Truth was an innate and a practical virtue, which had such power in her voice that no human creature could doubt an assertion from her lips. She possessed another virtue—Charity. Charity in its widest sense—in its theory and practice. She thought charitably of all, and she acted charitably to all. She could not give money, or food, or clothing to the poor, but rarely and scantily: she could not send fuel to the cold, and sick, and shivering: but she did more—she sought their abodes and cheered them with looks and words. She pointed out their cheerless dwellings to those who could supply their physical wants and alleviate their sufferings.

How came such a creature in such a place and in such company? We will tell the reader in few words.

The father of Emma Portland left England, his native land, and took refuge in America, after the destruction of his family by the elopement of his sister with a worthless strolling player of the name of Epsom. This sister, though now such as we have seen her had *then* a showy kind of so-called beauty, was vain, and thought it would be a charming thing to receive the plaudits of the theatre—to be admired by hundreds, to stand aloft and dazzle thousands, and to be the wife of the tall, handsome, tragic actor, Mr. Adolphus Epsom. She was an only daughter, and her conduct killed first her father and subsequently her mother. Her brother, a well disposed young man, but with no extraordinary talents or acquirements, sought a home in Philadelphia, prospered in commerce, married one of the loveliest and best of women, and was blest by her perfections mental and physical—and more by the good conduct of a son and daughter, Thomas and Emma; so named from himself and wife. The children inherited the talents of the mother, and imbibed from her an ardent love of truth: the foundation of every virtue.

Emma had in infancy the inestimable advantage of the example and instruction of an enlightened and good mother; and as her mind expanded, her beloved brother, some years older than herself, and devoted to science and literature, became her chosen companion, and instructor. Thus with every advantage which wealth, science, virtue and piety could surround her, she attained her fifteenth year. Then came a sad reverse. The father, heretofore a princely merchant, failed—sunk under the shock and died. The mother bowed her head to God, and rose higher and firmer from the conviction that to do his will was her duty and her happiness; that his will is the happiness of his creatures; and that her duty was to make her children and herself useful in the great work of promoting happiness. The brother and mother sought and found employment. Their sister and daughter cheered their labours and cheerfully added her own. Soon a lingering and cruel disease, the consumption, the consequence, perhaps, of too severe study, was apparent in the flushed cheek and enfeebled frame of the brother. The mother seemed to melt away as her first born withered, as it is fabled that the victim of malignity sinks with the melting of the charm-fraught image moulded by the hand of accursed sorcery. Both died—resigned to the will of him who had given life and much happiness—thankful for the past and confiding in the future; they died—first the brother, then the mother, and left the orphan Emma—not alone and unprotected, for in our country

the child of the wise and good cannot want friend
ma, though not friendless, was poor. Her mother
relations. Dependency upon strangers, however
be, is a hard lot.

In the meantime Epsom, his wife, and only child
had emigrated to Boston, where he died. The wife
ter, both on the stage, were prosperous in public fa
visited Charleston South Carolina, New-York, ar
the principal cities. The daughter who had been
dramatic life, and used to it from childhood, ma
known young tragedian of the name of Trowbri
came a skillful tragic actress, far surpassing he
Trowbridge died of the disease which destroys so
actors of the middling class—intemperance; he
usual the decline of his health altogether to the clim
pired cursing the country. Mrs. Epsom and h
visited Philadelphia for the first time in their profes
cities and there by accident, that is, through the m
English merchant who knew Portland and his fa
Mrs. Epsom became acquainted with the situation
She might have neglected her, but her daughter ha
ings. She saw and admired the orphan. She coul
and even love the excellence which she could
Emma was visited and solicited to accept the ho
could offer.

Emma Portland, by the advice of well meaning
thought so young and beautiful a creature ought to h
guardianship of her natural relations, (relations whe
perous and of unimpeached character in general
placed herself under the protection of her aunt
Her wardrobe was more than sufficient for her h
pects, and a small sum, the savings from the wreck
quent industry, was secured at interest with the p
banker, Stephen Girard. She was received wi
kindness by the aunt, and with real admiration, whic
came affection, by the superior minded but unha
Nay even the obtuse Mrs. Epsom became sens
Emma Portland she had no burden, but rather a tre
spected her economical domestic arrangements,
sometimes sadly neglected, owing to the duties
inseparable from the stage. With these relati
removed to New-York, where they obtained a per
gagement.

In this situation, with people whose manner

Vith the confidence of
just appreciation of her
kling; but as she pass-
denly arrested, and felt
trong grasp of a man's
oor. She struggled to
and in her struggles con-
lovely girl—I will make
" and a rude kiss was at-

n Trowbridge," cried the
' Help! Help!"
sing gown appeared in the
landing and stairs in
snatched a light and rush-
Emma was suddenly with-
he sunk on the lower step
aintly crying " Help."
who had assailed her, ex-
om the door that had been
on a face unknown to her,
airs leading to her aunt's
on the step above that on
ther outstretched in search
bonnet off—her face, neck
profusion of her golden
elplessness was she found

r the ensuing scene, under
O'Dogherty; and attend-
imself, his *valet de sham*,
honest hibernian, and the
d hearing a female voice
d to the rescue with all the
d stood in an attitude of
n of such a lovely creature
now see that she was, for
n her, from the candle he
loft by the tall yankee, his

, Davenport!—My dear
you hurt?—Let me assist

ruffian assailed me. He

more than ever enjoyed, as all studies are in proportion t progress made in them, and the consciousness of intelle power thereby gained. She had no fastidious notions respe the Drama. She had read plays, English and French, sel by her brother. She saw no reason to suppose that the eff a good poem in prose or verse would be lessened by the representation of its characters, and powerful delivery moral sentiments. She had seen with the delight incide inexperienced youth the charms of scenic representation; although, since her residence with her aunt Epsom, her fe toward the theatre had undergone a change, still her only tive on this occasion, was the preference given to retiremen the pursuit of a study she had commenced.

It is known, without our aid, to some of our readers, tha dressing rooms of the Park Theatre, are over the green-r or room for the assembling of performers when ready to the prompter's summons to the stage. The passage leadi these rooms, and to the stage, opened in a darksome dirty called Theatre Alley; since that time, like many other th reformed. The first floor of the building, which is an adju the theatre proper, was occupied by the aforesaid green-r and the passage way from the street or alley to it, to the s and to the stair-case leading to the dressing rooms. The se floor was divided into three apartments, one of which was a time appropriated to Mr. Cooke, and the others to some o principal male performers of the company, none of whom pened to play on the evening of which we speak, nor were usual occupants in the house. The third floor had like three dressing rooms, one of which was occupied by Mrs. som and her daughter, a second accommodated Mr. Spiffar another comedian, and the third was similarly used by othe the company. Above this again were other tiring rooms, b filled, at least in quantity, (the persons of lesser weight in community, as in other places, rising nearer the clouds, as and painters mount to garrets,)—and still higher were a ments for tailors, supernumeraries and trumpery, all called t *robe*. Each landing on the staircase was lighted usually lamp, but as Emma ascended with her aunt and cousin, it b yet twilight, she had not noticed whether the lamp was bu or not.

As she now descended to the floor on which the dres room of George Frederick Cooke was situated, she found self involved in darkness, and it appeared to her that the had been extinguished at the moment she opened the doo

the apartment from which she issued. With the confidence of innocence, and that courage given by a just appreciation of her own character, she kept on her way, darkling; but as she passed the last dressing room she was suddenly arrested, and felt herself seized round the waist, by the strong grasp of a man's arm, and forcibly drawn towards the door. She struggled to return to the stairs whence she came—and in her struggles confusedly heard the words murmured, "lovely girl—I will make your fortune—I love you—no harm—" and a rude kiss was attempted upon her averted face.

"Help! Aunt! Cousin! Cousin Trowbridge," cried the struggling maid, "Monster! Ruffian! Help! Help!"

A door opened, and a figure in a dressing gown appeared in the doorway. This person, finding the landing and stairs in darkness, turned back into the room, snatched a light and rushed out. The arm which had seized Emma was suddenly withdrawn, the ruffian had vanished, and she sunk on the lower step of the stairs she had just descended, faintly crying "Help."

Thus before she could see the satyr who had assailed her, except by the faint and impeded light from the door that had been thrown open, some rays of which fell on a face unknown to her, she was left alone, sitting on the stairs leading to her aunt's dressing room—leaning with one arm on the step above that on which she was seated, and with the other outstretched in search of her bonnet—in that attitude—her bonnet off—her face, neck and shoulders almost covered by the profusion of her golden ringlets—in this state of apparent helplessness was she found by George Frederick Cooke.

The veteran had been preparing for the ensuing scene, under the hands of his hair-dresser, Dennis O'Dogherty; and attended by his servant, or, as he called himself, his *valet de sham*, Trustworthy Davenport (the first an honest hibernian, and the second a thorough going yankee,) and hearing a female voice cry for help, George Frederick rushed to the rescue with all the promptitude of a *preux chevalier*, and stood in an attitude of unfeigned amazement at the apparition of such a lovely creature so strangely situated; lovely he could now see that she was, for a blaze of light fell strong and full upon her, from the candle he had seized, and from another borne aloft by the tall yankee, his valet.

"This way, O'Dogherty!—Here, Davenport!—My dear young lady, have you fallen?—Are you hurt?—Let me assist you! Are you hurt?"

"No sir. I am not hurt. Some ruffian assailed me. He

must have gone into that room, I think—or perhaps down stairs."

"That door? Ha!—O'Dogherty!—Davenport!—that door—I beg your pardon, Madam. Bring a glass of wine, O'Dogherty!—and Davenport, see who is in that room—the door is open."

"And there is no speck of light," said Trusty, as he obeyed.

"You are faint, my dear," said the old gentleman, "Let me assist you into this room—and there you can sit down until you recover yourself. For Emma was now standing at the foot of the stairs near the tragedian's open door.

"Oh no sir, no, no, I am well now;" and the trembling girl, hastily adjusting her long and dishevelled tresses under her bonnet, attempted to ascend the stairs, but suddenly recollecting that to her aunt and cousin, as then engaged, the knowledge of her adventure would prove unseasonable and annoying, and that it might prevent Mrs. Trowbridge's exertions as an actress, at the same time wondering that her cries had not brought those ladies down (but in truth they had not heard her faint and stifled calls for help) she concluded to leave them in ignorance for the present.

Davenport returned from his search with the report that no one was to be found.

Emma, after a moment of hesitation, re-assumed her intention of going home, and was proceeding down stairs to the lower floor, after thanking the old gentleman for his assistance and kind offers.

"Where would you go, young lady?" said he.

"Home, sir."

"Alone!"

"There is no danger, sir."

"I think there is."

"None, sir, after leaving this house."

"Indeed, miss," said Dennis O'Dogherty, who stood holding a decanter of Madeira in one hand, and a full glass in the other. "There are more bad houses in this alley."

"What sirr!" said Cooke, "do you make a bad house of the theatre?"

"Not I, sir, but among us I think it will get its name up. I only mane that there are others in the alley, though this is the biggest."

"Mr. O'Dogherty," said the Yankee, "you are mending the matter *clean* with a plaster of mud."

"Hold your tongues, sirrs!" said Cooke. "How far are you going, young lady?"

"Only to Mrs. Epsom's, sir."

"My coat! Davenport! I dont go on till the second act. O'Dogherty, my hat! Young lady, you must not go through that dark alley alone. I am George Frederick Cooke, madam; and though my grey hairs—if I hadn't this black wig on—might be assurance enough for your security, we will have Dennis with us, who knows the alley so well, and Davenport shall carry a lanthorn before us."

"Indeed, sir, I have no fears, when out of this house."

"The house has its traps, sure enough, miss; and there are some who make the sight of an unprotected beauty a cue to their licentiousness; but pardon me, the night is growing dark, and such a figure as yours flitting through Theatre-alley might attract a ruffian, and occasion an insult even out of the theatre. So you must permit—therefore, pardon me, I *will* see you home. Give me that glass of wine, O'Dogherty, and take care of the bottle; and do you, Trusty, take the lanthorn." Having tossed off the bumper, he proceeded. "I will see you safe home by the light of Dennis's face and Trustworthy's lanthorn. And as I shall be supporting you, and Davenport carrying the light before us, that Hibernian shall follow as a rear guard. Come along, Davenport, and take your cudgel with you, Dennis!"

Emma could no longer decline the aid so frankly offered; and supported by the arm of the veteran, lighted by his trusty valet, and guarded by the red-faced Irishman, they descended the stairs, at the bottom of which they found the old porter.

"Did any one pass out within a few minutes?" said Cooke.

"Yes, sir, a gentleman in a great hurry."

"Who was he?"

"I dont know, sir?"

"You must know all the performers?"

"He was not a performer I'm sure sir."

"Then what business had he here?"

"He did not come in this way since I came from my supper, and as he looked like a gentleman, I let him pass without asking questions. He was wrapp'd in a cloak, and his face partly covered."

"Some young scape-grace," ejaculated Cooke, as they passed out.

"No, sir," said the porter, "he was not young, that I know by the way he came down the stairs. He was none of your hop-skip-and-jump fellows."

Emma reached her aunt's house in safety; receiving all the delicate attentions which a man of sense and feeling would be-

stow upon a young female in her situation; for it happened that Mr. Cooke was at this time such as nature had qualified him for being at all times.

When they stopped at the door, Emma, having thoroughly recovered her self-possession, said, "I will not ask you in, sir. I know your engagements. My aunt will add her thanks to mine, for your politeness, at some other time. I hope you will call upon her, she is not now at home. The thanks and blessings of the orphan are with you, sir." Then suddenly bending her head, under the impulse of excited feelings, she pressed her lips upon the hand which had assisted her, he felt a warm tear drop, and she hastily left him.

Cooke, and his two attendants, turned to retrace their way to the theatre, and they had walked in silence for a minute or two, when the hero of the buskin ejaculated the single word, "strange!" He drew out his handkerchief, and, rubbing his eyes, said, "Who is this beautiful creature, Dennis?"

"Sure and she is beautiful, sir," said Dennis.

"I know that, you blockhead; but *who* is she?"

"Sure, Mister Cooke, you wouldn't call me a blockhead for not knowing *all* the beautiful creatures. And, indeed, Mr. Cooke, and I think she is none of the company, or she would not have minded a little affair of that sort—quite *so much*."

"Get out, you blackguard, do you know what you are saying?"

"Mr. Dog-hearty," said Davenport, "means the present company."

"To be sure," said Dennis, "that's what I mean; the present company always excepted."

"He don't know what he means," said Cooke.

"Fai't, and I do, sir, without maining any disrespect to yourself, Mr. Cooke, or any of the other ladies of the stage, past, present, or to come."

"Hold your tongue, sir!"

"And I can do that; and what the more will you know if I do?"

"Have *you* ever seen her before, Davenport?" inquired the tragedian, turning to his yankee attendant.

"I have, be sure, Mr. Cooke," said the *valet de sham*, "and noticed her with considerable admiration. For, to tell the truth, which I always endeavour to do, *modesty*, in *our house*, shines like a candle in a dark night, or 'a good deed in a naughty world,' as the poet says. But I *see* her in another house—at church; and there she looks like an inhabitant of the upper re-

gions: I don't mean the gallery, or the upper tier of boxes. An angel—a descending spirit, come to tell 'the secrets of the world unknown,' as Norval says."

This rhapsody, given with a nasal tone, and true *New* England or *old* English peculiarity of accent and enunciation, tickled the tragedian's fancy, and turned the current of his thoughts. After good naturedly exclaiming, "Hush, you barbarous murderer of Dominie Home!" he communed with himself as he returned to the business of the night; occasionally a word escaped him, such as "brute"—"beautiful"—"daughter"—but further communication with Dennis or Davenport, he held none.

CHAPTER III.

A Renunciation.

"Time is the nurse and breeder of all good."

"Temperance is a delicate wench."—*Shakspeare.*

My story is one of ordinary life. Its incidents are such, mainly, as I have known to occur. If I have introduced an Irishman and a Yankee, it is because my scene is in New-York; and in New-York one cannot turn a corner but an Irishman is at one elbow and a Yankee at the other. It will be seen by the sequel that I mean no disrespect to the natives of the Emerald Isle—I feel none. Take Pat from the influence of bad, or no education; give him a fair chance in the race, he will outstrip the best and the proudest of Europe; and Jonathan is my own countryman, only born further "down east," where I have found some of the most enlightened heads, and truest hearts, of all who can boast the name of "Yankee."

We will now take up the thread of our story, and open the conversation which was on the eve of commencement when we dropt the stitch in our knitting-work. We return to the colloquy of Mrs. Epsom, Mrs. Spiffard, (late Mrs. Trowbridge,) and Emma Portland, which has been so long necessarily delayed.

"Emma, dear," said Mrs. Spiffard, as she selected the dress she intended to wear in the evening; "will you help me with these ruffles?"

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m not hurt. Some ruffian assailed me. He

reproach you for differing from us in opinion. My education has been very unlike yours;" and she sighed. "But you had better go with us—perhaps—you will be very lonely here. Take your book, as you have before done, and sit in our room, if you will not go in front and see the play."

"Unless for some very particular reason, cousin," said Emma, firmly, "I will never again enter the walls of that theatre."

"Heyday! what have we now!" exclaimed the aunt.

Emma, then, with simplicity, related the insult she had received, and the fright she had experienced. She narrated the occurrence, not as we have described it (we, to whom all things are known,) but as it appeared to her. She apologized for letting so many hours pass without mentioning the circumstance. She expressed her deep feeling of the insult offered to her from some one evidently acquainted with the house, and, as she could not but suppose, feeling at home in it. She expressed strongly her gratitude to her protector, and added, "It is not the fear of personal injury that has made me come to this resolution, but a sense of what is due to you and to myself; to you, my aunt and cousin, as protectors of my orphan state; to myself, as one depending for future prosperity and usefulness on present conduct. I ought, as the subject is now unavoidably brought into discussion, to add that it is not alone the event I have recounted to you that has caused my determination, but the improper words I have, at various times, been obliged to hear in passing and repassing to your apartment in the theatre, and the improper conduct I have been forced to witness. With *you*—in *your company*, I am protected from insult, and see, at least, the appearance of decency among the people called supernumeraries, and others, who, when unrestrained by the presence of their superiors or employers, are not governed by laws or feelings which render them proper persons for a young and unprotected female to be placed so near, as to be within hearing of their jests and ribaldry. You cannot be always with me—your duty calls you before the public—and my appearance does not command respect from the ignorant, or shield my conduct from the suspicions or the censures of the libertine. My pleasure is in retirement. . The gay frequenters of the boxes—or the glittering decorations of the proscenium of the theatre, give me, of late, no delight; I am isolated among the auditors; and the scenes which appear to please them, too often disgust me. If such is my situation in front of the curtain, behind it I feel that I am exposed to insult except in your immediate presence. The gentlemen and ladies of the theatre are engaged in their

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The latter turned away, put by the tumbler, and resumed her seat with great and dignified composure.

Spiffard turned his eye to his wife with a look of inquiry.

"What's the matter, Mr. Spiffard?" she asked.

"The matter? nothing—I—I have had a long walk with Mr. Cooke—I—I am a little fatigued." And he sat down. His feelings approached to that sickness which occasions total prostration of bodily power—some times called heart-sickness.

"I hope," said Mrs. Spiffard, "that the old gentleman was gay and agreeable. He was not very clear at rehearsal, and cut it rather short, leaving the prompter to supply his place. I am afraid he has been busier with his bottle than his book." This was spoken in a forced manner, and to hide the feelings occasioned by the previous scene.

"What a pity it is," said Emma, who had now resumed her secluded seat by the window, "that a man of such talents should be a slave to such a debasing vice."

"It is a great pity," said the old lady, with a most hypocritical sigh, as she took a huge pinch of Irish blackguard.

"It is damnable," cried Spiffard, with a tone and look which was as new to his auditory as it was unaccountable from any thing that had occurred since his appearance among them.

It is thus that we bring into new scenes and companies the *feelings* acquired elsewhere—and which are discordant, and sometimes irritating, to those of the persons we approach; and thus we, by our ill temper, mar the social harmony of our friends. How is this to be avoided? By repressing our selfish sensations, and adapting ourselves to those we mingle with.

"Perfectly damnable," he continued. "How can rational creatures be reconciled to the infamy which must attend so loathsome a habit, even if they do not dread the misery that precedes the death they purchase by their folly? We do not sufficiently show our detestation of the practice in *men*, but even the most thoughtless are shocked when they see it in a woman:" and he looked at Mrs. Epsom, not unobserved by his wife.

"Indeed, Mr. Spiffard, you take the matter up too seriously, and speak too severely," she said. "A little stimulus is necessary, absolutely necessary after, and sometimes during the exertions our profession demands."

"I deny the necessity, madam. If it exists, the profession ought to be abandoned. This stimulating, when often repeated, becomes a habit. The practitioner from a little goes to more, until the stomach becomes vitiated, and the appetite depraved. Then the time inevitably comes, when to refrain appears worse

than death; worse than the worst of deaths; a death of madness and remorse! unless some friendly hand, or blessed circumstance, snatches the victim from destruction."

"I believe there is much truth in what you say," said his wife; "but I do not see what has occasioned your great warmth on the subject at this moment. Before you came in, we were engaged in a very interesting discussion—one in which you will take part; and I must make an appeal to you. What do you think? our little Emma has determined never to enter within the walls of the theatre; and I can assure you that she has delivered her determination with an emphasis and manner—not to say discretion—which has convinced me that she would be the ornament of any stage in the world. But she abjures playhouses in toto—at least all behind the curtain, if not both boxes and stage."

"She is right!" said Spiffard, emphatically; "the stage! no! she is right!"

"Right?" exclaimed the two actresses.

"Yes, right. She is innocent—she is pure—she is unsophisticated and uncontaminated: and to remain so let her hold to her determination."

"Thank you, sir," said his wife, and her eyes flashed their lightnings, and then were overclouded by the dark black descending brow; while her previously flushed cheek blanched.

"My mother and myself are indebted to you!"

"The husband was silent. His silence was not that of one who has said that which was wrong or untrue. He looked firmly in the eyes of his wife, as if to read his destiny there.

Emma felt as if she was the cause of this threatening silence—the stillness which precedes the thunder's crash—and she wished to conduct, harmless, the lightnings of the gathering storm. She lifted her sunny eyes as she spoke, and fixed them upon Mrs. Spiffard.

"Nay, cousin, Mr. Spiffard knows, as we all do, that many, very many ladies, exemplary for virtues, as well as conspicuous for talents and acquirements, have not only frequented the theatre, but trod the stage. Ladies, who have adorned real life by their good conduct, their prudence, and their charity, as splendidly as they did the stage by their accomplishments and genius. I need not go to a foreign land for examples, when I can name so many at home—and when I know and feel the purity and virtues of my kind and good cousin."

This was spoken by the charming girl with the full confidence of truth, for such was her conviction. But the words

entered the soul of Mrs. Spiffard like a two-edged sword. The blood rushed to her face—her cheeks burned—and from her lowering brow and dark eyes, flashed a glance upon Emma, such as only truth might bear unharmed. But it met the open eye and arched brow of innocence, unconscious of offending, and the glance of the conscience-stricken was cast on the floor, with an expression of troubled emotion, confused ideas, and wandering thoughts, almost too much for endurance.

Emma felt that she had failed to produce the good she wished; but could little conceive the cause of the failure. The gloomy silence continued. At length Spiffard spoke, mildly and in a subdued tone. "Mrs. Spiffard," said he, rising, and taking her hand, "I have something to communicate to you."

The lady rose gloomily to accompany her lord.

"I will finish this ruffle up stairs, and bring it to you in a minute or two," said Emma; and without waiting reply she left the room with an air as light and graceful as we may imagine the waving of an angel's plumes, when winged to the regions of bliss.

There was a pause of a few moments. Zeb seemed to think that as the young lady had left the room, the old lady might do the same; but old ladies do not always follow the example of young ones; and when they do, they do not always move upon angels' wings. She did not seem inclined to move at all. The husband sat down. His wife took her seat again in a dignified sullen silence. He revolved in his mind the communication he had to make. "Should he speak of the remarks of the young men?" He dismissed the thought. "How should he break the subject?" His reverie was interrupted by his wife's voice.

"Mamma, Mr. Spiffard, it appears, has some private communication to make to me. Shall we retire?" and she again moved from her seat.

"I am going, child." And the stately dame took a liberal pinch of snuff, gathered together her sewing materials, and her book, and with a swimming air and no very sweet expression of countenance, left her son and daughter to the matrimonial happiness which appeared to await them.

Mrs. Spiffard looked gloomily upon her spouse. He started up—walked—and then sat down again.

The importance of our subject—viz.—conjugal happiness, or the reverse, is so great, that we are compelled to commence another chapter before venturing upon it.

CHAPTER IV.

Explanations and Concealments.

"———will but join you together as they join wainscot; then one of you will prove a shrunk *pannel*, and like green timber, warp—warp!"

"Wooing, wedding, and repenting, is as a Scotch jig;****** the first—full as fantastical—the wedding mannerly-modest—then comes repentance and *** falls into a cinque-pace—till he sinks into his grave."—*Shakspeare.*

It is no trifling matter, gentle reader, for us to draw aside the veil of the matrimonial sanctuary—and expose to your gaze the mysteries of wedded life. Be assured it is not to gratify your idle curiosity that we do it, but to show you the inevitable consequences of ill-assorted unions—matches that smell of the brimstone—and to point out the blessings which as certainly flow from a marriage in which the parties are induced to make the important contract from a knowledge of each other's good qualities founded upon long continued observation, and a sense of their moral duties. To such, the quotations at the head of this chapter do not apply.

Neither will we exclude from the list of good qualities, in male or female, youth, health, or beauty. We would have you, madam (or miss,) to marry a man *a little* older than yourself, even ten years older if you should be foolish enough to think of a husband at fifteen. Now, our hero, Zebediah Spiffard, was five years younger than his wife, and this was not as it ought to be, though the experiment may succeed. But, my dear young ladies, as you value soul or body, do not marry an old man—or even an elderly gentleman of fifty—wig or no wig—however tempting his riches, his accomplishments, his knowledge of the world, or even his virtues. Nature has forbidden it; and she will be obeyed, or the pains and penalties must be inflicted for the breach of her laws. *She* does not bring those who break them into court, formally to arraign, try, condemn, and punish them—the crime, as in many other cases, "brings its own punishment." As to the old gentleman, or man of fifty, if he must have a wife, let him be content to marry *merit*, and waive pretensions to youth and beauty. But it is time we return to the man and wife of our story.

Mr. and Mrs. Spiffard, were left, by the departure of Emma Portland and Mrs. Epsom, to the full and free enjoyment of

the bitter cup which they had been preparing for themselves—each for the other—and each for self—by precipitation on one part, and deception on the other.

Spiffard still continued sitting, as if unconscious of the departure of the young lady or the old; or as if he had no part to play in the matrimonial scene. In truth he was at a loss how to begin.

Before he had arrived at the theatre of action, he thought he had resolved to tell his wife *how* evil tongues spoke of her;—and to question her bluntly; but now, that she was before him, he had not the heart to do it. In truth, his nature was such that he would not willingly inflict pain upon any human being, and much less upon one who loved him. We say he would not willingly, that is, when reason was unclouded by passion. But it had become necessary that their marriage should be announced—that his wife's *name*; that the words 'Mrs. Spiffard' should be in the play-bills. It had been at his request that the union had been kept private, meaning to announce it at the end of the theatrical season. The secrecy had originated in a fear, which he did not avow to himself, of the ridicule of these same young gentlemen, who had now, by commencing an attack upon him, forced him to avow his blissful state. And what reason should he give for the change of plan and opinion?

Spiffard was a lover of truth; a declaimer against disguise: he had deviated from the path of rectitude in concealing his marriage; he had acted under the influence of self-delusion, and contrary to sober conviction, in contracting it: he was punished by the consequences naturally flowing from the fault.

Mrs. Spiffard had resumed her uneasy seat, and sat looking at the livid countenance of her husband, and feeling *that* sickness of the heart which the consciousness of hidden acts, and the fear of detection, causes. At length, impatient of a suspense which became more dreadful each moment, and tortured by imaginings more harrowing than any reality, she started from her chair, and arousing all that whirlwind of passion which a bad education, and evil example from childhood, had made her own, and, as it were, engrafted upon her better nature, (and a display of which had never been made before her present husband, or even her cousin Emma,) she folded her beautiful arms, and with a step which is called theatrical, but which is the true indication of lofty feeling or great excitement, and belongs to the nature of passion, she walked the room, bending on her lord as threatening a look as ever Lady Macbeth bestowed upon her wavering would-be-king when he

hesitated to do that which he wished done; letting "I dare not wait upon I would, like the poor cat i'the adage." At length she ceased her walk, and stood before him; and, after a pause, assuming a tone of irony, she said, "I thought you had something of high import to propose, Mr. Spiffard!"

"Please to sit down, madam," said Zeb, who had been roused by his wife's tone and attitude; "please to be seated," and he led her to her chair. She resumed her seat with a scornful toss of the head. He slowly drew his chair near, and placed himself beside her.

"It has become necessary, Mrs. Spiffard, that our marriage should be announced."

A weight was lifted from the lady's bosom—she breathed freer—and replied, "the concealment was a plan of your own, Mr. Spiffard."

"It was, madam, and like all concealments, was foolish if not criminal, and rewarded accordingly."

Mrs. Spiffard felt the blood rush to her cheeks and forehead —again she breathed hard, as she said, "What has changed your view of the subject?—I mean—what—?"

Our hero felt unequal to the task of telling the truth, although thus questioned. He shrunk from inflicting pain on one who had committed her welfare to his keeping. He took refuge in a second concealment, while reprobating the first. This is weakness, but not uncommon. He hesitated, and then said, "concealment looks like fear of shame—or consciousness of wrong."

"The concealment was in compliance with your wish," replied his wife; but in a tone faltering and subdued.

"My intention was, as I then stated to you, that your name should remain unaltered in the bills until the end of your present engagement; when we would leave town, and announce our marriage at the time. But circumstances—impertinent—in short, it is best to tell the truth openly—and meet—" he hesitated.

Mrs. Spiffard again had been pale; now, the blood rushed to her face and neck. "Meet what, sir?"

"The consequences."

"The consequences!" she repeated. "The consequences!"

"At least," he continued, "when it is known that you are my wife, I shall not hear—or—if I do—I shall have a right to resent as insults to myself—" again he hesitated.

The haughty spirit of the unfortunate woman had been aroused. She had begun the conversation in a strain of high

feeling, and a tone of offended pride, and assumed superiority; but conscience now asserted its rights. We mean, by conscience, the memory of past transactions, which reason pronounces to be wrong. And the inward inquiry of, "What has he heard?" overpowered her.

"It is the misfortune of our profession—its curse—" at length, she said, "that the idle, the mischievous, and the malignant, feel at liberty to suggest any ill, or frame any report to our detriment, and the world is ready to credit any story that may be fabricated to the disadvantage of an actress."

"It is too true. But you can defy—?"

"I do defy, sir!"

Short as had been the time between the quailing of her lofty spirit and the last question, she had rallied the energies of her character, so far, at least, as to *act* the offended innocent, but it was in a style of unnatural exaggeration; which, although not satisfactory to her husband, gave an excuse and opportunity for self-delusion; and he resolved to believe, where it was so much his interest that the belief should be well founded. Much of the belief of this credulous world has the same species of foundation.

All the native kindly disposition of the water-drinker returned—or rather burst forth from the cloud which had obscured it—and taking his wife's hand, he said, "I have been urged to uneasiness, irritation, anxious thought, and almost to unjust suspicions, by the foolish babble of two or three gentlemen, who no doubt knew, by some means, of our marriage, and took this mode of punishing me for the concealment. They perhaps, for the moment, think themselves justifiable; though I cannot see how the term *quiz* or *hoax* can justify falsehood of any description. Truth is too sacred to be jested with; and its violation, in any shape, is a blot upon the character of man or woman; it is a fault that ought to be punished by the contempt of the world, as well as by self-disapprobation. I will immediately announce our marriage. I wronged both you and myself in the wish for a moment's concealment. Your name shall appear as Mrs. Spiffard in the next bills of the theatre. This will prevent any more *hoaxing;* and I hope you will forgive me for allowing the jests of these thoughtless young men to have a momentary effect upon me."

Mrs. Spiffard burst into tears. She was moved by conflicting thoughts; and, though tears were a relief, there was a portion of bitterness mingled in the stream from the overflowing cup of conscience.

The husband spoke soothingly. "Come, come, no more of this—I am going out for a short time—when I come back let me see that this cloud has left no trace behind it."

"Oh, God! oh, God! what a wretch am I!" exclaimed his wife, as soon as left alone.

Having thus introduced our readers (in that abrupt manner recommended by critics, and long practised by story-tellers in prose and verse,) to some of the prominent personages of our history, we will now go to the beginning, and, soberly and regularly, give an account of the birth, parentage, and education of Zebediah Spiffard; and perhaps show that he is of noble descent, and might bear heraldric honours on his coach, if he had one—that is as it may be.

We will speak of the water-drinker, showing how he passed through the states or *stages* of life—of a barefooted Green Mountain boy—a Boston lawyer's clerk—and a travelling yankee gentleman, to the *stage*, on which we found him, of the New-York Theatre. But in all this it will be our pleasant duty, more especially, to account for that morbid sensibility, which was woven into his very essence, on the subject of ebriety; that dread which he entertained of the effects of any approach to a habit of intemperance—a dread, which, with the species of fascination that every victim to the habit exerted over him, formed the basis of his character.

CHAPTER V.

Beginning of a Town—and a Man.

"For the table, sir, it shall be served in; for the meat, sir, it shall be covered; for your coming in to dinner, sir, let it be as humours and conceits shall govern."—*Shakspeare.*

"Fair laughs the morn, and soft the zephyr blows,
While proudly riding o'er the azure realm,
In gallant trim the gilded vessel goes;
Youth on the prow, and pleasure at the helm:
Regardless of the sweeping whirlwind's sway,
That hushed in grim repose, expects his evening prey."—*Gray.*

Gentle and courteous reader, or rather readers, (for like Legion, ye are many that shall read these memoirs;) fair readers—for the life of Zebediah Spiffard will be read by every

female that can read, (and all read in this our happy land;) this book will be sought after by the fair sex, inasmuch as it treats of the gay and the grave—the good and bad—of ladies, and of those who, next to soldiers, are the delight of ladies; we mean players; those lively, happy, delightful children of the mimic world, who present to the minds of youth a picture of enchanting power, ever varying and ever bright. Kind readers, of both sexes, we sit down determined to write for your amusement, (far be it from us to attempt to instruct you,) a faithful narrative of adventures appertaining to the romance of real life, from the perusal of which you shall undoubtedly rise as tired in mind and body, owing to excessive excitement and long continued gratification, as ever you did from the representation of a play, or even of an Italian opera. But as we have promised to begin at the beginning, we must hasten to commence our story.

Zebediah Spiffard was born in the month of October, of the year 1786, in an obscure but very pleasant village, appertaining to the truly democratic state of Vermont. His father had been one of the first settlers, a pioneer, and the village, in accordance with self-complacency, which makes so great an item in the account of human happiness, was called "Spiffard Town."

Squire Spiffard, our hero's father, made the first clearing in the valley of Long-pond, where he arrived with all his worldly possessions, (an axe, a yoke of oxen, a wagon, and a wife,) before a tree had been "felled;" and where he, in a few years, saw a thriving village, the fruit of his enterprising industry, spread from his dwelling and surround him; the inhabitants of which were grateful to the man who had led them to the wilderness, pointing their way to a land flowing with milk and honey.

His first shelter, a log hut, now (that is, at this second beginning of our history, and the first beginning of the life of our hero in 1786,) appertained, or was appended to the neat and spacious white mansion that sheltered his numerous offspring, and served as a wash-house, having previously served as a kitchen, when the present kitchen was the mansion-house.

Such is the progress of a settler in the wilderness, and it is but a few years since Vermont was such. The log *hut* is at first "parlour, kitchen, and hall;" then is erected the log *house*, larger, better furnished, and more comfortably plastered with clay; then the hut becomes the kitchen, and shortly after, (a saw-mill having been erected on a neighbouring stream,) the framed and planked mansion arises, the house becomes, in its turn, the kitchen, while the original germ, the hut, is degraded to a wash-house or pig-sty.

Instead of looking, as he once did, from the door of his lowly dwelling, on a thick and almost impenetrable forest, his own clearing alone giving him a peep at the beautiful sheet of water he called a pond, Squire Spiffard now saw a long street of comfortable houses, each with its garden and orchard, while the spires of the Court-house, the school, and the church, marked the presence of justice, education, and religion. It is true that the squire's house, like those of most of his neighbours, was not finished. The upper story served, however, for bed-chambers and store-rooms; and below, or on the ground floor, all looked and was comfortable—including the best bed-chamber for the ever welcome guest.

So rapid is the progress of Yankee improvement, that by the time our hero was qualified to appreciate its beauties, the valley of Long-pond had become a little paradise. We do not mean a heavenly, but an earthly paradise, with all its concomitant imperfections, yet possessing that paradisaical feature, youth, with its bloom and growing perfection; and in spite of the diseases incident to youth, a total absence of every symptom of decay.

A row of neat white houses, separated from each other by cultivated enclosures, skirted the level road formed at the foot of one of those hills that encircled this valley. This road was on the margin of a lake, which, after the homely manner of our country, was called a pond; and which presented its sweet waters to the eye, limpid as those of Lake George, so well known to those for whom I write.

This lovely sheet of pure water extended for miles in front of the dwellings occupied by Yankee yeoman, (not farmers of the soil but proprietors,) serving and delighting their wives, and swarms of white-headed urchins. The pond gave to the villagers fish and wild fowl, and afforded the male children opportunities for exercise in swimming, rowing, sliding, and skaiting. Between the road and the lake, the cornfields and meadows spread in rich luxuriance; and as you ascended the hill behind the houses, you were cheered, in the spring, by the fragrance of the apple blossoms, and in autumn, by fruit of every tint and flavour. In winter, the hearths blazed with piles of hickory, and were made to resound with the shouts of gladness by the frequent husking frolic; when the yellow ears of maize are stript of their outward dusky covering, and the grain rasped from the cob, and poured into the basket or bin; while the rustic jest, or the tale of grandfather's wars with the Indians on Connecticut river—or father's adventures when opposed to Burgoyne, at old *Tye*, Bennington, or Saratoga, mingle with the cracking of

the *kisskatomasses*, the chesnuts, the butternuts, and walnuts, and are interrupted by draughts of the precious juice of the crab, the spitzbergen, and the red-streak, from the orchard—exhaustless source of innocent exhilaration—the gift of heaven, not yet converted to a curse by the poison-making still.

It is not our intention to enter into descriptions of the life of the pioneer on an American settlement; let the reader look to the pages of Flint, or the inimitable pictures of nature, character, and manners, in "The Pioneers" of Fennimore Cooper. We merely wish to give some notion of the place of our hero's birth, and of those scenes which surrounded his infancy and boyhood at Spiffard Town; for these scenes of early life are ever present to the adult, go where he will in after days, and the impressions from them make part of his character, and influence his actions, whether as a *Ledyard*, he explores the Pacific ocean and the deserts of Africa, or as a *Starke* or a *Greene* leads his brother yeomen to encounter the invader of home and the homestead. The scenery and scenes of the Valley of Long-pond, tended to form a part of the character of Zebediah Spiffard, and therefore appertain to his memoirs.

We have said, that behind the row of houses which formed the village, was a gently-rising hill, on which bloomed the health-giving orchard. A few gardens likewise decorated this beautiful hill, with here and there a grove of the undisturbed native growth of the soil, giving a touch of the picturesque to what would otherwise have been too uniform. Do not let it be supposed that we mean to insinuate that the gardens had too much regularity, or neatness, or uniformity; for, except the squire's and the parson's, they exhibited a sufficient portion of luxuriant negligence about them to avert that charge, and in truth were many of them more abundant in weeds than in worth. The church likewise ornamented this favoured hill (which in England would have been a mountain), and its rustic spire was a heart-soothing feature in the landscape, whether seen from the rock which towered above its vane, or from the lake in which its peace-inspiring image was reflected.

We have given some account of the Adam or first man of this paradise, by name Jeremiah Spiffard, and by title squire; but as there never was a paradise without an Eve, or a Zebediah without a mother, it is incumbent upon us to introduce the squire's lady, and Zeb's mamma, to the reader. The squire had brought with him to the wilderness, as we have said, and we do not like repetitions, but, at the same time, know that they are very useful to the memories of novel readers, or even the

readers of true histories like this; be that as it may, we have said, and we repeat, he brought with him to the wilderness a yoke of oxen, an axe, a wagon, and a wife. Before the thicket became a paradise—before the swamps on the borders of the lake became meadows, or the blessed sun had been permitted to shine upon the earth and dissipate the encumbent fogs and redundant moisture, poor Mrs. Spiffard died. The husband was left wifeless, childless, and disconsolate. He had loved his wife. She was his first love, and perhaps he never loved again. Marry again he certainly did, or we should never have written these memoirs of his oldest and lawfully-begotten son.

After bearing up manfully for a time without a help-mate—after seeing all clear around him—settlers coming in upon his land as fast as a land-owner could wish—a school-house, a tavern, and a church built, he paid a visit to Boston, where his elder brother resided, and in truth his principal business was to seek a wife. He felt it to be his duty to contribute to the school-house and church. Under such circumstances the object is soon found. Some of those who purchased his lands and brought families into the settlement, said "they thought Squire Spiffard might have found a wife among their daughters, as fit for a squire's lady at the Valley of Long-pond, as any he would be like to find among the fine ladies of Boston." Perhaps they were right. We shall see.

An Englishman, Mr. James Atherton, had recently arrived at the metropolis of Massachusetts, in search of what he had lost in London—fortune. He was what Shakspeare has called an "ebbing" man; and has said—

> "Ebbing men, indeed,
> Most often do so near the bottom run
> By fear or sloth."

He had run so near the bottom as to touch. He brought with him a wife and three daughters, two of whom, although, until the voyage of emigration, they had scarcely been out of the sound of Bow-bell, and never in the first, or perhaps second, circles of that country of circles, were nevertheless genteel, and what is called well-educated; the third was yet a child. A knowledge of the new world into which their father had brought them, had not been thought of, as a part of their education. Their father knew as little of it, except as a mart for merchandise and a nursery of rebellion. Europeans, then, disdained such knowledge. They have since been induced to inquire how it is, that a people of many millions manage to prosper

without the protection of kings or lords, or a national church, or a standing army; and by what contrivance they render harmless the hosts of paupers and criminals, which want and worthlessness drive from the shores of the old world, for refuge in the new.

The elder daughters of Mr. Atherton had the usual cockney contempt for all foreigners, especially Yankees; and although conscious of their father's humiliating necessities, felt themselves better than any thing in Boston. The oldest of these young ladies, who was about five-and-twenty, was what is called showy; nay, she was handsome. Fine, dark, glossy hair, fine teeth, fine complexion, brilliant eyes, tall person, fashionable dress, and an animated manner, fascinated the Vermont yeoman; who would have been despised by the second sister, a more decided beauty (though very like the first), and perhaps by Louisa, the oldest of the three, if the prudent father had not given her some hints which were not to be neglected. In short, Jeremiah Spiffard married the beautiful English fine lady, and took her to Spiffard-town, at that time consisting of five houses, a schoolhouse, tavern, church, and blacksmith's-shop.

What a change was here! From the metropolis of Great Britain, to a paltry village in Vermont. From a Lord mayor's ball to a husking frolic. To live in Boston was death to Louisa, (so she said), what, then, was life in Spiffard-town? Her husband's good sense and kind behaviour, with handsome furniture and garniture brought from Boston, made this death in life somewhat supportable. Then there was some satisfaction in showing off to the natives, and in being the great lady of the place. Besides that, during the first year of her residence, she experienced the fears, hopes, and joys, attending the birth of our hero. Then came a visit to Boston to see her family, who were preparing to return, disappointed, to England. They did return; and Mrs. Spiffard the second, returned to Spiffard-town, feeling that she was abandoned by all that she held most valuable in the world: for what, alas! to a London lady, is a Yankee husband, and a Yankee child, if she is doomed to live in a Yankee village?

Thus Squire Spiffard had not only got a town lady, but a foreign lady—a London lady—for a wife. Never let an American marry an Englishwoman, unless he is willing and resolved to abandon his country. We say English, because we know *more* of them, and think *higher* of them, than of any other Europeans. If an American marries in England, and brings his wife home, it is almost impossible but that domestic misery is

the consequence. No Englishman has a just notion of this country; and we must not expect better information in the better sex, who are accustomed to rely for that article too much upon the stronger. A woman, who, even under the influence of love, gives up parents and country, will find every disappointment doubled, and every sorrow aggravated, by the recollection of what she left behind; and disappointments and sorrows will come, do what we will. Spiffard had the consolation of knowing that he did not induce his wife to leave her country; but then he was the cause that she did not return to it. In short, he had made a very foolish choice of a wife. Mrs. Spiffard became a very discontented woman; and not the less so, for finding that her claims to superiority were resisted or laughed at by the wives and daughters of the settlers, who rapidly increased her husband's village; many of whom were, in all the better part of knowledge, better instructed than the squire's lady.

CHAPTER VI.

A Sporting Gentleman, and a Philosophic Lady.

"Alas! poor hurt fowl! Now will he creep in sedges."

"——————Tyrants,
To fright the animals, and kill them up
In their assigned and native place."

"——————A poor sequester'd stag
That from the hunter's aim had ta'en a hurt
Did come to languish."

Shakspeare.

Another year passed, and another child was given to the husband; and early in the third year of her residence at Spiffard-town, the arrival of an English gentleman of fortune, with his wife and two young children, gave a gleam of joy to the misplaced Louisa; but only to plunge her in deeper darkness. The gentleman brought letters from Mrs. Spiffard's father; and having, as he thought, determined to make America the

place of his future residence, only inquired for a good sport country; and being told that Spiffard-town and its vicii abounded in game, and was destitute of game-laws, he ne doubted that the pheasant of Asia (domesticated in his fath park), and the partridge of Europe, were natives of the Gr Mountains; especially as he found "real English snipe" on borders of the lake, woodcock on the upland, and deer, the herd, "all along Champlain." He fixed, at once, on sequestered spot, purchased land, and began to plan a mans house, park, gardens, and pleasure-grounds; but, in the me time, found no difficulty in purchasing the house and "impre ments" of a sturdy yeoman, who began to think he had many neighbours, and turned his thoughts to the Gene country. The lady of this gentleman had no apparent wish introduction to those of her own sex and station in Boston (port at which they landed), but seemed willing to seek roma solitude among those, whom she called "the unsophistica farmers of a new and innocent world."

This gentleman's name was Lovedog. This is not a coi name to express character, like Fielding's Allworthy, or Lovegold, the Crackjaw, and the thousand others of Come but a real family, English name; and that it should denote bearer's character, is not our fault. It certainly did so: Mr. Lovedog bestowed no small portion of his affections some very fine pointers, setters, and terriers, who had accom nied him from England. Until he could determine on a s for his intended buildings and plantations, he endeavoured content himself in the house recently built by a Connecti settler, who, having got all comfortable about him, was v glad to sell his buildings and go west, leaving the rich l glishman to furnish his purchase by importations from Bost and New-York.

The sportsman was out with his gun and dogs every day a all day. Sometimes Spiffard accompanied, but generally went alone—his dogs his only companions. Spiffard used say, that it was very pleasant to him, to ramble over hills a dales, and that he felt great exultation when he attained su cient skill to strike down a distant bird in its rapid flight, and be as expert with a double-barreled fowling-piece, as he h from youth been with a musket and rifle; but when he saw tl he wounded more birds than he killed—that he frequently, af having brought to the earth, with a broken wing, an innoce and a harmless fellow-creature, had to chase it before he co make prey of it, and while struggling in agony and terror,

crush its head or dash it on a stone through mere mercy, he began to think that what was sport to him was worse than death to creatures endowed with life by the same Creator who blessed him with health and strength; creatures enjoying the same blessings in another degree;—this "gave him pause"—and reason told him that he was counteracting God's will. He frequently observed too that a bird though wounded escaped, and he knew that there was no surgeon to cure the wound, or nurse to attend the patient—for "misery doth part the flux of company" —the herd shun the wounded stag—the struck bird "seeks the rushes" and there pines and dies in solitude. One day Spiffard exultingly brought down a bird from its flight—the fowl was winged only, and ran. The triumphant *man* pursued—overtook, and placed his foot on his victim. He stooped to seize it—the bird turned up his eye and looked him full in the face with such an imploring, such a reproving glance, that his heart smote him; and his reason rebuked him as a convicted murderer—a murderer for sport. In times long after he has said, "I have seen that eye a thousand times." He never discharged a gun to kill for pleasure again.

At the proper season for the sport, for the time and season for hunting each species of game was observed by the rough Vermonters—Lovedog was shown, by a neighbour, the manner of hunting the deer in America. Here the free denizens of the forest were as free as the citizens of the republic who trespassed on their haunts, and sought their lives in sport. Lovedog had been only accustomed to see the beautiful animal in the parks of the lordly aristocrats of England, protected from commoners by laws which seemed to value their lives as if equal to the lives of men, but which only protected them from vulgar interference with the lord's pastimes, to be sacrificed to the luxury, the pleasures, and the pomp of the chosen few, the titled Nimrods, deriving what they call their rights from the conquering Norman, who desolated provinces to form privileged hunting forests for his own gratification. The English sportsman now saw the beautiful animal in a state of nature, free to rove his native woodlands. The novelty pleased the gentleman for a time, but he soon became weary of the change; and the deer hunt of Vermont suffered in comparison with the sports he had been used to, as much as the shooting of the partridges, snipe, and grouse of the country, appeared contemptible and laborious, compared with the same kind of bloody amusement, of which he had been a privileged participant in the enclosures devoted to the lordly sport. He sighed for the park and the race-course

of England. If he had sighed for the intellectual pleasures of that favoured country, he might be pitied in his voluntary exile, but such pleasures were to him unknown.

Therefore while Lovedog continued in Vermont, his pointers and setters were almost exclusively his associates. Spiffard said, some time after, that his dogs were his only fit companions. In truth, it was hard to conceive that an English gentleman of fortune (and fortune he certainly had) could be so profoundly ignorant as Lovedog. Not so his wife. She was almost blue. She had not only read, but conversed with the Darwins, Hayleys, Sheridans, Moores, and Sewards. But she was as totally ignorant of the world she had come to, as she was of the world to come. She thought she was a philosopher, and was willing to be thought an atheist, rather than her philosophy should be doubted. Voltaire, Rousseau, Condorcet, Helvetius, Hume and Gibbon, were at her tongue's tip. She imagined that on coming to America she should find an Arcadia, such as she *imagined* Arcadia had been; and was determined to be the lawgiver, the female Solon of an Utopia, such as she thought an Utopia ought to be. She found herself in Spiffard-town, among practical pioneers, and was soon solicited for her contribution to the building a new church, and the support of a new clergyman who preached thorough-going Calvinism in the school house, until his pulpit and steeple should be erected.

Disappointed in not finding an Utopia, she imagined herself in a Botany bay. Mrs. Lovedog soon tired of, and became tiresome to her neighbours. The yeomen's wives, (simple souls!) were shocked at what they thought indecency, and she was disgusted by what she (enlightened creature!) termed *mauvaise honte*, false delicacy, and unphilosophical ignorance. Mrs. Spiffard was neither a blue, nor a Yankee, and therefore was treated with indulgent condescending politeness; a mode of treatment sometimes felt as insult: not so in this instance. Being countrywomen, there was a bond of union which continued unimpaired when the bonds were all broken which united Mrs. Lovedog and the other females of the village. Mrs. Spiffard, though she had conformed, by degrees, to the mode of those among whom she had been thrown, was pleased to find that bold—and as we think, indelicate style of conversation and choice of subject in Mrs. Lovedog, to which she had been accustomed at home. She was become, in most things, a disciple of the dashing female philosopher; but at length Spiffard became dissatisfied; for he found that the learned lady prescribed ether and laudanum to his wife as well as materialism and irreligion.

There are many, male and female, who, living in what are called christian countries, have no notion of the essence of christianity. Many think only, (when they think at all, on the subject) of abuses practised by nominal christians. They are taught to abhor the actions and teachings of wolves in sheep's clothing, and to cry "all is false." There are many again, who admit that the lessons and life of the author of christianity are truly admirable. If they would believe and imitate that life and teaching, we should not deny them a place among christians, whatever name they may assume. Mrs. Lovedog could talk of the beauty of that life and that teaching, as of an admirable fiction—she neither believed, nor felt. Her husband hated priests, because he had paid tithes. He had been taught something at school about Moses and Christ, but had forgotten whether they were racers or pointers.

The female philosopher having discovered that her neighbours were not unsophisticated shepherds and shepherdesses of an Utopian Arcadia, adopted an opinion on the other extreme, and concluded that they were all sharpers or thieves. This led to conduct which sometimes produced odd results, and often covered her with ridicule.

The servants she brought from England soon left her in pursuit of that independence which they saw others all around them enjoying, or anticipating. *Help* she could not tolerate, nor could the yeomen's daughters tolerate her manners or caprices; neither would they condescend to be servants. The name, and state of servitude had been made vile in America by the English traffic in African slaves, and the English policy in attempting to poison their colonies with the convicted thieves and other outcasts of their prisons. Mrs. Lovedog had been reduced to the pitiful establishment of an old negress as a cook, and a little girl from a neighbouring settlement, whose parents had on overflowing log-house; and were persuaded that the English lady would instruct the girl and treat her as a companion, or child of the family. Never were expectations less realized. Poor little Sophy was a perfect slave to this lover of Utopian liberty; and was taught little else, than to tremble in the presence of this fair disciple of universal benevolence.

Nothing went according to previous anticipation in this affluent family, who were following their own unshackled wishes in pursuit of happiness, but never suspected that the road to happiness was pointed out on a way-post in large letters, "Love God and your neighbour."

It happened one day that a sturdy yeoman, who had a territory

on the other side of the lake, much more extensive than that of many a German sovereign, having taken more fish in his net than he wanted for his family and immediate neighbours, crossed over to Spiffard-town to find a market for the surplus, and with the produce buy tea and sugar,—for although princely in territory, his treasury was not filled by the labour of slaves or subjects. He was directed to Lovedog's house; knocked: was refused entrance at the street door, and told to go round to the kitchen. Several messages and replies, reiterations, replications and rejoinders, through the medium of momo Dinah and Sophy, had passed and repassed between the Yankee and the lady, until at length little Sophy came to inquire, from the learned lady, "if the fish were salt-water fish?"

This question excited the loud laughter of both the farmer and the black cook.

"Who eber hear of such a ting in Varmount," said Dinah.

"O dang it, she's quizzing me," said the farmer. And he took his basket of salmon-trout, and half laughing, half offended, he trudged off, determined to give, or sell, or *dicker*, the fish at his friend Spiffard's.

"Well Sophy! What does he say? Are they from the ocean?"

"Ma'am?" said the timid girl, who had never heard the word before.

"Are they salt-water fish, child? What is his answer?"

"He said you were quizzing him."

"I do not treat such folks with that familiarity. Tell him to leave three or four with the cook, and call on Mr. Lovedog for the money."

"He's gone, Ma'am."

"Gone! He must have come with some sinister purpose!"

"He only come with the fish, Ma'am."

"Tell Diana to see that the spoons are all safe—and the silver forks—and the silver handled carving-knife that she took a few minutes ago from the knife-case."

Sophy went to the kitchen. The lady resumed her studies. She was reading Zimmerman on solitude. "Charming writer! what a soothing quiet he sheds over the soul! All perturbation ceases! And the stormy passions which assail us in the great world are put to rest forever!"

Sophy returned with a report which tested the power of Zimmerman. A report confirming former opinions of the dishonest propensities of the corrupted and debased population she had been enticed to trust herself among.

"O solitude! how tranquilizing thy influence to the lover of

unsophisticated nature! Well child! What have you to say?"

"Momo Dinah says she can't find the carving knife."

The old negress, wanting pot-herbs, had taken the knife as the first trenchant instrument she could lay her hand upon, and having accomplished her purpose, left it in the garden; she now looked for it in every *other place* she could think of.

"I thought as much! Sophy! run after the man! He's a thief! Tell him to bring back my carving-knife!—Why do you stand gazing like an idiot! Run! instantly! Where is there a constable? Why do you stop?—Run!—bring him back!"

The girl, who feared the lady more than she did any of her own country folk, after recovering from her surprise, darted off in pursuit, and soon overtook the heavy trudging yeoman, who was every now and then ejaculating, "Well!—after all! these old-country folk are more queer than cute. Salt water fish up here in the green mountains!"

"Mister!" shouted Sophy as she drew near. "I don't know your name, sir!"—

"No—I suppose not," and he put down his basket of fish. "My name's Bloodgood. Well, my child, and what would you havewith me?—Why you are out of breath with running. Does the fine lady want some lobsters? You are a nice little girl," he continued, as he smiled and patted her curly head, "are you from the old country too? I have half a dozen at home, and not one as pretty as you."

"Mrs. Lovedog—sir—" and the child stopped—partly from want of breath, and partly from shame and reluctance to deliver her message—for she would as soon have suspected the parson of stealing, as any other of the inhabitants of the neighbourhood.

"Ha ha ha! salt water fish for Mrs. Lovedog! If she wants the fish she must come arter um—fresh or salt!"

"She says, sir—she says—you must bring back—"

"Must! No, no I'll be dang'd if I do. I am not one of your brook trout to be played back and forth with a hair line as her husband catches um. I am not angry with you, my dear—but the fish won't bite again."

"She says, sir—you must bring back the carving-knife."

"The *what?*"

"The carving-knife, sir."

My American readers will understand the feelings of the Green Mountain yeoman, when the thought occurred that he was suspected of being a thief.—He repeated several times the words "carving-knife," before he formed any conception that he had been accused of stealing. When he understood the mes-

sage, the blood rushed to his face and he shouted in a voice of thunder, "What! Does she take me for a thief?"

Sophy frightened, answered, "Yes, sir," and made one of her best curtseys.

"Well, that's too good! Don't be frightened, child! If her husband!—Don't be scar't!—Go back and tell her, she may *go to*—England." And so saying, Bloodgood took up his basket, turned and trudged on again towards Spiffard's, rather sullenly—but soon began to laugh. "Well, I will be the first to tell squire Spiffard of this, *however*! A thief!—Steal! a carving-knife! Why the woman's mad!"

Poor Sophy returned with the message of, "He says, ma'am—"

"Where's the knife?"

"He says, Ma'am,—you may go to England."

Just then Lovedog with his pointers at his heels and his game bag full of woodcock, returned from the chase. He had come from an opposite direction to that yeoman Bloodgood had taken. He was tired—but there was no rest for him. He "must go," so said his wife, "to Spiffard's, and take measures to apprehend the thief of the carving-knife."

What would have been the result of the meeting under such circumstances, between the English sportsman and the Yankee yeoman, we will not pretend to say. May strife never again arm the son of Old England and the New England man against each other! The trial of valour was not now destined to be made, for happily, Dinah, wanting more pot-herbs for her cookery, took another knife, and, as Shakspeare says, "shooting another bolt the self-same way," she found the first. That is, carrying a second knife to the parsley bed, she found the first where she had left it.*

Such, sometimes, English men and English women appear amongst Yankees. So they torment themselves, and are laughed at by those around them—and then they go home, and the learned ladies write books, (Mrs. Lovedog published three volumes) to show, that men, where all men have equal rights, (and are not divided into the two European classes of the oppressors and the oppressed, the many and the few,) their manners and pursuits are not the same as in Europe; and to show, above all things, their own ignorance. Surely, every thinking mind must know that where none are exclusively the inheritors of riches;

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* This incident is founded on fact.

where none are in consequence of birth exclusively the highly educated; but, where neither honours nor riches are hereditary, and the roads to wealth and the highest offices are open to all equally; the universal exertion for acquirement, whether of fortune, fame, or official station, must cause a greater equality on a higher level for the mass of the people; and must give to society a greater proportion of those who attain high intellectual powers and extensive knowledge, than in monarchies and aristocracies. It will be said, perhaps, that the inheritors of fortune have a fairer starting post for the race, either of intellectual improvement, or official rank—but can it be a question which state of society tends most to general improvement and national happiness?

"But what has all this to do with the memoirs of Zebediah Spiffard?" Reader, you must not only be gentle and courteous, but patient. If you are used to novel reading, you must know that you have waded through many a tedious introductory page in the hope that all the present prosing is necessary to, and will give clearness and additional zest to the future story. The plot must be made intricate to be interesting, and what appears dull now, will be bright as a sun-ray at the unravelling. We have our plot too. Trust us now; we will pay hereafter—if we can.

To conclude the history of the Lovedogs (who are rather exceptions to, than examples of, the characters of English gentlemen and ladies)—the sagacious reader will readily believe that they did not *settle* at Spiffard-town. The lady, as we have seen, had been disappointed in all her expectations; and the gentleman, who had at first been delighted with the free range of unlimited sporting ground, and the novelty presented by the game of another hemisphere, now began to sigh for the stubble fields enclosed by hedge rows, where his dogs were always in view, one backing the other on the scent of the covey—for the pheasant park, the fox hunt, the race-course, the cock-pit, the boxer's ring, and all the many joys of his youth,—in short, this happy pair sold off in disgust, removed to Connecticut—thence to New-York—and thence they returned home, the lady to write books on American manners, the gentleman to pay tithes and poor-rates, hunt, set up for parliament, and rail on republican institutions.

In the meantime, Zeb, our hero, grew; as is common with other heroes between the age of ten and twenty, and he received that common unheroic kind of education which resulted from his father's circumstances, and the circumstances of the country

at that time. He learned from Master McNorton, a teacher from the north of Ireland, to read without the eastern accentuation or orthoepy, and was prevented, by his out-o-door practice in language, from acquiring a slight touch of the brogue which adhered pertinaciously to his teacher's tongue. He was taught to write a decent hand (there were then no Wriffards or other doctors, native or foreign, travelling through the land to teach elegant penmanship). He was taught to cipher as far as the rule of three; and at the same time he learned to take care of the cattle, the horses and the sheep. He could run barefoot into the meadow and halter a horse, first enticing him within striking distance by holding out an ear of corn, he would then mount him by placing his toe on the joint of sorrel's hind leg—"making stepping stones," as Master McNorton said, "of the poor brute's bones to get a saddle-sate on his bare back"—and he could then, without saddle or bridle, ride as fearlessly through woods or over rocks, as a Virginia negro, or a wild Arab.

Such were the attainments of Zebediah Spiffard, and he might have gone on in the steps of his father, that is—stepped from Vermont to Ohio, or further; emigrating, and clearing, and settling, and pulling up stakes, and emigrating again; or he might have founded another Spiffard-town in the valley of the Mississippi, and filled the great house of the founder with little Zebs and Jerrys, never arriving at the prodigious honour of being the hero of a book, but for certain circumstances, which though still introductory, must be told before we can get at the marrow of our story.

CHAPTER VII.

We go from Home to Boston.

"A barefoot pilgrim on a flinty world."—*Unknown Play.*

"O that clear honour was purchased by the merit of the wearer!"

"I never knew so young a body with so old a head."—*Shakspeare.*

It is not a new observation that a man's destination for life is often fixed at an age when animal spirits are most abundant, and reason most powerless. Impressions then made are indelible, and habits are acquired which never, or at least not without great trouble and pain, can be counteracted or shaken off. At this perilous period of man's life our hero was sent from home.

A raw boy of sixteen, who had never been out of the precincts of Spiffard-town, or seen man greater than squire Spiffard, was suddenly transported to the famous metropolis of Massachusetts.

In the town of Boston, celebrated as the cradle, if not the birth-place, of American independence, lived the uncle of Zeb Spiff (as his schoolmates persisted in calling him, and as his intimates always called him) Mr. Abraham Spiffard, who having attained the mature age of sixty-eight in a state of single blessedness, and having made his property procreate as fast as Jacob's flocks or Shylock's ducats, now looked about him for an heir, and bethought him of his long-neglected brother, who had travelled to the wilderness of Vermont at his father's death on finding himself left nearly penniless by the will—according to the praiseworthy usage of the dear mother country, and the still more praiseworthy motive—a desire to support the name of Spiffard by devising his property to the elder born son. The brothers had not met since Jeremiah married the beautiful Louisa Atherton. Abraham had at this time a two-fold motive for thinking of one of his brother's children as an heir. He, too, wished to keep up the august family name: and he had a remaining *sense of justice*—a sense which is inherent with and strong in every man, if not stifled by worldliness—and that sense of justice told him, that every law or custom founded on a miscalled *right of primogeniture*, is contrary to the law of nature and of God; and consequently, that his younger brother had been wronged, and he himself had been living and thriving on the fruits of injustice. He therefore wrote to his brother, desiring him to send his eldest boy (for still the old leaven stuck to him, and the first-born must have preference) promising to educate and adopt him as his own. This was an opening not to be neglected, and Zeb was accordingly fitted out for a journey to the far-famed town of Boston.

We must, before taking our hero from home, mention one circumstance, which had affected the domestic happiness of Squire Spiffard's family, and made an impression upon little Zebediah that moulded his character into the form which our readers will find displayed, as we proceed with his story—fixing within him an image that was through his future life ever present to his mind, and was the moving cause of thought and action. The scenes he had witnessed in his father's household, mingled with all his ideas of his fellow-creatures, coloured all the future scenes of his existence, and were the springs which impelled him in his course through his journey, until they were obliterated by the hand of death.

We approach most unwillingly to this part of our subject. To draw aside the decent veil that hides domestic misery, though that misery proceeds from an accidental cause, is an irksome task; but to expose the failings of one of that lovely sex from which we have derived all the choice blessings of life, is inexpressibly painful. But we owe it to truth and to the world, for our hero's character and actions would be inexplicable if we did not give our readers this key to them.

It has been said that Mrs. Spiffard, the beautiful London lady, was discontented, although placed in the paradise of Spiffard town. She regretted her banishment from her dear native land. And who can blame her? She had there enjoyed luxuries of which she was here deprived, and she had there enjoyed youth, beauty and flattery. She could not but feel, that if she returned, she would find the same delightful articles —for in her mind they were associated with the place. In despite of reason or even of experience, the returning wanderer still expects to find *in home*, the home of his youth.

Mrs. Spiffard's health declined in proportion as she filled her husband's house with health and life in the shape of little Yankees. Her countrywoman, Mrs. Lovedog, had taught her that ether and opium were most pleasant, and she said innocent remedies for low spirits. In time other stimulants were resorted to, "for it was necessary," as has more than once been said in excuse for such acknowledged weakness, "to change the current of her ideas, or she would go mad." The current was changed; but it was only to increase, not remedy *ill*—to save her from the apprehension of that madness we pity and deplore, with sympathy in nature's frailty, and consign her to *that* which we despise and turn from with disgust.

Can any situation in life be so deplorable as that of a husband under such circumstances?—Yes. We shall see that *that* of a wife, whose husband is a victim to this vice, is even worse. Our business at present is with the first case. To see his neglected children gazing with expressions varied according to their respective ages on the idiotic countenance and inconsistent behaviour of their mother, to —— no, we will not enter into the disgusting detail. Spiffard behaved like a good and discreet—a humane and determined man. He did not invite (as was his wish) his friends or strangers to his house; his plea was his wife's indisposition. He did not take her abroad; for he dreaded to expose her. He did not pretend to excuse her, when notwithstanding his care she was exposed; nor did he by falsehoods outrage the good sense of his acquaintance. But it is

the effect which this disgraceful conduct in a mother had upon his eldest son, that is our only object in recording it; and that effect was seen, though not understood, in all he said or did to the end of his life.

As a child it was long before he could comprehend the nature of behaviour, in his mother, which was apparently causeless; and was so unlike that of other females. When the truth burst upon him, it produced a revolution in his feelings that seemed to transport him from infancy to intellectual manhood—made him observant and thoughtful, instead of joyous and careless—and in short, was quickly indicated by appearances inconsistent with his age and previous sprightly disposition. The further he advanced in life and became capable of appreciating his mother's degradation and his father's misery, the more intense were his feelings until they became almost insupportable. He thought as constantly upon the torturing subject as the nature of mind will permit; for happily we are so constructed that one unbroken chain of thought cannot be continued. One continuous chain or circle of thought is either the cause or the effect of insanity. Yet he strove to banish *other* thoughts, and avoided the sports and pursuits incident to his happy age. He could not speak of the subject of his meditations. There were none to whom the deep coloured and indefinable images which poured upon his mind could be communicated in conversation. He feared lest his father should see that he noticed and understood the cause of *his* woe. He became a recluse. Always devoted to books, although reading without plan and almost without improvement, he now appeared more than ever studious, and yet his mind was frequently far from the page over which his eyes wandered. He watched the behaviour of his father and mother anxiously, and as anxiously avoided the appearance of attending to their conduct. He seemed to become years older as months passed away, and to advance in knowledge as if by miracle—knowledge gained by thought—self-examination—not reading. It was a knowledge as bitter as that of our first parents—and without fault in him, it deprived him of his paradise, *the joys without care of childhood.* It is thus that by the undeviating chain of cause and effect, even the lot of the guiltless is not pure good, since we must partake of the good or ill of others.

Our hero's father and the neighbours thought that Zebediah's improvement was owing to his books, but it was the intense operation of a vigorous mind set in action by *one circumstance*, which affected him deeply and mysteriously; one spring, which

became the mainspring of his life and actions; and whicl caused observation, comparison and combination in the boy, fa beyond his years—in the man, a state of mind nearly mono maniacal.

When he was told that his uncle had sent for him, the firs sensation was joyous. He felt as if he should escape fro what was ever present to his imagination; his mother's infirmit and his father's misery. But soon his heart sunk, and he coul not bear the thought of leaving the object which, as if by power of fascination, attracted his unceasing attention, an bound him to the spot—the object to which his eyes were con stantly turned, as it is said the poor bird cannot be diverte from its gaze on the hateful serpent doomed to destroy i These feelings however soon passed away, and the wish fc change prevailed. He was scarce sixteen years of age, and that time of life when all abroad is new, fresh and refreshing— when even the circulation of the blood is pleasure, and when is impossible, if in health, to be long unhappy—at such an ag to see the wonders of the great city and become one in a ne and loftier state of existence, raised hopes and images whicl though undefined, made him impatient to obey the summon The very consciousness of being alive—as youth is alive— happiness; and though clouds and storms cross the morning life, they must pass away quickly, and the sunny beams of hoj and joy are sure to succeed.

Before we turn Zeb out upon the great world of Boston, w will describe his person, that the reader, who we feel assure will go with him, may have a clearer idea of his travelling com panion. We have seen what his appearance was at five an twenty, but we cannot do him justice, or justice to our stor without a full description of his beauties at sixteen.

Zeb was not only the oldest but the ugliest of his father children; and was formed as if in direct opposition to the r ceived notions of Yankee proportion and symmetry. At th period of which we speak, he was exactly five feet two inch in height, and from the strong knitting of his joints, and the u common breadth as well as muscularity of his whole person, might have been judged that he never would attain a great altitude; but happily, a few years after, a hard fit of fever-an ague shook him *so long*, that he became some inches longe Although remarkably square built and powerful in muscle, h yet looked meagre. His knees were rather bowed outward always a mark of firmness on the feet; his joints were all larg but his limbs well proportioned to his body. His head w

large, his visage long, his nose thin, high and hooked (sometimes called Roman and sometimes parrot-billed). His eyes were dark hazel, the iris small, the balls very large and prominent, and the white of the eye disproportionably great; the upper lids covered the iris so as to give the idea of a West India turtle. His mouth was wide, and garnished with strong teeth, and his chin with the parts adjacent, assumed the appearance vulgarly called wapper-jaw'd. His beard in its incipient and downy state, promised to be what Shakspeare calls "cane-coloured." A shock of coarse unyielding hair capp'd this unpromising physiognomy with deviously diverging locks, in colours rather too red to be called carotty. With all this picturesque diversity—this variety of curve and line and angle, in feature and in figure, there was an archness, an audacity, and an expression of good nature in Zeb, that gained him a firmer footing in the good will of those he happened to be thrown among, than many a smoother form and face could boast. His was an attractive figure. It did not pass unnoticed in a crowd. The eye once fixed on such a face was not rapidly withdrawn; and when Zeb, in after times found the looks of beauty rivetted on his form and features, he enjoyed in return the privilege of gazing on sparkling eyes fixed unconsciously on his odd physiognomy—vermeil lips half opened by surprise—and the happy consciousness of being an object of admiration, for such he certainly was. A female feels ashamed to gaze at a pretty fellow; but no one thought it any harm to look at Zeb Spiff.

The aversion our hero felt to leaving home and his beloved brothers and sisters, and schoolfellows, all endeared by scenes of joy and, in years long past, by scenes of strife, was now exchanged for a desire to see the world. Curiosity and ambition triumphed so far over his tender feelings, that he became impatient for the time of departure to arrive. The evening previous to that important day which consigned our Zebediah Spiffard to the stage driver and the world, his father took him apart, and bestowed on him a roll of hard dollars, and a lecture, longer and quite as heavy, upon his future conduct in life. Zeb afterwards said that it was *considerable lengthy*; but we know that it was cut short by a loud snore unconsciously sounded from the open mouth and nostrils of the patient, who remembered nothing his father had said except that in great towns young men were likely to be beset by temptations of various kinds, especially in the form of beautiful young women, who might distract his attention from business and interrupt his

studies. Strange as it may appear, our hero felt no alarm in looking forward to the dangers that awaited him—nay he even became curious and anxious to know how these allurements would affect him, and to try his strength against temptation. Every enticement that the glass, however filled, could offer, he was amply prepared to repel; and he had a fund of good sense and sound morality to oppose to allurements which might war with duty.

We have nothing of importance to record of our pilgrim until he arrived at the end of his journey, and set foot in the famous town of Boston. As the scenes and objects connected with that image, the contemplation of which had formed as it were the key-stone of his character, and had cast a shade over all his joys—as these objects were left behind, other associations were created by the change, and his whole train of thought and feeling received a new impulse and a new direction. He still carried the arrow with him, but it ceased for a time to give pain, or control thought or action.

He passed through Charlestown without knowing that close at his left hand were the far-famed hills of Bunker and Breed's. He was rattled over the bridge, and plunged among the intricacies of "North-end," his senses almost overpowered by the awful delight which the rapid succession of new objects presented by a dim light on entering a great city for the first time, and the confused anticipations of the new life he was about to enter into: while in silent expectation he awaited the long delayed moment when the coach would stop and deposit him, he knew not where, to be received he knew not how. The coach did at length stop at an inn near the market. The passengers eagerly left the vehicle and each other, and Zeb found himself about seven o'clock in the evening of the seventh of November, in the bar room of the stage house. He knew no one—no one knew him—no one heeded him.

His trunk was thrown into the door. He looked around for some one of his fellow passengers of whom he might inquire his way to his uncle's; but all were already gone; each one his own way, unmindful of the other; and poor Zeb felt for a moment that he was alone in the world. This was but a transient feeling; his mind and body were endowed with an elasticity fitted to meet circumstances, and boldly confront them.

He saw a person busily dealing out liquor at the bar, and approached to make inquiry of him for direction to Mr. Abraham Spiffard's, but he was surrounded by a crowd boisterously demanding "bitters—brandy—gin"—and uttering coarse jests

or coarser oaths. The noise—the appearance of those around him, (principally draymen, porters, hostlers, and others of the roughest cast, the attendants upon the market and the stage house) with the smell of liquors and tobacco smoke, made the poor boy's heart sink a second time, and he retired, shrinking from the loathsome scene, and sat down on his trunk to collect his thoughts: his head was whirling and dancing, as if still feeling the motion of the stage-coach, and his heart sickened at the scene before and around him. He heard the coach drive from the door. Even this was like the departure of an acquaintance—the last link that united him to *home*. In addition to the disagreeable objects that offended his physical senses, his moral sense was pained by that which was *present*, and by the revival or awakening of the *spectre* that haunted him. He thought of his mother.

This situation, either of body or mind, could not endure long with a boy of sixteen. He knew he must not remain where he was, and now recollected, for the first time, that his father had given him a letter, with, of course, the address of his uncle. It was locked up carefully in his trunk. The first movement was to open his trunk and seek it: but the thought occurred, that in such a place and with such company, that would not be eligible; he had read of tricks upon travellers. He stood undetermined, looking at the depository of his worldly treasure with somewhat of lack-lustre eye.

The suspicion that ill could be intended him by any thing in human shape, had only entered his mind from books: and only experience can make the innocent mind suspicious. He had read of deceits and falsehoods, and in after life saw and suffered from them, as all must; but suspicion never, even in after life, made a part of his character. To utter any words but those of truth, would have appeared to the Green-mountain-boy as impolitic as it was absurd. This characteristic always remained with him. In despite of experience, he never could be brought to suspect his fellow-creatures of deceit; and in despite of the many inconveniences his frankness occasioned, he continued to love truth the more he suffered for truth's sake. As a man is induced to love his country the more in consequence of those miseries he encounters in her defence.

All the mental debate we have suggested, and much more, had passed in a moment of time, and the rumbling of the coach wheels had scarcely ceased in his ears, or the giddiness occasioned by riding, left his head, when once more looking around for some one to whom he might apply for that information he

had locked up in his trunk instead of his memory, he saw a person near him whose appearance did not discourage the address, and he asked this gentleman (for such he evidently was) who happened to be near him, where "Mr. Abraham Spiffard lived?"

The man was a tall, thin, upright figure, enveloped in an ample blue cloak, clasped under his chin with silver: above the collar of this cloak arose on each side of his parchment-coloured face, three formidable curls, such as belles sometimes think ornamental to the faces of girls of sixteen, but at that period, confined to the well-powdered wigs of gentlemen of sixty. This buckram-stiff pile was surmounted by a large cocked-hat, rather brown than black—not from any lack of brushing. Below the cloak could only be seen high-topp'd shoes and silver buckles; both showing that they were daily well cleaned, though now bespattered with mud from the low and filthy place in which the stage-house stood.

"I can tell you, my little man," was the old gentleman's reply, as he looked down upon Zeb's queer face, turned up towards his own, with a slight inclination to the right, and a twist of the mouth to the left, while the earnest protrusion of his dark sparkling eyes, and the honest confidence expressed by all his features in combination, rivetted the stranger's attention to the person of our hero, though at first overlooked in his examination of the travellers who had arrived in the stage. "And what may your business be with Mr. Abraham Spiffard?"

"I have been two days riding from Long-pond in the Green Mountains, to come and pay him a visit," said Zeb, "and I have got a letter from father to him, but it is in my trunk."

Mr. Abraham Spiffard, to whom these words were addressed, had come to await the arrival of the stage, kindly anticipating the wants of his adopted son. On finding that this strange figure was the object of his expectations, he stepped back and surveyed the odd and uncouth appearance of the boy with mingled sensations, in which pleasure did not predominate. He had, in imagination, seen a tall, florid lad, rustic to be sure, but looking as vigorous, towering, independent, and fresh as the country of his birth; and he in the reality, saw a creature of diminutive height, pallid complexion and *outrè* physiognomy; whose members appeared any thing rather than symmetrical, and whove movements under present circumstances, gave no indication of Green Mountain buoyancy, for though our hero was in truth both independent in mind and vigorous in body, his externals little denoted either; and these externals were now in their worst dress.

The uncle's good sense overpowered his feelings of chagrin; and telling Zebediah who he was, he welcomed him to Boston, and hastily called the porter of the inn to bear the trunk of the Green-mountain-boy to his future home. This done, he courteously led his protegee to his house, which was pleasantly situated near the summit of Fort-hill.

CHAPTER VIII.

An old Bachelor's house, a Lawyer's office, and a Play in Boston.

"The principal end why we are to get knowledge here, is to make use of it for the benefit of ourselves and others in this world."—*Locke.*

The reader doubtless has found out before he arrives at the present chapter, that this book is not a romance, but a story of every-day life. A fiction, it is true, but copied from real life. Yet who does not know that the events of real life are more astounding—more difficult to reconcile to ordinary reason than any romance ever written—setting aside perhaps, the delightful Arabian Nights, and some other tales in which supernatural agency is introduced? What romancer would have dared to invent such stupendous events as history records of the early crusades? Who would have dared to tell of thousands of children flying from their parents and congregating to conquer Syria from the Mussulman:—marching unappalled by difficulties over a great part of Europe, without meeting a power, moral or physical, to stop their progress to destruction inevitable? What romancer, if he had conceived such an event as the western world "loosened from its foundations and precipitated upon the east," would have dared to describe what he had imagined? or could have imagined, that from centuries of war, during which rapine was accompanied by dissolute manners, and guided by ignorance—and where famine, disease, and the sword destroyed millions—the blessings of liberty, science and the arts would arise? But to recur to later times—to the days yet scarce gone by: could poet have thought in his wildest dreams of an adventurer rising up from obscurity and binding emperors and kings in his chains; then sinking, through overweening pride, to the state of an outcast

from society? Yet this we have seen. But setting history aside, it is sufficient for my purpose to refer the reader to the volumes of the *Causes Celebres.* Our story is a story of real life—and real life is sufficiently seasoned, by the wonderful, to make it interesting to those who look for the racy and the spicy in the pages of a novelist. Not that I promise to spread such high seasoned food before the reader of these pages.

Abraham Spiffard had commenced his career in this mutable state of existence as an attorney, and having inherited his father's estate (before our separation from Great Britain) by the English laws of primogeniture, he did not, as is usual, make it his business to dissipate it; but, on the contrary, feeling the comforts as well as consequence which property gave him among his neighbours, he determined to increase the sources of such enviable possessions. He at first proceeded slowly and in the way of his profession; but his industry and invariable attention to the interests of his clients, gained him practice of the best kind, which gave him an opportunity to make purchases of real estate in lands and houses, with advantages which none out of his profession could have. He was honest, frugal, thriving, and became a rich man of unimpeachable character.

His establishment was that of an old bachelor. A neat and well-furnished house, with a court yard before it, and a garden behind. One man servant, who was gardener, hostler, butler, and footman; and one elderly female, who filled the station of housekeeper, and condescended to be cook and chambermaid —both natives of New England, and both white—constituted his household. Having long renounced his original profession, Mr. Abraham Spiffard thus lived a life of retirement, with most of the enjoyments which a mind of a philosophic inclination could desire.

As the uncle had expected our hero, an apartment was in readiness for him; and after the refreshment of tea and toast, by a cheerful hickory fire, he dismissed him to bed by remarking that he "was sure he must be tired,"—wisely determining not to enter into an examination of his unpromising adopted son until the morrow.

Being shown to his allotted apartment by his uncle, and left with an injunction to extinguish the candle before he got into bed, Zeb examined attentively every object about him, and in truth felt much less sleepy than before he was ushered into a domain of which he was told that he was the master, and before the restraint of a strange old gentleman's presence was

removed. He saw and felt, as soon as he entered, that the chamber had been prepared with a view to his permanent residence and future comfort; and that all around him had an aspect very superior to any thing he had seen at Spiffard-town. A narrow bed, much longer than necessary, with quilted calico coverlet well stuffed with cotton wool; surrounded by calico curtains, on which were depicted Lord Anson, his ship, his sailors, and the groves and fountains of the isles of those delightful climes, the thought of which made Rousseau exclaim, "O Tinian! O Juan Fernandez!"— Below this pictured enclosure was a resting place of down (or goose feathers) covered by sheets and pillow-case white as the driven snow. A table (over which hung a mahogany framed looking-glass; and, on which stood a neat writing desk completely furnished) was placed on the side of the room opposite the bed. Two mahogany chairs, solid and heavy, with calico covered bottoms were deemed sufficient for the boy—and here again Lord Anson, his ship, and his sailors, appeared in undiminished beauty. But what gave most delight to Zeb was a handsome chest of drawers (occupying part of the same side of the room with the door) surmounted by a book-case with glass doors, which showed rows of neatly arranged and well-bound volumes.

We feel assured, that our readers will be gratified, after travelling from Vermont with the Green-mountain-boy, to know, even to particulars, that he was set down in good quarters after his long journey.

Tired as Zeb was, he could not resist the temptation to examine the last-mentioned treasure. Delighted he took down volume after volume, almost all new to him. A collection of modern and ancient history. Pope's Translations; Milton's poems; Dryden's Virgil; Shakspeare's plays; and a rich store of voyages and travels; a bible and a prayer book, with his name printed in gold letters on the cover of each, completed the arrangement and filled the shelves of this well-chosen piece of furniture. All thoughts of sleep fled before intellectual excitement, and time passed insensibly, when a knocking at his chamber door aroused Zeb from his enchanting occupation. He opened the door. It was his uncle who had knocked and now presented himself. He saw with astonishment what had been the employment of the youth, and his eyes sparkled with pleasure at the discovery.

"I observed a light under the door," said the old gentleman, "and I was afraid you had gone to bed and forgot to put out the candle."

"I beg pardon, sir, but I could not help looking at them."

"You will have leisure enough, my son," said the old man. It was the first time he had used that appellation. "You will have leisure enough to examine them; they are intended for your use. They are your own. You are now fatigued, and ought to rest, mind and body. To-morrow look at and open the books, and *every day* after; and remember that it is for the truth they contain that you are to study them. You must learn to study fiction for truth's sake; and many a precious truth you will find in the guise of fiction. The fables of Milton and Shakspeare are mines of truth and knowledge. Knowledge will give you power; if in the acquisition you do not destroy your health; without health there is no power. Therefore diligently read the best authors; and I have made choice of some of those I think best; but do not deprive yourself of the rest necessary to health, otherwise the knowledge you attain by study will be as useless to others as its acquisition has been injurious to yourself. The fatigues of your journey and the excitement attendant upon a change of situation and prospects render sleep doubly necessary to you *now*. Put out the light and go to bed. I am pleased to see that you love books. Good night! Put out the light!"

"I will sir," said Zeb.

The uncle again wished him 'good night', and retired to rest, perfectly satisfied that the boy was such as he wished, notwithstanding first appearances.

Zeb replaced the books, threw off his clothes, put out the light, and as he laid his head on the pillow, thought he should never be able to sleep: but that sleep that comes to all who are healthy and guiltless, quickly came to the tired and delighted boy, nor left him until the rising sun shone into his window and on his bed.

He awoke only to renewed delight. He had sunk to forgetfulness amidst the images of his kind uncle and those who had been his companions during the journey, fading and changing into a moving chaos of the forms he had seen the last day, mingled with figures left behind at home; he opened his eyes upon Lord Anson in Juan Fernandes—his own happy situation flashed upon him as he looked at his book-case; and his soul was filled with happy realities and overflowing with bright anticipations. It was a November sun that shone upon our hero, but it was through the medium of a pure and elastic atmosphere; for the west wind had sprung up during the night and brought with it just enough of frost to harden the surface of the earth,

and make clean walks for the early pedestrian. The youth was quickly stationed at a window which gave him a view of the waters of the wide spreading bay. All impatient to see more of the wonders around and before him, it was but the business of a few minutes to find his way out of the house, although somewhat puzzled when encountering bolts and bars in his way, at the street door, things unthought of at Spiffard-town. The key was in the lock, and Zeb unlocked, unbolted and unbarred with the dexterity of one used to bending both body and mind to the overcoming of difficulties; and nothing daunted by the strangeness of his situation, or the novelties of the place, he sallied forth, first observing the appearance of his uncle's place of residence, and of its bearings with surrounding houses, as he would the landmarks in the woods, and as he often had done when there was no other means to find his way home again while wandering on the hills of Vermont.

Soon he gained the top of Fort-hill. He had never before seen the salt-sea, or the huge machines which float on it. He looked enraptured and bewildered over the beautiful sheet of water, and its islands. He saw ships under sail intermingled with smaller vessels, all alive and glittering in the morning sun. He looked down upon the roofs and chimnies of houses below him, and the topmasts of merchant ships moored at the wharves. He had seen such things only in book-engravings. He had been instructed by books, and by his father, in the events of that war which made his country the greatest republic in the world, and he thought of the momentous events which took place in and near the town of which he had now become a resident. His gazing and his reveries were interrupted by a summons to breakfast. His uncle, from his chamber window, commanded a view of Fort-hill, and he had seen the boy as he stood wrapt in wonder, (gazing with delight at the many novel objects before him,) and in due time sent for him.

It is not our intention, or our interest, to weary the reader. We hope to engage his attention not only by the incidents of our history, or memoirs, but by those fascinating fancy-stirring changes of scene which delight the imagination, rouse it from any tendency to slumber when one set of objects have been too long before it, and make it subservient to the author's purposes. We will pass rapidly over the detail of those circumstances, which, more than books or teaching, formed the second part of our hero's education, and of course had their share in moulding his character, for we are as impatient as our readers can be to come to those great events which render him an ob-

ject worthy of their curiosity, and our labours. But let us never forget that the foundation of education and character was laid at Spiffard-town.

Mr. Abraham Spiffard soon saw in what points the artificial education of his adopted son were most deficient; and the youth was placed in the best school Boston afforded, and Boston has always had the best schools in the United States; the best teachers, the best systems; and is honoured accordingly.

Zeb improved rapidly, and was judged by his uncle, whose scholarship was not profound, to be fitted for commencing the reading of law in some counsellor's office, in rather less than a year from the time of his arrival at the great city of the east, modestly, (at the period of which we treat) called the "town of Boston." To be sure he had, as said of another great character, "little latin, and less greek;" but as Mr. Abraham Spiffard had never found himself much the worse, as far as he knew, for his lack of the same commodities, he recommended to his nephew, that he should continue his study of the dead languages in his leisure moments, for he had observed that a quotation which neither jurors nor auditors of any description understood, enhanced the character of the orator, and was worth ten times the quantity of English. And you, courteous reader, have thought more reverently of an author when you have met a passage from Homer, Euripides, or Sophocles, in the genuine Greek characters—although "all greek" to you. Thus fitted and advised, the prudent uncle placed the youth with a young lawyer of brilliant talents, but whose principal recommendation to the old gentleman, was, that he had long known him as the son of an old friend. Mr. Spiffard did not exert his usual shrewdness in selecting a teacher for Zeb, as will be seen in the sequel.

Thomas Treadwell, Esq., in whose office our hero now passed a great portion of his time, was the son of a *select man*, and had been carefully educated by his indulgent parent, who justly admired his quick parts, (as all parents are in duty bound to do,) and devoted him to the profession of the law, as the surest road to the Presidential chair; which he doubted not Tom would attain. He had the reputation of being a *belle-lettre* scholar; and he wrote verses with some skill, great spirit, and sufficient obscurity; unfortunately he was better versed in the works of verse-makers, than of jurists—*unfortunately* at least for his clients. No young man ever started in the race of life, under better auspices, than Tom Treadwell, but he never "took kindly" to labour, and he had Ranger's authority for it

being "a damned dry study," and Ranger was authority higher with him than Blackstone or Coke. He found the drama much more to his taste, and the Muses and actresses much more fascinating, than reports, records, or deeds. His *deeds*, and their *record*, will be found to agree with such taste and such conduct. In fact, just about the time our hero was placed under his tuition, to be instructed in the depth and subtleties of jurisprudence; the tutor had, in defiance of all prudence, privately married a very beautiful girl, without education, property, or decent connections, and was enamoured for the moment with his new situation, so much as to neglect—*the theatre*; his office had been deserted before. Of all this Mr. Spiffard knew nothing, he only knew the father of the man to whom he had entrusted his son. The consequence was, as may be supposed, that Zeb was left pretty much to his own choice in the course of reading he pursued at the office.

Blackstone is always at hand in a lawyer's office in case any one comes to seek the man of science for advice in law or equity; and except on such occasions the knight is little attended to, even in appearance, by some students we wot of. The love and practice of truth was never abandoned by our hero. But insensibly this paltry mode of deception was becoming seductive. He once placed a book of reports on his desk, open, while he read a novel. Happily he saw his error before it was too late—the first love prevailed—he blushed at the meanness of pretending to one thing and practising another, and ever after, truth marked his character almost undeviatingly.

Spiffard read history with delight. The translations of all the great poets, ancient and modern, became familiar to him. Milton's great poems and Shakspeare's plays he devoured. The novels of Smollet and Fielding added to his pleasures, and he was too ignorant of vice to be injured by them, *much*. His evenings were devoted to teachers of French, Italian, Spanish, and German: nor did he neglect the studies commenced at school; he likewise took lessons in dancing and fencing.

He had been permitted, accompanied by his uncle, to see some plays, immediately upon his arrival at Boston. The impression made upon him by the first exhibition of the kind that he witnessed, though by no means singular in its general effects must not be passed over in silence. All appeared as the work of enchantment. Seated in the pit, he could see before the play commenced the gayly decorated fronts of the boxes glittering with what was in his eyes gold and jewels. Beautiful women, with all the advantages of dress entered those boxes.

The gay company by degrees took their seats—tier above tier they sat, all happy, doubtless, for all smiled. Even the third tier, or upper boxes, appeared to him the abode of happiness and purity. To the pure, all is pure. To the ingenuous boy the smiles he saw were innocuous.

The music of the orchestra struck up, and although others did not appear to hear it, our hero's delight was increased almost to intoxication.

But however much his sense of hearing was captivated by the orchestra, or his eyes attracted to the brilliant company in the boxes, above all he looked at the green curtain with interest, for the hidden and unknown is far more attractive than the visible, however beautiful. After gazing with a wandering and restless pleasure on the many-coloured objects around and above, his eyes were fixed on the plain dull surface of the cloth before him, which told nothing, but was pregnant with mysterious meaning; for he knew that behind *that* lay the something that was to crown all—when *that* should be removed his felicity would be complete. *How* he knew not—but he was sure of it. A bell tinkled, and the front lamps rose as if by magic. Another bell rung louder. The curtain vanished. All was dazzling light and many-coloured brilliancy; the silence of breathless expectation succeeded. Then appeared beautiful men and women, with fine dresses, and sparkling eyes, and red cheeks! surely actors and actresses must be not only the most admired, but the best, most lovely, and happiest of mortals! In the course of Zeb's novel reading he had not yet read Gil Blas: and Wilhelm Meister was unknown to English readers.

The play was the Jealous Wife. The boy's delight was extreme, except during that scene in which Charles is exhibited in a state of ebriety. While others laughed, he was absorbed in a melancholy reverie. He felt sick. He wished himself at home, and sighed for the seclusion of his chamber. The remembrance of his mother's infirmity took such possession of him from that moment, that only the novelty of the enchanting spectacle, and his interest in the story, especially in the fate of Charles, would have made the general impression of the evening's entertainment, when recollected, pleasurable. The after-piece (for he staid to the last, and wanted more,) the after-piece was Rosina, which gave him pure delight.

Such was his first impression of the theatre. Now, that he was with Treadwell, he had a full gratification of the desire created by the few plays he had seen before he became a stu-

dent of law; for his master gained him free admission to the pit and boxes, and thus led him to the study of the dramatic works of the French and English poets: of these he found that Mr. Treadwell's office contained an abundance. Among them was a complete old edition of Bell's British Theatre; all of which he greedily devoured; a dose sufficient to poison a regiment of Green-mountain boys! If such reading did not destroy all his moral and religious propensities, it was because his natural tendency to good—his love of truth—his ignorance of practical evil—his habits—and his abhorrence of ebriety, shielded him from the death-doing influence.

Before proceeding with the story, (notwithstanding the reader's impatience,) we will, with permission, go back to the second play our hero saw performed before his introduction to the mysteries behind the curtain and the scenes; this was Othello. He had read Shakspeare; yet did not know what to expect from a representation of characters so remote from any thing he had seen in real life. What ideas could a Green-mountain boy form of a Moor—a thick-lips—a negro—commanding an army of white men—of Italians? It is the player, the skilful artist, that gives reality to the pictures of the dramatic poet. The young or uninstructed mind forms confused images while reading, in proportion to its ignorance.

On Zeb's second visit to a play-house, the delight experienced from the proscenium and preliminaries, was not so vivid as at the first; but his impatience for the raising of the green curtain was full as intense. The music gave him little pleasure, and the beauties in the boxes had lost half their charms.

The effect of this representation of one of Shakspeare's most glorious productions upon our hero was such, that his reasoning powers seemingly gained an advance of years. His intellect grew almost perceptibly during the sitting; or while, as the French say, he assisted at the representation. His whole soul was alive to the story: the apothegms sunk upon his young and yielding mind with a thrilling sensation of approbation, that made them part of his moral being.

Again he was shocked by the representation of ebriety; and his detestation of Iago was more increased by his playing the part of a tempter, and subverting the reason of Cassio by wine, than even by his atrocious villany in deceiving the noble Moor, and destroying the wretched Desdemona. Cassio, deprived of reason, was, to Spiffard, a spectacle of horror. While others laughed, he experienced a sickness of the heart—a sinking of

every physical power—a confusion of his mental faculties—a loathing of existence; feelings that can only be conceived by those who have had their hopes blasted by the effects of this accursed vice. He gazed on the representative of Cassio, but he saw his own desolated home. When the virtuous and betrayed lieutenant recovers his reason, and with disgust, reprobates his folly in putting "an enemy into his mouth to steal away his brains," the tears rolled down the cheeks of the boy, and he sobbed aloud, until he found that he had become an object of derision to those around him.

Shakspeare has truly represented intemperance as a vice leading to certain degradation, crime, and self-reproach. He has, in other parts of his works, shown it as the habitual practice of the criminal, (as in Hamlet's uncle,) the murderer, the usurper, and fratricide. He has portrayed it as the vice of the weak-minded, and of the brutal and the vulgar ruffian; as in Sir Andrew Aguecheek and Sir Toby, in the Twelfth Night. But, generally, the stage has held up the drunkard merely as an object of amusement, to be laughed at, not pitied or detested; and has thus been deficient or negligent, if not criminal, when it ought to have exposed its deformity, and pointed out its inevitable consequences, misery, madness, death, and contempt.

His master's attachment to the theatre at length introduced our hero behind the scenes. What he there saw at first disgusted him. It appeared as if Ithuriel's spear had, by a touch, caused the angel form to vanish, and the fiend to appear; had changed beauty to deformity. That which had pleased the eye as the glow of health, was, in reality, a coarse white and red daubing, associated in his mind, from infancy, with disease or moral depravity. The modest mien assumed before the audience, was sometimes suddenly dismissed, after passing the side scene, and replaced by coarse mirth, or coarser rage. The devout or patient hero would instantly be converted into a fury, venting curses upon the prompter or call-boy. The brilliant dress, decorated with gold and jewels, was transformed to a flimsy rag, covered with tinsel, glass, and foil; the warrior's mail, into paste-board and spangles; all the order, harmony, and splendour of the scenes, into confusion, wrangling, the darkness of smoking lamps, and the jostling of dirty scene-shifters and vulgar supernumeraries. Yet all this is only an image of the masking and unmasking in every day scenes of life. To be sure, we do not see the mask lifted often; when we do, we are shocked as the boy was. Though shocked, yet the ugly

dress was recommended, in some measure, by novelty; and, by degrees, (as to other ugly things,) he became reconciled or indifferent. In the green-room he found amusement; and sometimes, very rarely, was surprised by finding wit.

Treadwell's propensities induced a constant attendance, (after the honeymoon,) upon those scenes either before or behind the curtain, which his love of idleness had made habitual; and as he wrote prologues, epilogues, and puffs, for the managers, and performers, he was a free and welcome visiter. Spiffard, of course, made acquaintances among the players. He was found to be amusing; his voice was strong and flexible, and it was discovered that his ear was quick for music and mimicry. Thus he became transformed, by degrees, from the plain green-mountain rustic, to a knowing frequenter of the play-house; but still he shrunk from the contagion of the vice which too frequently congregates there. Two characteristics distinguished him from the mass of his companions, even more than talents; he never drank any thing but water, nor spoke any thing but truth. He had another singularity, he was as credulous as he was sincere. Time diminished this characteristic, but could not eradicate it.

In the mean time, although Squire Spiffard, of Spiffard-town, frequently wrote to his son, and mentioned his mother, as usual, as, "your mother sends her love, &c.;" yet the son was ignorant of what he most wished to know. He could not but hope that his father's patient and prudent conduct would produce the reformation he most desired. The father avoided the subject—how could he do otherwise? This one idea haunted the son, and he knew not how to gain the information he wished. He could only inquire after his mother's health; and the answer could only be "well," or "sick," "better," or "worse." At length, he accidentally met in the street one of his father's neighbours, who had come for the first time to Boston, and was gazing upon the wonders of the town open-mouthed.

Spiffard placed himself directly in his path, as he slowly moved, with head turned aside, and eyes fixed on the treasures of the shop-windows. The lord of an hundred acres, after almost stumbling over the young man, stared for a moment in his face, and then exclaimed, "Why, I'll be dang'd, if here is'n't little Zeb!" After scrutinizing him from head to foot, the yeoman exclaimed, "why, Zeb! why you're not the same; and yet you are the same, too. Taller and handsomer, and yet the same funny face. Well, Zeb, I seed your daddy and mam-

my, and all the boys and gals! And so here you be a fine town gentleman!"

After a hearty shake of the hand, our hero was glad to carry his friend to the solitude of his master's office; feeling a little prudent shyness, or false shame, in consequence of the loud and hearty greetings of his townsman.

Farmer Freeman, after examining the premises, expressed his admiration of Treadwell's book-cases. "Why, Zeb, what a power of books you've got! Arnt you afeerd, as the bible says, 'too much larning will make you mad?'"

"No fear of that, Mr. Freeman. And so—all the folks—come sit down; and so all is well at Spiffard-town?"

"Why, pretty middling; all stirrin."

"The town grows?"

"O aye, and the folks grow; but I don't know that they grow much better. Turner, the store-keeper, you know, jist there t'other side the church; why he has run off to Canada, they say, and took as many people in as he could: but there are two stores set up since. And would you believe it? Bill Tomkin's, your school-fellow, is married to Sally Bell; he's not nineteen yet, and she's sixteen next February; and his father is building a right smart house for him, not far from —."

"That's well! And how does *my* father look? Is he well?" Zeb did not dare to ask first after his mother's looks, though she was uppermost in his thoughts."

"Why the squire looks a little thinnish, I must say," was Freeman's reply. "He seems a little under the weather, somehow; and yet he's not sick. He looks as if he had been jaded like."

Zeb sighed. "And my mother?" hesitatingly he asked.

"Why she's more and more varysome:—one day pale, and another day red. I suppose its the natur of your old country complexions. And you know your mammy is changeful in her ways of acting and speaking too: sometimes mighty funny, and sometimes a little snappish, and grumlike. The neighbours do say—"

Zeb felt as if sinking through the floor. The farmer continued, "they think the squire's lady has never been herself since that old country chap with his dogs, and his fine lady wife lived among us."

Zeb lifted his head—breathed more freely—and Freeman went on with his gossip. "She looks a little queerlike, sometimes, and slamakin, and then her face grows fat, and her body grows thin, and then—"

"And the children?" asked the miserable son, hastily interrupting *that* of which he had heard but too much. "The children—they I hope are well?"

"Yes,—they are pretty so so—not hardy, though:—they don't look like my boys and gals; and the squire seems more and more fond of them; but somehow or another your mammy seems—" The yeoman paused, as if in want of a simile—and Zeb quickly changed the conversation, by abruptly inquiring what he had seen in Boston, giving him an invitation to his uncle's house, and making offers of service, with perfect sincerity and goodwill.

CHAPTER IX.

How to study Law.—A change of destination.

"It was about to speak when the cock crew,
And then it started like a guilty thing."—*Shakspeare.*

"To his trust grew stranger, being transported
And wrapt in secret studies.

"Der Mann muss hinaus
In's feindliche Leben,
Muss werken und streben—"—*Schiller.*

"By mine honour I will; and when I break that oath, let me turn monster."—*Shakspeare.*

EXCERPTS, as headings to chapters, have been sneered at. I am inclined to multiply them. If my reader passes them over, he will miss that which is worth more than the whole chapter following.

Mr. Thomas Treadwell abandoned his office so entirely, that after a time, no one thought of inquiring for him at that place; or at any other, on business connected with his profession: and Zeb mechanically opened the windows every morning, and habitually sat down to *his* books, without thought of courts, clients, or law. He was conscious that he was not in the path intended for him by his uncle, and consequently the course he was pursuing was wrong, but he was fascinated by the opportunity that was afforded him of gratifying his passion

for reading; and as long as no one interrupted it, he could not or would not, see the necessity for a change. His uncle had advised a course of history, and *belles lettres* reading, meaning, "when not employed in the study of legal science:"—Zeb followed his uncle's advice literally and industriously—neglecting the spirit and intent—and as no law reading was enjoined upon him by his master, he quieted his conscience by acting up to the letter of the instructions. He became a thorough historian and *belles lettres* scholar, as far as English and French authors could make him one. He partook of the Spanish, Italian, and German; and delighted to task himself in the Latin classics—his tasks becoming another source of mental improvement, another source of pleasure—for it is a law of the benevolent Creator, that perseverance in well-doing, although at first a task, shall become more and more a pleasure; knowledge increases the facilities of attaining knowledge, and "the appetite grows by that it feeds on."

Of all the authors read by Spiffard, no one was studied with so much pleasure as Shakspeare. The boy had early read him, (for Shakspeare was found at Spiffard town) but he now studied him and his commentators. His thoughts and language by degrees became in a measure imbued with the images and phraseology of the poet. It was only when in after time he was laughed at by his companions, that he was induced to relinquish a mode of expressing himself which appeared to some affected.

Mankind are not generally aware of the influence which one book, or one man, may have, and has had, on a nation or a world. Even those who cannot (or those who do not) read, hear the precepts of the author, sometimes quoted *as such*, oftentimes mingled unconsciously in ordinary conversation. The maxims of the Koran, the Vedah and the Shastah are mingled in the intercourse of every-day life, among their followers, as well as quoted from the desk or the pulpit; and the same or greater effect is produced by the Hebrew and Greek scriptures. So the popular poet or author sheds abroad a light upon society which in its effects is incalculable.

If the poet's precepts are poured forth year after year for ages from the stage, as are those of the "Swan of Avon," they make a part of the education of nations; they are mingled with the thoughts and words of all—influencing their passions and actions—they become instruments of illimitable power on the civilization and consequent well-being of man.

A shrewd and well educated person once said, "I went last

evening to see Othello, and I have been thinking ever since of the many beautiful passages which have been familiar to me from childhood, and which are to be found in that play."

Our hero became acquainted with all the beauties and defects of the mighty master. He read him, and heard him expounded. He studied him, and saw him illustrated. But of law—except the poetic law of the stagyrite—he was as ignorant as many other young gentlemen who read, or smoke, in lawyers' offices.

What was Uncle Abraham about all this time? Reading *his* favourite books, and indulging as much research into ancient literature, as a defective early education permitted. Still he entered into many speculative studies, and pursued them far beyond the reading of mere men of this world; and when he questioned his nephew on topics, little thought of by most young men, he was pleased to find him intelligent, inquiring, and in possession of knowledge uncommon for his age. At length, old Mr. Spiffard, the uncle, thought it time that Zeb should be prepared for his examination. He had passed nearly the number of years usual, and legally necessary, for reading law in the capital of Massachusetts. "I'll go to Mr. Treadwell's office, and talk the matter over with him, and with my nephew," said uncle Abraham. Accordingly, one day, as story-tellers have it, he appeared suddenly at the office, while Zeb was standing in the most approved attitude for delivering Marc Anthony's oration over the body of Julius Cæsar. The door had been left partly open, and his uncle entered, unperceived by the young orator, who was practising postures before a mirror; which, though only intended to aid Mr. Treadwell in adjusting a cravat, before making his appearance in court, or in the green-room, disclosed the graces of our hero's person and action, (imperfectly it is true,) and at the same time served to let him see that he had an admirer behind him. He was in circumstances similar to the ghost of Hamlet's father, about to speak "when the cock crew," but alas! he could not vanish. The uncle had been standing for a moment, before the young lawyer was aware that any other than his own eyes witnessed his *attitudenizing*. When he saw the reflection of Uncle Abraham, he dropt his outstretched arm, and looked like any thing rather than a hero.

"That's right," said the old gentleman; "I see that you are preparing yourself for public speaking. It is the sure road to wealth and honour in a republic."

The uncle certainly did not mean the same kind of public

speaking that occupied the mind of the nephew; but Zeb was relieved from his embarrassment by the train of thought which his preparation for enacting Marc Anthony had suggested; and his uncle proceeded to the business which had brought him to the office.

The result of Mr. Abraham Spiffard's inquiries was not so favourable to the belief of his nephew's progress in the acquisition of that knowledge, necessary for the orator of the Bar, the town house, the general assembly, or hall of congress. His questions were answered with perfect frankness by Zeb, who through life never lost his relish for truth or pure water. The uncle was astonished that he had so long omitted those inquiries which now elicited the astounding fact that Treadwell had long neglected both his business and his pupil; who knew very little more of law, (particularly its practice,) than when he entered the office. The answer to one inquiry led to another, and the good old gentleman concluded his interrogatories by asking mildly, "Why, my son, did you not tell me all this?"

Zeb stood silent for some moments, before answering. Not that he wished to evade the question, but he wanted time to arrange his thoughts, like one of our Indians at a council-meeting; one of those men whom we call our red brethren, and shoot when they do not get out of our way, exactly at the time we wish to improve their lands for our profit, and plough up the bones of their forefathers, with as little ceremony as we do those of our own. Zeb was conscious that he had not been doing as his uncle intended; and that although he had not planned to deceive the worthy man, yet he had suffered him to deceive himself. After collecting his thoughts, Indian fashion, he replied with perfect ingenuousness:

"I take shame to myself, sir; I ought to have told you all this, and not waited till you questioned me. I have reasoned with myself repeatedly upon the subject, and my reason always told me that I was not employing my time as you intended that it should be employed. But this self-examination did not take place until in consequence of my teacher's neglect and the love I had imbibed for the study of general literature, a secret dislike—and afterwards to myself, an avowed determination had been formed not to devote myself to the profession of the law. To form such a resolution without consulting you, was wrong. Nay, I knew it to be wrong, at the time. But as every other study became more delightful to me, so, *that* for which I was placed here, became more and more disgusting. You appeared to be proud of my acquirements in languages

and literature, and I cheated myself into the belief, that, if I became a good scholar—a well informed man—and proved myself by my conduct a moral man, I might be permitted to choose some employment more congenial with my taste and feelings, than the dry and formal, or the uncertain, intricate, and oft-times disingenuous proceedings, connected with the transactions in our courts of justice. And I—I hoped—Yes, I will tell you all—that as you had avowed your determination to consider me in all things as your son, that you would permit me to travel, first in our country, and then in foreign lands, and thus to cultivate a knowledge of men, as well as of books, of manners, as well as science and literature—a knowledge which would enable me on my return to my dear native country, justly appreciating her institutions, to be an honour to you, a comfort and support to my parents, and to enter the lists as a candidate for office, with not only the desire, but the power to serve my countrymen—a power which should produce such effects as seemed to be the ultimate object you had in view for me—such effects as would meet your approbation, and justify the partiality you had evinced towards me."

The old gentleman was evidently agitated while his nephew poured forth this address. He took a chair, and sat down during its delivery with his eyes fixed on the floor, and his hat pulled over his brow: at its close he looked up, with some severity of aspect, and replied in a tone of unusual asperity, "So! knowing that by a life of industry I had accumulated a decent competency, you supposed that I would indulge you in a life of idleness?"

"O no, sir—"

The uncle would not be interrupted. "Your love of ingenuousness induced you to deceive me! You knew better, likewise, what my wishes were than I did myself! You thought it would be more to your advantage to visit France, Italy, and Germany, and be presented at the courts of foreign princes than to attend the courts of law in Massachusetts, and become familiar with the institutions of the country you are to reside in: now, I have served my country, and was supposed to be qualified to promote the happiness of those connected with me, or whose welfare had been entrusted to me; and *that* without foreign travelling or any other travelling. I have been content with this town—and this town has been content with me. I have lamented the deficiencies of my education, and hoped that by making you a scholar and a scientific lawyer, you would have been able to do more and better than I have done. I chose

a path for you, and supposed that you were following its course: but you have chosen another for yourself. Now, suppose I was to say, 'I have been deceived,—go! pursue your own course: I have done with you?' "

"I cannot suppose it, sir."

"Why not?"

"It is not like you. Besides, I did not plan to deceive you."

"You saw me cherishing an error, and did not undeceive me."

"I was wrong, sir—but I deceived myself. I believed that I was qualifying myself to become *that* which you most wished me to become. I would willingly believe it still. I have heard you complain of the drudgery you have gone through to acquire wealth, and lament that you had not devoted more time to the more ennobling studies. I never doubted that you wished me to profit by the means in your possession, to enter into a wider field of action and competition than you had necessarily been confined to—that you wished me to rise above the professional technicalities and every-day labour of the court and the office. I will believe still that my kind uncle—my more than father, will aid me in the path I shall choose, provided he shall be convinced that it is the path of honour."

"The path of the lawyer is a path of honour. He may build for himself a reputation which shall stand the assaults of envy or folly; but it must have its foundation in what you call the technicalities of the office, and the habit of every-day labour. That necessary habit you have not acquired. The foundation of honour is truth. If I should aid you to pursue the path you have preferred, and continue still to be a father to you, it will be after the conviction that you will not in future deceive another, or suffer another to deceive himself; and then make self-deception a plea, or an excuse for your conduct. I have confided in you—and I may say—" here the old man's voice faltered—"I have loved you, because I thought I discovered in you a rooted love of truth—I thought it was habitual in act as in word—I thought—"

The young man interrupted him, "Next to my love of the Author of all Good, is my love of truth. My fervent desire is to be habitually frank and sincere in all my intercourse with my fellow-creatures. I have now received a lesson never to be forgotten."

Mr. Spiffard was silent for a moment: his tone was changed, when he said: "I believe in the sincerity of your desire. The belief that such was ever your disposition, has made me a con-

fiding father to you. But the love of God, and of truth, must be shown by obedience to their laws in deed and word."

"Here, sir, before heaven—"

"No protestations, young man. Notwithstanding what has passed, and my bitter disappointment, I *will* confide in you—I *must* confide in you. If I thought that there had been a deliberate plan to deceive, confidence would have flown forever. We cannot believe at will. I intend that you shall be my heir: and as you have given me to know that you will not pursue the law as a profession, I will, inasmuch as you have arrived at an age beyond childhood, consult your wishes, and we will be determined as to the future by our cool consideration of the matter."

Zeb attempted to speak, but his voice failed him. Tears ran down his cheeks, and he sobbed aloud. Here ended this momentous conference. Uncle Spiffard soon after had an explanation with Mr. Thomas Treadwell, and Zeb was withdrawn from the *study of the law*.

CHAPTER X.

We return home.—Medicine and Theology in Vermont.

"Let us sit and mock the good housewife, Fortune, from her wheel, that her gifts may henceforth be bestowed equally."

"Fortune reigns in gifts of the world, not in the lineaments of nature."

"I never did repent of doing good, nor shall not now."

Shakspeare.

"One really does meet with characters that fiction would seem too bold in portraying. This original had an aversion to liquor, which amounted to abhorrence; being embittered by his regret at the mischiefs resulting from it to his friends."—*Mrs. Grant.*

Our hero had been between two and three years from under the paternal roof, and, strange as it may appear, had never visited the place of his nativity. One image, connected with home, haunted him. He saw it in the streets, in various shapes, and oft times followed its reeling and devious course, as the bewildered traveller follows the meteor which leads into the marsh or pool, its poisonous origin. This image banished

from his mind all pleasing associations belonging to the scenes of his childhood. It was an image of mourning and desolation. It amounted almost to a monomania, that literally grew with his growth, for he comprehended more and more the degradation of his mother, and the misery of his father, as his mind expanded. He shrunk from a nearer contemplation of the scenes his memory presented, or his imagination suggested. He dreaded the consequences of those too well remembered exhibitions in all their hideousness. A visit to his father's house when thought of, awakened an expectation of witnessing realities, which fancy conjured up to view, and reason forced him to anticipate. He even avoided speaking of home.

Zebediah Spiffard was now nearly nineteen years of age, and as tall as nature or circumstances permitted him ever to be. He had attained his growth sometime before, but had been shook somewhat nearer the common length of man by the fever and ague. His uncle in due time consented to his plan of travelling, and, the notion once adopted, the old man became anxious that his adopted son should be qualified to talk as loud of London and Paris, Vesuvius and Pompeii, Apollo and Venus, Raffaello and Corregio, and all the rest of it, as the sons of his neighbours; but recommended, however, a short delay, and a visit to his parents. Zeb felt and acknowledged the propriety of his uncle's recommendation, but assented with sad forebodings, and reluctantly prepared for a journey to Vermont, although his heart felt the yearnings of affection towards his unfortunate father.

Three winters and two summers had passed since leaving home, and now, in the month of May, (so bright and warm in Italy and Virginia, and so delightful in English poetry, although so cold and dreary in both old and new England) young Mr. Spiffard arrived safely at his native village of Spiffard-town, in the beautiful valley of Long-pond.

Spiffard-town had grown faster than our Zeb. Two new steeples decorated the hill, proving freedom, and, of course, diversity of opinion. No old church claiming infallibility and exclusive right of sway over the minds and actions of men, because it could trace its origin to the times of mental darkness, was here suffered to blast the seed or the growth of God's word, and man's happiness.

The melancholy thoughts which were suggested to the mind of our hero as he approached the place, were dissipated, by the air of improvement, and vigorous youth, that new houses, recently cleared fields, with all the signs of a thriving commu-

nity presented to his eyes as he rode to the stage-house, denominated the United States Hotel, and Spiffard-town Coffee House. Neither the house nor its master had ever been seen by him before, and unknowing and unknown he passed on to his father's residence, after seeing his baggage in the safe custody of the bar. As he approached the parental dwelling, he was struck by the external marks of premature decay. This strongly contrasted with the youthful freshness of the newly erected houses he had passed. They were neat and tastefully painted white, with green blinds. The neglect on his father's premises told a tale of sorrow. The white paint had not been renewed since he left the village, and the once cheerful face of home was spotted like an Indian with the leprosy, as if giving note of the diseased state of things within. The palings of the court-yard fence were broken, and the gate hung by one hinge. A pane of glass in one of the upper windows had been broken, and its place was supplied by an old white hat.

Every heart-sinking thought that had occurred to the sensitive youth during his journey, was revived, and rushed upon him with double force: the recollections of his boyhood came not as bright visions of past joy, but as images of loathsome realities—long detested, and oft banished—ever returning, and now mingled with misgivings increased at every step and by every object that met his view.

A cold rain added, (to the sufferings of his mind,) those physical achings, shiverings and chills, which must be taken into the account of the estimate of all mortal woe or weal, whether identified and specified or not; and as Spiffard-town was without pavements, the slippery rain-wet-clay, and occasional mud pits in his path, by no means cheered his walk or alleviated the gloom, within or without.

He passed through the disabled gate and pushed open the house-door, which had never been garnished by lock, and now had no latch. The old house-dog growled as he entered the street door, but the next moment wagged his tail, tried to look in his face with eyes covered by the film of old age, licked his hand, and whined a mournful note of recognition. But poor old Cato, like all that the youth had seen on his return to his native place, bore the marks of neglect and decay; and although his greetings were meant to be cordial, they took naught from the weight which oppressed the young man's heart. He turned into the well-known "keeping room," which appeared as if diminished to half its former size. Here he found the first human creature that had greeted him. In the first apart-

ment that he entered—the room where in days of yore he had mingled with the family in all domestic appliances, he saw a little girl, too young to be left unattended, who was sitting on the floor by the hearth, and near to the remains of a fire: she looked at him with a vacant stare, and said, whiningly, "Mama's in the bed-room."

This was his sister—his mother's youngest child. He bent down to kiss her, but was repulsed with an exclamation, "Go along! you are an ugly man! Don't come here again!"

"And where is your papa?"

"Gone for the doctor."

Poor Spiffard! he felt as though all his misgivings and surmises were realized. Hardly knowing what he did, the youth again attempted to kiss his sister, although her neglected appearance little tempted him to the act; he wanted to touch, in sympathy, some being to whom his blood had affinity—he could have wept upon the bosom of the child—but she turned from him with "Go along! You are ugly! Don't come here any more! They are all in the bed-room."

At this moment his father and the doctor entered. Spiffard saw that in less than three years his father had become an old man.

We will pass over the particulars of his reception by his unfortunate, kind-hearted father, and his interview with his wretched mother, who was sinking into the grave, mind and body exhausted, conscious of the cause of her own and her husband's misery—tortured by the fears of death, and an eternity for which she was little prepared. But a scene had passed in the young man's presence, previous to his meeting with the unhappy invalid, which we must briefly notice. Such scenes would be often repeated, if the medical men of our country towns, had, generally, the good sense and determined spirit of the physician who, as above mentioned, had been brought, by her husband, to visit Mrs. Spiffard.

The usual medical attendant upon the sick woman, was a young professor of the healing art, who dwelt in Spiffard-town, and had to establish himself in the world of Long-pond, by yielding to the whims of patients, nurses, and visiters, temporal and spiritual; but the person now introduced to the house, and not for the first time, was Dr. Woodward, a man of long established reputation for skill and knowledge, who lived near twenty miles off, and only came thus far when called on particular occasions. He had long attended the family of Spiffard, when the urgency of the case required his presence, and at all

times advised and directed the practice of the younger and resident physician.

Woodward was a rough-hewn yankee; a man of talents, study, and experience. Soon after entering the house, he had left the son and father together, and with the familiarity of an old acquaintance and veteran practitioner, licensed *so to do*, had gone into the chamber of the sick woman. Zeb and his father had scarcely exchanged those greetings the occasion required, and their feelings prompted; those inquiries on the son's part, respecting his father's and his mother's condition, had been but begun, (inquiries that were answered more fully by the son's presentiments than by the father's words,) before Woodward abruptly entered, and addressed Spiffard thus:

"I have told you, squire, before this, that those cursed varmint of croaking men and canting women are killing your wife. And now I tell you, once for all, that you needn't send for, or come for me again, unless you give me absolute power over the sick chamber and the patient."

"Why, what's the matter, Doctor?"

"Murder's the matter! murder! You promised me that no one should be allowed to disturb the poor critter. I told you that all the chance she had from my medicine was by keeping her mind quiet; and I told Dr. Chubs the same. But he's young, and thinks he musen't forbid that fellow coming with his bellows and furnace, because he has got a barn to preach in, and fools to groan with him. If she wants a clergyman, you have one at hand in Parson Wilford, who knows his duty to God and man, as far as I know."

"And have they taken advantage of my absence while going to call you? I ordered the nurse to admit no one."

"The room is full. That yellow-faced crow, Martin, who couldn't live by goose and cabbage, as a tailor, is howling like a wolf; and a wolf he is in sheep's clothing: and a dozen women are groaning and sobbing like a camp-meeting; while your wife lies frightened into hysterics, and will die—and quickly too, if not rescued from the philistines."

"I will be obeyed," said the husband; and was going—

"Stop!" said Woodward; "do you give me full powers?"

"Yes. Your orders *shall* be obeyed!"

"Then stay you here. I'll give them a touch of my practice."

Woodward again entered the sick woman's chamber. Spiffard stood like a statue, waiting the event. His father paced the room. A noise, like the confusion of a miniature Babel, as-

sailed their ears in every key (though not in every language,) that the human voice can be screwed to by passion. Woodward re-entered, literally dragging the yellow-faced crow—the preaching tailor, into the "keeping-room," by the collar of his coat, and followed by a mob of vociferous women. The physician, the captured crow, the nurse, and every female, young or old, protested, railed, exclaimed, squeaked, or shouted. Every voice was exerted to the utmost, and they were of every pitch and compass, from the commanding, deep-toned bass of the doctor, and the hoarse croaking of the crow, to the cracked treble of goody Stubs, the nurse. The tumult ceased a little, as some of the out-criers saw that a stranger was present.

"Have you no respect for my cloth?" said the tailor.

"Yes," said the physician, "when you are stitching it in the way of your vocation, and in your proper place, mounted on your shop-board; but none for you, or your cloth, when stuck up in a pulpit, you make it a covering for ignorance and knavery, or intrude your noisy fanaticism where peace and restare necessary to alleviate suffering."

"I give you warning!"

"And I again warn you not to interfere with my practice. When you spoiled my coat, I let it pass; but you shan't kill my patients."

"O, the blasphemous ruffian!" exclaimed a squeaking voice.

"I will save her precious soul!" cried the tailor.

"I'll maul your onprecious body, you croaking cormorant, if ever you intrude within my province again."

"I'll do my duty."

"And I'll do my duty, you carrion-crow, and prevent murder; which the sight of your yellow face, and the sound of your sepulchral voice has more than once caused, by terrifying the weak, and bringing despair to the convalescent. If you knew your duty, since you cannot cut the pattern of a pair of breeches without spoiling them, you would make yourself useful by cutting down trees, and ploughing up new land with a team of stout oxen; but you plough with other men's heifers, you philistine. You find it more pleasant to manage a flock of geese, whom you can pluck, than to wield one goose in the miserable garret you have exchanged for that barn, you call a tabernacle."

While speaking, Woodward kept fast hold of Martin's collar, and with a hand like a blacksmith's vice, and an arm of iron, had by this time dragged him from the keeping-room into the hall or entry; then thrusting him towards the street-door,

he continued, "When I give over my patients, which is no till death takes them out of my hands, then come and catterwaul over them if you like; but if I can prevent it, you shall not help to kill them—that's my business." He then returned, crying out to those who lagged, "Come! clear out, all of you! out! out with you!" he said, as he pushed the tailor's admirers to the door, "follow your leader!"

"Mr. Spiffard, do you suffer us to be turned out of your house?"

"Yes, neighbours, I desire you to leave the place for the present. You know that I have requested that—"

"No ceremony," said Woodward, "it is life or death. I go, or they go."

"You will repent this in fire and brimstone; in the bottomless"—

"Any where, Goody Crank, out of your company." The doctor having made a clear coast by putting the last of the visiters out, turned to the nurse, "Look ye, Mrs. Stubs, I gave you orders not to let that fellow and those women murder the person entrusted to your care, by frightening her into her coffin before you and I have done with her; and I now tell you, that if you permit any more of this infernal catterwauling where I have a patient, I will present you to the grand jury as a nuisance, if not an accessory in killing by torture—or murdering under false pretences."

"Mr. Doctor, I have too much feeling for the soul of—"

"Hold your tongue, woman! You are employed to take care of Mrs. Spiffard's body!—what do you know about people's souls? Ah! here comes one to whom I am willing to entrust my patients, body and soul."

At that moment a venerable man in a rusty black coat, over the collar of which descended his silver-white hair, was seen descending from one of those four-wheeled vehicles, since called dearborns. He entered without knocking, and with the courtesy of a gentleman, the bland air and cheerful countenance of an apostle of the religion of love, he saluted the Doctor and the elder Spiffard.

"You have had a numerous company I see by the many departing guests. Has any thing new occurred?"

"No, Mr. Wilford, the old story! Murdering my patients—taking my trade out of my hands. I am legally authorized to kill, and you have heaven's sanction and that of your own conscience, to preach peace to those I dismiss to a better world, if you find them fit for it; I am willing to practice with you, but

I am chafed when I see all I can do to help the sick, undone by ignorant impudent hypocrites."

"God only knows the heart, Doctor Woodward."

"But man can judge of the heart by the actions, Mr. Wilford. Now, there are no two critters on God's earth more dissimilar in most things, than you and I are: yet no man ever thought either of us a hypocrite. But whether that stay-tape-and-buckram-fellow, who has half the women of the country at his beck, is hypocrite or fanatic, he must not interfere with my patients. I can do my own business—ask the sexton, if you doubt it."

"You are severe upon neighbour Martin, Doctor. I fear you are intolerant in your religious creed."

"No, sir, I am in that, a disciple of Roger Williams and Harry Vane. Let every man worship his own way; I object not, provided he does not serve the devil. I call no one infidel or heretic for believing more or less than I believe; but I resist the despotism of man over the conscience, whether he be a tailor, a bishop, or a pope."

"May I let Mr. Wilford into Mrs. Spiffard's chamber, sir?" asked the nurse.

"Yes, Mrs. Stubs, he is a physician for the soul. However, remember, he don't want any female apothecaries to assist him. But first I will visit my patient, and do you attend me, and mind my directions."

Thus saying, the eccentric physician, attended by the nurse, retired, leaving the two Spiffards, father and son, with the venerable minister of the gospel of peace.

In the infinite variety of contrasts which the human family presents to view, no two characters can form a greater than we see in the enlightened and benevolent disciple of the christian religion, who sees in his God a father, and in his neighbour a brother, and one of those ignorant egotistical men who represent every one as an enemy to religion, and a child of perdition, who does not believe that the Author of all Good is in a state of eternal wrath with the creatures on whom he is showering every blessing. Mr. Wilford nursed the sick, (if his personal aid was needed,) soothed the suffering, instructed the ignorant, and engaged the wise in active plans of benevolence; not to promote an exclusive sect, or propagate exclusive doctrines, (for he opposed no doctrines but those which prohibited liberty of conscience,) but to spread that knowledge which teaches charity and forbearance towards others, with doubts of self, and confidence in God.

Happily truth must prevail. Those dangerous doctrines which enslave men politically under the mask of religion, are sinking into contempt and abhorrence with the tyrannies which supported them, and are supported by them. The struggle may yet be protracted, for with the tyrants of the earth, and their emissaries, it is a struggle for existence: but neither force nor art can prevail against knowledge which has gained the sanction of experience. Those monstrous errors which claim authority from an antiquity surrounded by the darkness of the middle ages, and stained with the crimes of murder, havoc, and massacre, inflicted upon those who saw a beam of light, and held fast to opinion for conscience sake—those errors, will be known hereafter only to raise the wonder of the hearer or reader, that such fatal absurdity could have existed.

CHAPTER XI.

We go to England, and what we did there.

"Reason and love keep little company together now a days."

"I can get no remedy against this consumption of the purse: borrowing only lingers and lingers it out; but the disease is incurable."

"Consent upon a sure foundation;
——— know our own estate,
How able such a work to undergo,
——— or else" we are
"Like one who draws the model of a house
Beyond his power to build it; who half through
Gives o'er, and leaves his part created cost
A naked subject to the weeping clouds,
And waste for churlish winter's tyranny."

"It is a figure in rhetoric, that drink being poured out of a cup into a glass, by filling the one, doth empty the other."

"Home-keeping youths have ever homely wits."

"Now worth this, and now worth nothing."

Shakspeare.

As we are writing the memoirs of Zebediah Spiffard, and not of his mother, we will be as brief as possible in all that remains to be said respecting this weak and unhappy woman.

It is generally acknowledged that there is considerable af-

finity between a man and his mother: and Zeb was not an exception to the rule—if rule it be. He was not only the son of his mother, but his mother's character and conduct propelled him through life—they were present to his imagination in every situation, to the day of his death.

The thoughts and images that passed through our hero's mind during the scene of his reception, were never erased. He found the state of his father's family worse than he could have imagined from any previous information that he had received. Of three sisters and a brother, the two elder girls (feeble and sickly) were at a distant school,—the boy was a cripple, and almost an idiot,—and the youngest girl was such as we have described above. During this visit, poor Spiffard received impressions, or rather renewed and strengthened those already received, which influenced his actions ever after.

Owing to the skill of Doctor Woodward, his mother became convalescent; but it was only a flattering ray of light on the darkness of her condition. Her constitution was undermined; her feeble body and feeble mind could not be sustained. There was no redeeming spring in either. However, it was during the season of hope and re-establishment, that the young man took leave of his father's house, and returned to Boston to make preparations for his European tour. His indulgent uncle furnished him with money and credit; and in due season, the green-mountain boy found himself in the great metropolis of the great nation which he claimed as the source from which himself and his ancestors issued. Relatives of his father, he knew of none. No trace of the noble family of Spiffards existed; but to his mother's father, residing in Lincolnshire, he bore letters; and after seeing the lions of London, he took the mail-coach for Stamford, and there found the house of his grandfather a scene of mourning and desolation.

His mother's second sister, Sophia, the beauty of the family, the pet and pride of her parents, had eloped with a titled libertine of fortune, one of the hereditary lawgivers of England, and was living in splendour in the great city her nephew had just left. In the lap of luxury, devoted to infamy, she was flattered by being the admired of depravity, though condemned to be the companion of libertinism and prostitution. Her fall and flight had murdered her mother. Her father, sinking to the grave, was supported in penurious gentility by the energy and industry of the youngest daughter, (who was a child when in America,) one who had been the neglected of her foolish pa-

rents, because plain in person, and retiring in manners; but who had cultivated a mind of quick perception so as to rear the fruit of filial piety; and was adorned by that knowledge and those virtues which shine brightest when the darkness of adversity falls on all around: like the good deed of the poet "in a naughty world." Such was Eliza Atherton.

Spiffard was not made acquainted with the fall of his aunt Sophia. He was told in such a manner, that they had lost Mrs. Atherton and Sophia, as to lead him to suppose both dead. Eliza said nothing on the subject; and her father was confined to a sick chamber. The young man felt that there was a mystery, but did not feel authorized to pry into it; he saw that his grandfather was in poverty; he admired his remaining aunt; and he did his duty.

The first thing our yankee water-drinker did, after leaving his grandfather and aunt, was to purchase a small annuity for the two lives, and transmit the necessary papers to them from London. This left him almost without funds, but he felt richer and happier for the transaction. Before visiting the European continent, he determined to await the answers he should receive from his uncle, to whom he communicated the particulars of his journey, and made him acquainted with the disposal of his funds, and the paucity of the trifle which yet remained to his credit, with the banker.

His passion for the theatre was indulged, and grew with indulgence. It was connected with his love of literature. It was a love for the drama, not for the playhouse. The desire to become an actor was revived. He had leisure to acquire those accomplishments so essential to the profession. He studied music, instrumental and vocal, assiduously; while the practice of the sword of every description, and of dancing, gave him that ease of deportment so necessary to those who aspire to please on the stage. Zeb's voice was powerful and of great compass. He became a first-rate burletta singer, and his accurate ear, by cultivation, led to taste and execution which few could rival. Always active and athletic, his skill in fencing and every sword exercise, was uncommon. Grace as a dancer he could not acquire, and nature had denied him stature for the heroic in tragedy, or beauty of form or face, to compensate the deficiency.

There was, at the time of which we are writing, and perhaps still is, a theatre for amateur performers, in the neighbourhood of Soho Square, to which Spiffard had been invited. Here he soon found a congenial spirit, in some respects, and became

intimate with him. This was Thomas Hilson, so well known in America for his histrionic talents. To Hilson, Spiffard communicated his desire to tread the stage for amusement, and Tom promised him a trial.

"What part shall it be?"

"Alexander the Great."

"Oh, no, no,—you are not up to that by a foot."

"Alexander was not tall."

"Always six feet on the stage. Suppose you try Scrub?"

Never was poor hero more cut down. By way of compromise, it was at length decided that he should play Young Norval, and appear as Caleb Quotem in the farce.

The important night came. Zeb exerted his heroics and pathetics manfully; he was very serious, and the audience very merry. At length he died, to the great relief of the company, who applauded long and loud. The mist which besets young actors on first appearances, and had enveloped Zeb's mental faculties, during the tragedy, was not fully dispelled, but he had an awkward kind of uncomfortable notion that all was not as it ought to be in his reception. Hilson assisted to prepare him for Caleb. The tragedians of the company complimented him on his success in Norval, with as much sincerity as if they belonged to a regular Theatre Royal. Hilson said nothing on the subject. The farce began, and if the audience laughed *at* the tragedy, they laughed ten times more *with* the comedy of the new performer. But when he gave the songs, the plaudits were so dissimilar from those Young Norval had received, that the mist was dispelled, and Zeb saw plainly that he was no tragedian—at least in the opinion of his auditors. He felt that his powers for creating merriment and delighting by song, were rapturously acknowledged by all. Hilson shook him by the hand, and without any of that paltry feeling which rivalry is supposed to generate among artists of all descriptions, welcomed the yankee as a brother, and true son of Thalia.

This was our hero's golden age—his days were *couleur de rose*, and the intoxication of applause rendered his nights, if not peaceful, yet pleasant. No other intoxication had charms for him. He drank water, to the astonishment of his male companions; and the ladies thought him utterly devoid of feeling. He never saw the preparations for riot or revelry, or witnessed its effects, without thinking of his father's house; or looked on the smiles which were meant to allure, but that the desolation he had witnessed at Stamford, was shadowed to his imagination. The egis of Minerva presented an image which

turned the beholder to stone. The images impressed upon Spiffard at home, and in Lincolnshire, made memory an ægis against the assaults of vice. The conduct of his grandfather and youngest aunt, in respect to the lost daughter and sister, had appeared mysterious to him, and although he had not pryed into that which they did not think fit to reveal, he, since, had recollected circumstances and words, which to his quick mind, told the tale of a sorrow worse than poverty or disease can inflict.

News from home was tardy in arriving. Spiffard's money was exhausted. His uncle's banker would advance no more. He found himself under the necessity of playing for bread, instead of playing for amusement. Once more he tried his tragic powers. He was permitted to appear at one of the great Theatres Royal, (not yet like all royals, shorn of their beams,) in Othello: but he was overwhelmed by an Iago of six feet. It was remembered that Garrick had declined Othello, for fear of being compared to a black pompey handing the tea-kettle, and that he had refused to play to Barry's Iago, thinking he might be said to bully the monument. Spiffard was condemned for want of height, by those who were in raptures at the physical and mental powers of the baby actors who wielded the broad-sword or bullied the towering Palmers, Popes, and Barrymores of the stage. Again the comic powers and the musical skill of our hero rescued him from utter failure, and he went down to the provincial theatres as a star, though not suffered to shine permanently in that heaven of the English theatrical system—London.

It is not my intention to follow our hero from Bath to Bristol, from Manchester to Liverpool. We are principally concerned in his adventures and his fate in America. We only wish to account for the uncommon success of a yankee green-mountain boy, on the metropolitan stage of New York, where we found him one of the principal low comedians, at the opening of our story, which we now hasten to pursue for the gratification of our impatient readers. But we shall have to show how his expected fortune vanished,—how he became permanently an actor, and the husband of the lady who made him as happy as he appeared to be at the commencement of our memoir, by the gift of her hand.

The first is a very short story, and the second not much longer. Most of my readers will remember how often hope has been disappointed; and many a Benedict will bear me out in the assertion that there are those who say they will live ba-

chelors, and only keep their promise—until they are married. Our hero feared the fate of his father: but no person on earth was less like his mother than Mrs. Trowbridge: the towering in person and thought, the high-minded, fire-eyed, black-browed Mrs. Trowbridge.

As to fortune, we Americans know that men become rich or poor as quickly as a scene changes at a theatre from a palace to a prison at the slap of a Harlequin's sword. Zeb's riches were only in expectancy; and such are of the least substantial kind. You, Mr. Broker, expected to make ten thousand dollars by the rise of stocks: they fell, and you lost what you never had. You, young gentleman, expected a fortune at the death of your father, and lo! he is a bankrupt. And you, Madam, the lovely mother of those two fine boys, though your husband possessed millions, you live to see them dependant—perhaps happily—on their own exertions for bread. Our heros' fortune was lost to him by the simple circumstance, that his good old uncle Abraham, who had deferred making that will which was to make his nephew rich, died unexpectedly, like a great many other old men, although every step he took might have warned him that he was tottering to the tomb. He died unexpectedly of apoplexy, though neither fat nor short-necked, and his property devolved on his brother. This would have been no source of grief to the right-minded Zebediah, if that brother (his father) could have been made happier thereby; but his mother, who had been partially restored to health by the skilful Doctor Woodward, and the benevolent Mr. Wilford, sunk under the loss of children who were the victims of her misconduct; and her husband lived but two weeks after her—just long enough to make him the legal heir of his brother, and thereby deprive his son of the inheritance. He had been induced to buy lands on credit, to a great amount, in a cold and barren northern region of the State of New York; he had borrowed money to a large amount on interest; his property had been so neglected of late years, that even the estate left by his brother was insufficient to satisfy his creditors; and his son, instead of being a man of independent fortune, was only an independent man. Independent he was, as he possessed youth, health, habits of temperance, and a profession for which he was well qualified.

When Mr. Thomas Apthorpe Cooper went to England in search of recruits for the New York theatre, his experienced eye and ear determined him to engage Spiffard, whom he found *starring it* at Liverpool. The success of the comedian was

great at New York, his love of tragedy led him to become an admirer of Mrs. Trowbridge. Her talents in her profession, her decided manner, her ready wit, added to her known approbation of his efforts as an actor, fixed him as a lover of the lady, and then,—but what need we say more, after saying that he was a lover? He was blind, and his blindness, added to a naturally confiding disposition, brought them to that precise situation in which we found them in the month of October, in the year eighteen hundred and eleven, when we introduced them to the reader.

Between the time of Spiffard's return to America, and his marriage, the manager of the New York theatre had sent out George Frederick Cooke, had come back to the United States himself, had enriched the theatrical world with Hilson—and many other events, in the real and mimic world, had occurred, of which we say nothing, and perhaps know as little as we say. We gladly return to the point at which we left the actors in our drama, and now pursue our story with as few deviations as the nature of the case (and the information necessary to be imparted to our readers) will permit.

CHAPTER XII.

We come back to the starting place—A scene behind the curtain.

"No epilogue, I pray you; for your play needs no excuse."

"This palpable-gross play hath well beguiled the heavy gait of night."

"As I do live by food, I met a fool."

"Call me not fool till heaven hath sent me fortune."

"Since the little wit that fools have, was silenced, the little foolery that wise men have, makes a great noise."

"O this learning, what a thing it is!"—*Shakspeare.*

A HOPELESS task is before us. We have a long tale to tell, and no chance, that we yet see, of introducing any duke, marquis, earl, baron, or even knight, into our pages. True, even princes have travelled through our republican land, and

other worthies, from dukes to M. P's. but we never fell in with them. We had no dinners to give, nor palaces to show. And in truth, we felt ashamed of our fellow-citizens, when we saw them running after, courting, and cringing, to creatures, merely because exalted by institutions whose injustice they, (as well as every other well-informed man,) abhor. We fear, gentle reader, that our story must depend upon its moral worth, and the interest it may create, without any showing-off of the higher orders of European society. We have not even a colonel or a captain to help us; that is, one who is a hireling in a monarch's service. As to an officer who only serves God and his country—pah! we might as well talk of a police officer. We shall speak of as many foreigners as natives, and represent them as we find them; good and bad, like ourselves; but all untitled. It is a curious fact, that the greatest and best foreigner that ever visited America, abjured the title inherited from his ancestors: keeping that, he had earned in defence of the rights of man.

It was in the evening of that same day, in October, 1811, which we have chosen as the time of commencing this history, and near upon the stroke of six, by the clock of St. Paul's chapel, that two inferior actors in life's drama (and ours,) sat earnestly conversing in the dressing-room appropriated to George Frederick Cooke, up the stairs formerly described, in the rear of the Park Theatre. These members of my dramatis personæ were, the one, a tall, raw-boned, pale, native of Massachusetts, who having been in London and Paris, and often speaking of his perils by land and water, was called by the inmates of the theatre, "the Yankee traveller"—by himself, Mr. Cooke's *valet de sham*. The other, a short, square, red-faced, Hibernian, who had found his way from Dublin to the new world, in the capacity of a hair-dresser, was at this time a naturalized citizen, and entertained no doubts but America would soon, as it ought, be governed by the "ould country folk" from Ireland.

We have slightly noticed these persons before, but they are deserving of a more formal introduction to the reader of this tragi-comic-historical-memoir: tragi-comic because natural; for unmingled mirth or sorrow is not of this world.

The "Yankee traveller" had made a successful voyage to the West Indies, and in the true spirit of enterprise, had followed up his success, by investing all the proceeds of his sales (of wooden ware,) in oranges; and shipping them, with himself as supercargo, for London. The "venture" failed. Trustworthy Davenport found himself, as he used to say, "tarnationly swampt." The oranges having proved more liable to the

wet-rot, than any wooden vessel is to the dry. The oranges were damaged irrecoverably—utterly spoiled—and Trusty, as we may call him for brevity, was left nearly pennyless in the great money-craving world of London.

Nothing daunted, he found his way to the American consul, where he fortunately met Thomas A. Cooper, the *then* American Roscius. Cooper hearing him tell his story with all the real straight-forwardness and apparent twistification of an unsophisticated Yankee, was pleased; and induced him to engage as his waiter. Trusty asserting that he would not call himself any man's *servant*, except "at the bottom of a letter."

The young tragedian was at this time negotiating with Cooke, the older hero of the buskin, who, by rare management, he sent out to America; and he attached the "Yankee traveller" to George Frederick, as a safe-guard to the eccentric histrion, and as an assistant in the plan of transporting him to a new stage, for the exhibition of his rare talents.

There was one stipulation insisted upon by Trusty, before closing his engagement with the manager, which caused some delay. The "Yankee traveller" proposed that he should be furnished with money in advance, and permitted to go to Paris, before returning home. To this the manager objected.

"Advance money to a stranger! no, no, Jonathan."

"If you can't trust me, you'd better not employ me. I don't want much. I'll walk all the way, after crossing the channel."

"What do you want to go there for?"

"To see Bonaparte."

To this Cooper raised many objections, but Trusty vowed and *swan'd* that he had not come so far for nothing; "and he might as well see nothing, as not see the man all the world was talking about."

The whimsical character of Trusty so pleased the manager, that after having examined, like a man of business, into the traveller's former trading affairs, and found his story correct to the letter, he struck the bargain, furnished him with money to travel on foot to Paris, and back to London, with a little stock "to trade on;" and, as Trusty was just now telling Dennis, he "made more by a speculation in teeth and hair, than he had lost by his rotten oranges.

Dennis O'Dogherty was as little like Trustworthy Davenport, as Ireland is to Massachusetts; but he had succeeded admirably in gaining for himself the snug and profitable occupation of dressing the hair of the male actors, and manufactur-

ing wigs for both sexes, (Trusty supplying the raw material;) besides furnishing soap, candles, and flour, for cleansing and fitting for public inspection, those important personages who represent the "reverend, grave, and potent signors," before whom Othello pleads his cause; the masters of the world, as Rome's senators; or the four and twenty champions of the red rose and the white, who decide the fate of kings on the bloody fields of Tewksbury, and Bosworth; those heroes on whose marchings and countermarchings, crowns and thrones and empires halt or hang.

Such were the two worthies who now occupied Mr. Cooke's dressing-room, and wondered that he did not make his appearance, as he had to *begin the play*, in the character of Penruddock, and the time of *ringing up* had almost arrived.

Spiffard, who played Weazle, occupied a dressing-room in common with Tyler, over that tenanted by Cooke, had just been down, ready drest for his part, to enquire if Mr. Cooke had come, or been heard from. The answer was in the negative; and Spiffard, after despatching a messenger for the manager, retired to his room, leaving the Yankee and Hibernian to resume their colloquy.

"I'm thinking," said Dennis, "there's about to be a bother to-night, Mr. Devilsport."

"Davenport—my name's Davenport, Mr. Doghearty."

"Sure, that's what I said: and I'm thinking there will be no play to-night, if they can't play the play widout Mister Cooke—for here lies his wig, and there hangs his coat. May be, they can play the play widout Penruddock?"

"That would be sufficiently difficult in my opinion. Something like enacting Richard the Third, without the Duke of Gloster."

"Why, what has the Duke of Gloster to do with it?"

"Mr. Doghearty, they are one and the same person. Richard is Duke of Gloster before he is King Richard the Third."

"You seem to understand these things, Mr. Devilsport?"

"Davenport, if you please. I have been but too much attached to the Dramma." Trustworthy had not studied Walker's orthoepy.

"That's jist my case; but fait it's a bad practice, any how. But suppose we send over the way for a little brandy; or as we are alone, we will toss up which shall send t'other."

"I never drink any thing stronger than switchel. I swan'd it with a bible oath."

"I thought you said you were fond of the dram?"

"Dram? O, the dramma! that's dramatic literature—plays and acting—poets and histrions."

"Sure I'm bother'd. I know nothing of history, only the history of St. Patrick, and Bryan O'Neil."

"You don't read much then?"

"It's not the fashion wid us. The priest reads for us, and that saves a mighty deal of trouble; but I'm still bother'd" said Dennis, "about your saying you loved the dram."

"The dramma, Dennis, the dramma,—the art dramatic and histrionic; histrion means player or actor. I have talent for the stage, myself,—I could act, but somehow or another I don't like to have such folks as I see in the gallery, or the pit sometimes, and *always* in the upper boxes, put in power to hiss or clap me, when I can't get at them to give them my hand in return, if I think them saucy. But to please a friend, I can enact a tragedy-part to the life. Did you ever hear me take off Mr. Cooke? Just give me his wig, and I'll put on his coat, and give you Penruddock to a T. I'll show you that I could be his substitute."

Dennis assisted the actor. "By the powers, but the wig is the thing, after all!"

"The wig fits very well, but the coat is not long enough, especially in the sleeves. Now for one of his grand croaks."

While the yankee traveller was exerting himself, to the great edification of Dennis, braying in discordant tones, which he thought an imitation of Cooke, Spiffard again descended from his dressing-room, to inquire for the veteran tragedian, and met Cooper ascending from the green-room, on the same quest.

"Has he come?"

"I think I hear him;—yes, he is rehearsing. Let us go in and see what state the old man is in."

"Bad enough, by the sound of his voice," said the manager.

They entered, much to the discomfiture of the traveller and his hibernian admirer. Davenport stood towering, six feet two inches, at his utmost height, with his enormous long arms outstretched, his bony wrists, as well as fists, thrust several inches beyond the cuffs of Penruddock's coat, which was ludicrously projecting, its square skirts; not much below his hips the wig but partly covering his stubborn bristly hair, gave as grotesque an appearance to his sallow face, as the coat imparted to his gigantic figure. The expression of the detected hero's countenance, between surprise, shame, and archness, was so comi-

cally equivocal, that it produced an effect on Spiffard more allied to mirth, than any sensation he had felt for some days past. The Manager's disappointment at not finding Cooke, and his chagrin at the consequences which his imagination presented as likely to occur from the absence of the veteran at this critical moment, caused a burst of angry words on the traveller, whose change from the heroic action, was a sheepish attempt to crouch his long figure behind the short, square form, of the Irishman.

"What are you about, you awkward booby?"

Trusty made no answer, but Dennis undertook his excuse,

"O, Mister Cooper, sir, don't be angry with Mister Devilsport, he's only preparing himself to be Mister Cooke's prostitute."

The ludicrous now prevailed. With another exclamation, which was more than half smothered by a laugh, the Manager abruptly turned from the place to go in search of the incorrigible truant. We need not say that the travelling yankee soon doffed his borrowed feathers. Cooper found Cooke at Hodgkinson's public house, with an empty decanter before him, and was received with, "Ah, Tom!—let's have another bottle."

With great difficulty, the intended representative of Penruddock was removed to the theatre, and prevailed upon to suffer Dennis and Davenport to array him for the character which he was utterly incompetent to perform. Cooper determined to let him begin the play, as the time of commencement was already past, and retired to his room to dress for the part, and wait the determination of the audience.

The play had been long delayed, the gallery had long been uproarious, and the pit had become noisy. All the time-out-of-mind overtures had been played, and apologies offered, until the house would hear no more. Cooke was conducted to the scene of action, and mounted, by the aid of Trusty, Dennis, and Concklin, the head-carpenter, upon a platform behind the "cottage scene," through the window of which he was first to speak to Weasle.

"Is all ready behind?" asked Oliff, the unintelligible prompter.

"No, sir!" shouted Cooke. "What do you mean by placing me here, with my back to the audience?"

"The audience are there, sir," said Concklin.

"There, sir! Where, sir?"

"There, Mr. Cooke, in front."

"In front, you yankee scoundrel, I know they are in front, but the front is there, sir," pointing to Theatre Alley. "Do you pretend to tell me where the front is! Me! George Frederick Cooke,—tell me, sir! that have fronted the audience of the British metropolis, and the Majesty of Britain;—would you tell me when and where to face an audience? Change the scene, sir, put it here!" and he turned his back upon the proscenium.

"But, Mr. Cooke—"

"Don't speak to me, sir!"

"Mr. Cooke is right!" said Trustworthy Davenport.

"Ha! are you there, little goodfellow?"

"Mr. Cooke is right!" repeated Davenport.

"To be sure I am! Am I to be taught my O. P.'s and P. S.'s by a block of a carpenter?"

"I'll change the scene, Mr. Concklin," said Trusty; "please, sir, to stand still, as the platform is unsteady—steady, sir." And suddenly seizing Cooke in his long arms, he lifted him from his feet, and whirling him round with the velocity of a *teetotum*, replaced him on the platform as he was before; at the same time shaking the scene, Trusty cried, "There, sir, now all is changed, the audience are where they ought to be. Don't you hear them, sir?"

"To be sure I do. Very well, my good fellow,—I knew they were there. Prompter! all's ready."

The curtain rose. The first scene passed off without any disclosure of the grave Penruddock's most unsteady state, as he spoke through a window, and was supported by his *aids* on the platform; but as the play proceeded, Penruddock "stuck." Mr. Cooke's old complaint was pleaded, and the manager being ready, was joyfully received by the audience as the *substitute*, instead of Trustworthy Davenport.

In the course of this evening's entertainment at the theatre, Spiffard, on going to the door of the dressing-room occupied by his wife, and her mother, with intent to speak through the key-hole to Mrs. Spiffard, (for such was the etiquette of the house, and is, of course, the custom of all well-regulated theatres,) as he approached the door, saw the female dresser coming up stairs bearing something of most suspicious appearance. The woman knocked at the door, and before she could be answered, he asked "Who is that for?" "Mrs. Spiffard, sir."

This moment was decisive of his future peace. The first

impulse was to dash the hated object to the floor. The next moment caused hesitation; and reason came to his aid. He turned, sorrowing from the door, before the knock of the dresser could be answered, and supporting himself by the balusters, he slowly gained his room, and sunk in a chair, hopeless and tortured by images, to him, of the most distressing nature. We will not attempt to depict the misery of this ill-fated young man, who felt himself the doomed victim of that vice in another, which of all vices, he most abhorred.

He had previously engaged himself for the next day to a dining party at Cato's, and had agreed to be the companion of Cooke to the spot appointed. He willingly fulfilled the engagement—it took him from home. In the next chapter we will accompany them.

CHAPTER XIII.

A walk out of town.

"I can easier teach twenty what were good to be done, than to be one of the twenty to follow mine own teaching."—*Shakspeare.*

"Twenty more, kill them too."—*Ben. Johnson.*

"These lies are like the father that begets them.'

"I'll after him, and see the event of this."

"Wit, and't be thy will, put me into good fooling."

"I knew ye, as well as he that made ye."

"Sack, two gallons, 5s. 8d.—Bread, a halfpenny."—*Shakspeare.*

"Bring forth the amreeta cup! * * *
Thus have I triumph'd over death and fate! * * *
And to his lips he rais'd the fatal bowl. * * *
The dreadful liquor works the will of fate."—*Southey.*

Spiffard found the veteran waiting for him, in full spirits, and seemingly none the worse, at least to a casual observer, for the excesses of yesterday. The colour of his cheeks was

a little heightened, but his skin, otherwise gave no indication of intemperance. There was, however, a something in the expression of his eye, that rivetted Spiffard's attention. He had noted it before, and it brought to him recollections of his childhood, but not of its joys. To-day, there was a brilliancy, a sparkling lustre in the dark grey iris, (almost converted to black by the expansion of the pupil,) that arrested the eye of Spiffard, and although it brought the sharpest pain to his breast, by the mournful images recalled of what he had seen at home, without understanding then the meaning of the appearance; yet, even this pain and these reminiscences, attached him the more to his aged companion by a species of fascination.

Cooke had slept a death-like sleep after the excess of the preceding day, and the exertions of the evening at the theatre; and although he awoke with feverish symptoms, they were only such as seemed, to him, to require drink, and that of no feeble character. He had taken a bottle of brown-stout with his breakfast, or rather for his breakfast, it being in the toper's creed both meat and drink, and bread was as little in demand with him as with Falstaff.

Remembering his engagement to dine at Cato's, he had been in good time dressed for the occasion, and then taking a glass of *stiff* brandy and water, he awaited his young companion with all the gaiety of renewed youth. Thus is the path to ruin strewed with seeming flowers.

It may be observed, of the unhappy subjects to habitual ebriety, that they have intervals free from delusion, during which rational conduct is continued, for a longer or shorter period, according to the circumstances in which the person is placed. When the desire for the unnatural excitement occurs, and is yielded to, it grows by what it feeds on, for a time, and the victim of depraved appetite, glorying in his shame, goes on from one stage of disease to another, each one rising above the preceding, in symptoms of madness;—madness, hailed as health, until nature fails, and the degraded being sinks, crying for aid to the physician or the friend, to save him from the yawning grave he suddenly sees open before him; or the racking pains which awakened reason, tells him are the fruits of misconduct, and the precursors of death. Then comes that pitiful repentance which knows not amendment, and that forced abstinence, in which is no merit. Cooke was at this time approaching the pitiable state above described, and had attained its immediate fore-runner, that stage of the self-inflicted dis-

ease, when the physical powers are screwed up to an unnatural height, and the victim, notwithstanding repeated experience, seems to feel assured that the poisoned cup contains the draught that secures bliss and immortality—the "amreeta cup" of eternal happiness.

"Ha, my boy! Here I am! ready and waiting for you."

"Have you sent for a coach, sir?"

"A coach! No. We will walk. I delight in walking. Many a time have I left my lodgings, and rambled down to Wapping, enjoying the scenes of that lower world, and then along the Thames to Greenwich, and back again on that side of the river."

"But do you know, sir, that it is four or five miles to Cato's?"

"That's nothing! Ha! Some of my pleasantest days have been passed in walking from morning till night in the environs of London, when I could escape from the accursed enchanted castle of Covent Garden and its keeper, the giant 'Black Jack.' O, how I have enjoyed myself in a solitary walk up Oxford street to Tyburn, through the Parks, or to Richmond Hill! At other times, it has been my whim to ramble among the sailors and watermen down the river, either holding myself aloof, and scanning the creatures I passed or mingling with the motley herd, and enjoying my obscurity. We great men," he added, "relish an incognito."

Thus commenced the walk to Cato's. The reader will hold in mind, that at the time of which we write, this great city of New York had no claim to that title from its size. None of those magnificent streets, called avenues, existed. And excepting the great commercial highways of river and ocean, there were but two outlets from the town. One of these, and the most frequented, our pedestrians followed, passing up Broadway, then turning into the Bowery, and taking the old Boston road where it diverges to the right at what was then the United States arsenal, now the House of Refuge, a blessed institution! where a system of education and reform, for children of both sexes, is in successful operation, by which hundreds are restored to society as useful members, who had been abandoned by ill fortune or bad parents, to vice and beggary. A more touching exhibition than three hundred pretty and well-dressed children rescued from destruction, and joining in hymns of thankfulness to their Creator, seldom falls to the lot of any one to see.

Without a cessation of interesting conversation or lively chat, kept up by artificial excitement on one part, and on the

other by the animation which exercise in the open air imparts to youth and health, they were passing Kip's Bay, when Spiffard called the attention of his companion to the scenery on their right,—to Long Island and the waters dividing it from Manhattan,—alluding to the history connected with the spot.

"Kip's Bay," said the veteran. "Ah! here we landed after crossing from yonder shore. Ha! how the Yankee-doodles scampered when they saw our boats approach. They remembered the day before, when they attempted to make a stand upon the heights of Brooklyn. If Sir William Howe had followed up, as he ought, where would have been your republic now? *I!* I myself, was in full pursuit of Washington when a retreat was sounded. I should have *had* him, and then the war would have been at an end! I should have been gazetted, 'Lieutenant Cooke, of the 55th, has put an end to the American rebellion, by seizing with his own hand, that arch rebel, George Washington.' George—named by his loyal father, after the royal house of Hanover. All the jacobites of England called their sons Charles, and Charles Edward: the adherents to the Hanoverian dynasty, named theirs George, and George Frederick. My father, a captain of dragoons in the service of his sacred majesty, George the Second, bestowed on me, unworthy, the glorious appellation of George Frederick; and I have served my royal master, George the Third, faithfully. Accursed be General Sir William Howe, that I did not send the traitor Washington to London, to be dealt with according to his deserts, and the will of my gracious sovereign."

Thus did the excited romancer pour forth a stream of words at the suggestion of his heated imagination.

The reader who is acquainted with the ground in the vicinity of New-York, and the shores of that water which divides the lesser island and its city, from the greater and more fertile, stretching south to the ocean, and north to the land of steady habits, will perhaps recollect that at the period of which we speak, most of the houses standing between the old road and the east river were not in existence. Still, as the road runs through a hollow, the water was scarcely discernible from it. "Let us leave the road, and ascend those higher grounds," said Cooke. Spiffard willingly assented, as he wished the internal exciting causes, which existed with his companion, diminished by time and exercise, before they should join the company with whom they had engaged to dine.

They accordingly turned from the road toward the river; passing into a meadow through a gap in the fence. After

crossing several enclosures, as they approached the water, they gained an eminence crowned by a flat rock. From this point they looked down upon the bay or cove, which takes its name from the former owner of the land surrounding it—"Kip's Bay."

A more lovely landscape of the half marine kind is seldom seen, than that our pedestrians might now enjoy. On their left, the eye passing over a portion of a pleasure-ground, (whose foliage glittered in all the colours of the rainbow,) fell on the calm water of the river, scarcely moved but by the eddies of a tide-propelled current, and divided in the midst, between the two larger islands, by the point of the islet called Blackwell's, and the rocks in which it terminates; black dots on the surface of the stream, marking the division of the main channel to the pilots, whose white sails were seen on either side. To the right might be seen a portion of the city, (not as now encroaching on the great bay; not as now stretching eastward beyond the Navy Yard, with its towering masts and close-housed line of battle-ships,) and the opposite fast growing town (now city) of Brooklyn. Immediately opposite to the wayfarers, two *reaches* or bends of a small serpentine river were visible, dividing the meadows and groves of Long Island, and flowing to the sea-water of the bay. The swelling hills with their gardens, orchards, and cultivated fields, terminated the view.

"Aha!" cried Cooke, when he had mounted the rock; "Aha!" I see the whole of it now. Yes, sirr, down there to the right, beyond the rocky and precipitous shore, is the bottom of the bay where we landed. The wharf which you see was not there then. But that rock, further south, afforded us a fine shelter, if we had wanted shelter; but your Yankees did not even wait until we were with within gun-shot distance: and see that causey—that, too, is recent; we had to charge through that marsh, knee-deep in mud and water."

Thus, combining images which were before his eyes, with historical recollections from his reading, and the creations of his excited imagination, the old man indulged his romancing vein, to the astonishment of his almost bewildered companion; who, finding that he paused, remarked, "It has always been granted that General Washington displayed great skill in bringing off his undisciplined, discouraged, and defeated troops from the opposite shore, and with so little loss landing them on this island in the presence of a superior enemy—an enemy boasting the proud title of the mistress of the sea."

"Yes, sirr! he showed as great alacrity in running as Fat

Jack did in sinking. Sir, I shot his horse, and was advancing to seize him, but to my surprise he sprung on his feet, and with his long legs he soon distanced me. Long legs are the distinguishing marks of a Yankee."

"And long arms," added a voice close to the ear of the actor. They turned, and saw a man of towering stature, who had come from a field (by the side of, and below the rock on which they stood,) where he had been digging potatoes. He had approached unnoticed, with a well-filled basket hanging on his arm, and his spade musket-wise on his right shoulder. It is probable this personage would have passed on below the stand our pedestrians had taken; but attracted by Cooke's loud harsh voice, and without being kept aloof by any repelling sense of decency, (or perhaps thinking that what was uttered aloud in so public a place, belonged to, or was intended for the public,) he heard the words without stopping to listen, and felt disposed to retort when the disparaging description of the distinguishing marks of a Yankee struck his ear.

This interloper was as much above the Englishman's height as Spiffard was below it, and stood at least six feet two inches, as erect as a hemlock tree. His age was about fifty-five; his iron-grey locks peeped from under a slouched hat that had once been white. He wore no coat. His cloth waistcoat was open in front, and showed a clean coarse white homespun shirt, which, tucked up at the sleeves, and open at the collar, displayed arms and neck that might vie with a Grecian Hercules or an Irish hod-carrier. His lower extremities were furnished forth with woollen pantaloons and clumsy shoes, tied with strings of black worsted. His whole appearance was that of an independent American yeoman.

There can be no doubt that our countrymen are a taller race than the European family from which they sprung. They have a national physiognomy, more resembling the English than any other people, yet marked by a distinct character. This man's face was long; the muscles full and strongly marked. His eyes were small, and expressive of humour; his nose broad and straight; his mouth large; his lips thick; teeth irregular, and chin full. His complexion was a brown yellow, which only glowed faintly with red when he laughed, and that was not unfrequent.

Cooke eyed this giant from top to toe, and then said—"But at the battle of Brooklyn, if battle it may be called, they made better use of their legs than their arms."

"We had to learn how to use our arms then; our legs had been taught their exercise before."

"Were you among the rabble-rout who fled at the sight of the Union flag of Britain, and scarlet livery of your king?"

Spiffard, who although amused by the rhapsodies of his companion, was pained by the consciousness of the cause, and had constrainedly kept up his part in the colloquy, was glad to find that he might now become merely a listener to a dialogue between two characters so opposite as the loyal representative of Richard and Iago, on one part, and a rough republican tiller of Indian corn and buckwheat, on the other.

"I'll tell you what," said the yeoman, "we found that the red coats were getting between us and the town, and that our Lord Sterling as they called him,—what had we to do with Lords?—knew no more of manœuvering than we did; so we thought we had better save ourselves for another opportunity, and learn to handle our tools before we commenced the business of fighting."

"'The better part of valour is discretion.' You were right to run when you were over *there*, at Brooklyn, but here at Kip's Bay, you had nothing to do but stand fast and shoot our men as they approached, cooped up in their boats, and exposed where every shot must have told. What did you run for, then? There was no manœuvering here. Your hero, your Washington, got you out of the scrape the night before, and very cleverly, to give the devil his due,—though, if Sir William Howe had done his duty, you would all have been prisoners, and sent home to be hanged as rebels; but your commander saved you during the night, while Howe kept aloof, *why*, no one knows."

"Perhaps discretion kept him at a distance;—that 'better part of valour' you talked of."

"What should have taught him that discretion, with regular troops at his back, and raw yankees in front?"

"Mayhap he remembered that he and *them* same rig'lars had been at Bunker's Hill a short time before."

"Why, there is something in that," whispered Cooke, looking over his shoulder at Spiffard, who enjoyed the farmer's retort. "But," he continued, raising his voice, "we showed no discretion when we crossed here in open boats, huddled together, so that you might have shot us like black birds, or pigeons, or any other defenceless animals, who congregate in crowds, and sit still to be murdered; but you trusted to your legs again, and again Washington (and running) saved you."

"My friend, you seem to know a considerable of that time; where might you have been?"

"Lieutenant Cooke, of the fifty-fifth was in the foremost boat, and the first to land. I am the man!"

"I never heard of you before; but you are not the only hero who has been obliged to sound his own trumpet; and I don't like you the less for having been one of the rigglars of that day, especially as it's all over a long time, and as I know that though you landed in the summer of seventy-six, those that were left of you, embarked from the same little island in the fall of eighty-three. So, if you, and this little quiet gentleman, will jist turn in here," and he threw open the gate of a fence a little below the height on which they had been parleying, "and go to my house, we'll fight over all our battles again, while we wash down enmity with either cider or whiskey, or brandy, as you like best,—I don't keep wine, only currant, home-made."

"That I will, with all my heart!" said the tragedian, and down from the rock he hastened, by the side of the hospitable farmer. Spiffard followed, mournfully, for he foresaw in the invitation, an increase of mischief.

They entered a neat two-story wooden house, which fronted the water, and had the hill as a shelter from the northern blasts. All was comfortable within. The good woman sat knitting yarn stockings for her long-legged husband; and two pretty girls, her daughters, were busied in preparing habiliments of finer material, and more urbanity, for themselves. The matron was portly, and the household duties of the morning having been performed, she was dressed, as if she expected company, in the seemly sort befitting her age and station. Her round, good-natured face was bordered by a neat cap, which was tied under her chin. Her gown of calico, and apron of white linen, pure as snow, new fallen, corresponded with the well-starched kerchief that rose from the shoulder to the cheek. She looked like the fitting wife of the substantial yeoman. The girls had more pretension in dress and appearance, as might be expected from their youth and the encroachments of the city. In fact, they emulated the style of young ladies, and would, if they dared, have protested against the rough guise, the basket, spade, and naked arms of their father, who shouted on entering, "Mother! I have brought these gentlemen in, to take a drink after a long walk."

"I'm glad to see them. Chairs, girls! From town, gentlemen?"

"Yes, madam."

"Come, stir your stumps, girls!" said the father. "Some cool water from the well; put down your trinkum trankums, and take the pitcher, bring tumblers, and mother, turn out the cider, the brandy, the whiskey, and your oldest currant wine."

All was soon before them. Cooke took his grog, nothing loth, and Spiffard a glass of water. The farmer was pouring out for himself, and without taking his eye from the glass, "Wife," said he, "what do you think? This old gentleman says he made me run in the year seventy-six, when I was sodgering over there at Brooklyn."

"Like enough," said the dame, laughing, "I never believed half the stories you have told me of your fights with the red coats."

"Thank you for that, mistress."

"Was this gentleman among the British then?"

"Yes. He was a gay young officer when I carried a musket in Sterling's brigade. He says we run like heroes."

"Ay, that ye did," shouted Cooke, who had already swallowed a second glass of the stiffest brandy and water, "that ye did, and your General with you, your Washington, I was close upon him, I had nearly caught him—"

"But you *didn't*."

"No, he was too quick at retreat."

"You should have sprinkled some salt on him—fresh salt, the boys say. When you would catch an old bird, sprinkle some fresh salt on his tail. My sarvice to you."

Cooke looked astounded. He drew himself up with all the assumption of offended dignity, while he shot from his overhanging eyelids glances that were intended to awe the rustic. "Sir!" he began, but the ludicrous image suggested by his blunt host, with the consciousness that he was playing the braggart, overcame his acting and the desire to continue it; he suddenly changed from the heroic scowl to a look of arch good humour, and stretching his hand out to the yeoman, "You have beat me," he said, "give me your hand. I shall never be able to fight the battle of Brooklyn again. That salt has preserved Washington."

The yankee shook the outstretched hand with a hearty laugh, and a grasp that made lieutenant Cooke flinch from the encounter. "Wife," said the farmer, "you can give these friends a dinner of bacon, eggs, and potatoes, can't you?"

"Yes, and chickens and greens, and a good apple dumpling, with a hearty welcome."

"I wish," said Cooke, "we were not engaged. This is new. This is fresh. This would not be believed t'other side the water." Then in full apparent possession of his gentlemanly manner, which was eminently prepossessing, he seemed by an effort to regain the entire command of his rational faculties, explained the object of their walk, and took leave with thanks for American hospitality, adding, "Your fresh-salt shall preserve the memory of the master, the mistress, and the beauties of Kip's Bay as long as George Frederick Cooke lives to tell a story of 'yankee land.'"

He bowed, and followed by the laughing girls, and smiling matron to the door, the Thespians departed. The farmer accompanied his guests until he saw them, by a shorter route, gain the high road to Cato's; and then returned home, saying as he left them, "I shall be glad to fight the battle of Kip's Bay over again with you any day you have a mind for it."

CHAPTER XIV.

The difference between a tavern and horse-shed.

"The beasts of the field know when to return home from their pasture, but the appetite of man is insatiable."—*Eddic poem.*

"But that the poor monster's in drink, an abominable monster."

"This can sack and drinking do."

"I told you, sir, they were red hot with drinking;
So full of valour that they smote the air
For breathing in their faces."

"This drinking and quaffing will be the ruin of you."

"He will lie, sir, with such volubility that you would think truth were a fool: drunkenness is his best virtue."—*Shakspeare.*

"Hell always weaves its strongest web, not out of the conflict of passions themselves, but out of the powerless exhaustion which follows upon it."—*Ensk.*

WHO has not heard of Cato Alexander's? Not to know "Cato's," is not to know the world. At least so it was thought twenty-five or thirty years ago. But as all our readers are not supposed to be acquainted with the world, we must

point out the situation, and describe the localities of—*Cato's*—that our tale may be duly understood, and its incidents appreciated.

Between four and five miles north-east from the building called in New-York the City Hall, in front of which we first met our readers, and introduced them to our hero, and other personages of note, yet to be made more intimately known—between four and five miles from this building, on the west side of the old Boston-road, stands this celebrated tavern, owned and kept by Cato Alexander, and called, from the landlord, "*Cato's.*"

Cato, the keeper of a road tavern! Alexander the bearer of gin-toddy to a whiskered shop-boy on a Sunday! Cato—Alexander—what awful names! How full of associations! each singly denoting the conqueror of self, or the conqueror of the world; now united to designate a servant of vicious and pampered appetites!

Do not let us be mistaken. Cato of Cato's was no worse a man than the tens of thousands with whiter faces, who administer to the pride, passions, and vices of the multitude. He was neither more nor less than the keeper of an eating and drinking house; one whose *lawful* trade is to tempt to excess, and who may legally live by administering poison.

It would puzzle any but a philosopher to find a reason for that preference "Cato's" has enjoyed for many years over all the many receptacles of idleness and intemperance which stand invitingly open on the roads and avenues leading to and from our moral and religious city. *We*, being a philosopher, have found it, and can communicate. It is preferred to other houses of refuge from temperance, that are known under the appellation of *retreats*, (such as "Citizen's Retreat," "Fireman's Retreat," "Mechanic's Retreat," "Old Countryman's Retreat," and a hundred other retreats from public notice, or domestic duties,) not because its situation has more of rural retirement—for it stands full in view of the traveller or wayfarer. It is not a retreat from noise, for *that* resounds within; nor from dust, for *that* it invites and receives from every wheel and hoof that passes. It is not preferred because it enjoys or gives its visiters better or more extensive prospects than its rivals, for it commands no view but of the dirty high-road, a cabbage-garden, a horse-shed, and a sign-post; nor is it chosen for that, the breezes of either land or sea bear health or refreshment to its admirers; for the land rises on every side, barring every wind that blows from visiting it too roughly. Neither is it the spacious apartments or elegant furniture that *gives it preference*, for its inmates are cabined cribbed, and con-

fined in cells like acorn-cups, compared with the halls and saloons of the town hotels and gambling-houses. But, Mrs. Cato is a notable cook. The "cabin is convenient." There are none but black faces belonging to the establishment. We feel that we are "right worshipful." All around is subserviency. Desdemona saw Othello's visage in his mind; it is to *some*, pleasing to see the badge of subserviency in the visage.

To this convenient court of conviviality our pedestrians approached, somewhat fatigued, but more heated, by the long walk under a clear October sun. The breezes from the magnificent sheet of water which ebbs and flows between the islands of the city, and the harbour, would have been welcome to the glowing faces of the veteran, and his young companion; but they never visited "Cato's." Iced punch was seized, to supply the deficiency by *one*, water from the pump refreshed the other.

"Why, Spiffard, what put it into your head to make Mr. Cooke walk this infernal distance?" Such was the salutation from a fat and heavy figure who had approached to meet them.

"He chose to walk, and I chose to please him. By-the-by, I thought he would be the better for it. It has dissipated some alcohol." This Spiffard spoke in a low tone, while Cooke took another draught from the hands of Cato.

"Master Cato! neither Rome nor Utica ever could boast such a bowl of iced punch as this! You are the Cato of Cato's! 'Blush not, thou flower of modesty.' What do you laugh at? A flower may be dingy. Who calls you black? See how the red blood mantles in his cheeks! The orange-tawny and the crimson streaks, shine through the glossy ebony like northern lights through the darkness of a polar-sky, cheering a six months night. Cato of Utica! thou pride of Africa! Give me the bowl again. 'I'm a horse, if I have wet my lips these three hours.'"

"'These lies are like the father that begot them.'"

"Ah! Tom!—hah, are you there. Take away the temptation, Satan. Well, lads! what's the sport?"

"Sport? We waited for you."

"True, there is no sport till I come; as the thief said on his way to Tyburn."

"We have waited dinner for you. What put it into your heads to walk?"

"Lusty youth, vigorous limbs, active minds, hot blood, ha! Was it not so, comrade?"

"More of the last than the first," said Spiffard.

"Envy, by the gods! thou water drinker!—if I could find epithet of more contempt, I would bestow it on thee,—in thy abject taste, thou likest thyself to the beasts of the field."

"Who are guided by unerring instinct to avoid poison." said Spiffard. "Water drinker! it is my title of honour."

"So be it then. Spiffard, the water-drinker!"

"Dinner, gentlemen!"

"Hold to the practice," said Cooke to Spiffard, as he took his arm and walked to the dining-room. "Hold fast the practice, my young friend, and deserve the title. Long may you keep it, and you may laugh when you see us make wry faces as we hobble and limp with gouty limbs, or pant for lack of breath, our livers like sieves or gridirons, and our noses like hot pokers. Sieves and gridirons, hot coals and pokers,—I am a Cook, you know, and here's dinner!"

Leave we the company of thought-drowners, and meet them again by-and-by. Some hours had passed. Spiffard had tired of the noise of the table, wearied with flashes of merriment not inspired by wit, but by wine; not the genuine and healthy progeny of the reasoning faculty when indulging in sportive recreation, but the mere empty ebullition of excited animal spirits, without the guidance or control of reason. He had walked up and down the road in search of a pleasant place for retirement, but finding none, seated himself upon a bench under a building erected for the reception of water-drinkers,—it was the horse-shed in front of the house. The tavern has a piazza, but the noise of the revellers made it almost as disagreeable as the smoke-incumbered dining-room. The tumult increased so as to reach the place of refuge he had chosen. Discordant sounds commingled in confusion, the monotomy of which was broken by the high, harsh, screeching and croaking of Cooke's notes of inebriation.

"I'm your man, sir!—a dead shot, sirr! George Frederick is the name to *cow* a yankee!"

The whole party now issued to the piazza, and after a preliminary discussion of the mode in which wounded honour was to be cured by the *duello*, (a discussion of which Spiffard only heard pieces or snatches of sentences, as "ten paces—five paces—yankee actor,—dead shot," they descended, and took a station between the tavern and the horse-shed.

It now appeared that Cooke and Cooper were to be *pitted*, not as actors, but as duellists. The seconds were busy loading the pistols, (an implement of death or amusement always kept in readiness at Cato's.) Cooke became silent and digni-

fied, only showing by increased energy in his step, (not always properly applied,) and increased colour in his face, the increase of his ebriety. His antagonist was all politeness—the established etiquette with those who meet to murder. The seconds and witnesses displayed to the eye of the water-drinker, or any other rational animal, that they were all so far blinded themselves, that they could not see how plainly they were exposing their supposedly deep-hidden hoax, to any clear-sighted spectator.

The word was given. The two tragedians fired at the same moment, or nearly so. Cooke's second took advantage of the smoke and noise to thrust a stick through his principal's coat, to produce a bullet-hole, at the same time he threw his left arm around him, as if for support, crying, "He has hit you, sir."

But Cooke was in one of those half-mad, half-cunning paroxysms, which enabled him to act as the subject of the hoax, while he in reality hoaxed the hoaxers; and enjoyed all the pleasure of acting the part of the dupe, with the assurance of duping those who thought they were playing upon him. He was assuming the madman, and sufficiently mad to enjoy all the pleasure which "only madmen know." Pretending to believe that he was hit by his opponent's ball, he, with a force which only madness could give, threw out his left arm, and hurled his officiously designing second several paces from him, reeling until the cow-yard (the court-yard of the establishment) received him at full length. As the smoke evaporated, Cooper was seen extended in mock agonies; his second and others of the party, leaning over him in pretended mourning.

"Mr. Cooke, your ball has passed through the lungs of poor Cooper, I'm afraid. The surgeon is examining the wound. There is little hope—"

"None, sirr! I never miss. He is the tenth. I am sorry for him." He stalked up to the pretended hurt man with due gravity. This was a precious opportunity, for the veteran to mingle sarcasm and mock regrets, and to pay the hoaxers in their own coin, stampt anew in the mint of his brains, and he did not let it escape him.

"Poor Tom, poor 'Tom's acold!' I'm sorry for him. I'm sorry that his farthing-candle-life was extinguished by my hand, although he deserved death from none more. 'This even-handed justice commends the ingredients of' our murderous pistols to our own breasts. I warned him of my unerring aim; but the 'thief will seek the halter.' How do you find his wound sirr?"

"I am examining it, sir; I am torturing him."

"It is no more than he has done to hundreds of hearers."

"I am afraid, sirr, he will never play again."

"Then by murdering him honourably, I have prevented many dishonourable murders. Shade of Shakspeare, applaud me! He will never again murder Macbeth instead of Duncan, or throttle Othello instead of Desdemona. I am a second Mahomet overthrowing idolatry! The wooden god of the Yankee-doodles lies prostrate! Fie, George Frederick to triumph over a block. Farewell, poor Tom! poor enough." This was said over his shoulder. "I could have better spared a better actor—but let that pass, while we pass to our pious meditations. Who takes order for the funeral? Bear the body in!" When sober none did more justice to his rival's merit, although now so scurrilously unjust.

"He revives, sir. There is hope yet," said the surgeon.

"Then may the poets mourn."

While the pretended dead duellist was removed into the house, Cooke's second approached him, exclaiming, "The horses are ready, sir; we must fly."

"*We*, sirr! when I fly or creep, I choose my company. George Frederick Cooke never flies from danger. Fly, sirr, if the idol of Yankee-land lives, there is nothing to apprehend from his worshippers, nothing to fly from, except when he acts; and if he dies, and by *my* hand, I have honoured *him*, and benefited the world." So saying, the hero strutted most sturdily to the steps of the piazza, where, feeling the difficulty of ascent, he recollected his wound, called for assistance, and was supported to the table, at which sat, like another Banquo, the man whose fall he triumphed over.

Spiffard had looked on unmoved at this farce: unmoved except by feelings peculiarly his own. He had been spell-bound. Although suffering, he had been unable to move or turn his eyes from the objects that caused his pain. He was fascinated. He gazed upon the scene as the bird fixes her eyes on the serpent who approaches to destroy her young; and like the bird, he could not fly or withdraw his attention from that which distressed him. His eyes followed the retiring company, until they were again within the walls accustomed to revelry, riot, and brawling. He then turned his head, and perceived for the first time, that he had a companion.

Sitting on the same bench, under the horse-shed, and within a few feet of him, he saw an old gentlemen in a brown suit of clothes, coat, waistcoat, and breeches, (an article of clothing *even* then rarely seen,) his cotton stockings, and well

polished shoes, only soiled by recent dust, denoted him a pedestrian. He supported both hands on his silver mounted cane, and his eyes were fixed on his young companion. "You appeared to be interested in the scene that has just passed. Do you know any of the sportive gentlemen who have been playing such strange gambols?"

"I know them all. I am one of the party."

"But you have not joined in their frolicsome foolery."

"Perhaps because I did not partake of the exciting cause."

"I understand," was the stranger's brief reply.

Spiffard was pleased with both the appearance and the address of the senior, whose manner, and a something independent of dress, indicated good breeding and philanthropy, mingled with eccentricity. Is it too much to say that all this may be seen at a glance? If not seen, it may be imagined. Imagination is rapid in conclusions.

This person had walked into the horse-shed, and seated himself, while Spiffard's attention had been so occupied that he was unconscious of his approach. The old gentleman had marked both the scene, and the absorbing interest the young man took in it.

There was a pause in the conversation of these chance-connected and dissimilar interlocutors, during which, Spiffard took note of the figure, dress, and attitude of the person to whom he felt himself attracted by something stronger than mere curiosity. In his sitting posture, the tall, thin person of the stranger was supported, as he bent forward, by a cane, with a plain round silver head, on which both hands, ungloved, rested, and a mourning ring was displayed upon a finger of one. As his head was projected, his gray locks, not time-thinned, fell on either side of a face, pale, and marked by the furrows of at least fifty years. His eyes were black as jet, and as brilliant as the most vigorous intellect, or the most robust health and youth could display. They were piercing; but the bland tranquillity of the surrounding features prevented the appearance of severity.

"You are one of the party," said the stranger; "but you give as a reason for not joining in their antics, that you had not partaken of the exciting cause; that is, as I understand—"

"Drinking madeira and champagne."

"And you?"

"Never drink any liquor but water."

"Is it possible!"

Here followed another pause. The old man seemed sur-

prised. He repeated his last words several times, in a low tone, as to himself.

The reader must recollect that I record events of five and twenty years ago. There were then no *temperance societies.* Gentlemen—yes, *gentlemen*, did not think themselves degraded by drunkenness.

At length the stranger resumed, "You dislike wine or spirituous liquors, perhaps?"

"No, on the contrary, I remember, as a child, being delighted by the taste, and eagerly desiring wine."

"And you deny yourself the gratification! Why?"

"I have seen the misery caused by indulgence."

"Have you, so young, seen enough to produce such a resolution; such a determined abstinence? If you had seen what I have seen—felt what I have felt! you would curse the poison that scatters shame and sorrow among so many victims of intemperance, and their unhappy relatives!"

The colour had rushed to the old man's cheeks, and his eyes, before bright, now shone with a brilliancy almost supernatural.

If I have made myself understood in the previous delineation of Spiffard's character, and the circumstances which had formed it, I need not say that the words and looks of the stranger had on him the effect of magic. Those chords of the memory, feeling, imagination, which, too strongly touched, tended to intellectual derangement, were violently assailed. His excitement rose with the old man's voice, and the fire of his eyes maddened him. "My curses join with yours; I have seen and felt all you speak of."

"Oh, no! you have not looked on a face beloved, and seen it distorted."

"I have!"

"You have not seen one justly beloved, flying from the proud eminence his virtues had gained; the beloved shepherd of a Christian flock driven to despondency by admitting doubts; a despondency, the result of severe application upon a delicate frame; doubts, the effects of disease; and beheld the victim of overstrained research seeking a refuge from doubt in certain destruction, until his only asylum was in a mad-house!"

Spiffard's feelings had so long been pushed beyond the healthful medium, that his monomaniacal propensities had gained full power over him. The images of his father and mother rushed before his imagination so vividly, that he appeared to see them with his bodily eyes; and the form and

lineaments of the latter were strangely commingled with those of his own wife: he uttered an exclamation that attracted the attention of the old gentleman, and his feelings were no longer absorbed in self.

Admiration, produced by the conduct of a youth who appeared so strongly to sympathize with him in a sorrow happily not common, took possession of the stranger, and changed his expressive countenance from its wildness, to a softer and calmer appearance. His voice faltered as he attempted to utter words intended to soothe the agitation he had so unaccountably caused. At this moment the noisy bacchanalian rout issued from the house, and the imaginary gave place to reality. The shades of evening were closing in. Carriages and saddled horses were brought to the door, and several voices shouted "Spiffard! Skulker! Where are you? Where is the water-drinker?"

Cooke insisted upon having his pedestrian companion as an attendant in the carriage into which he was lifted; for now, in consequence of the additional cups taken in token of reconciliation with his late antagonist, (who had miraculously recovered from his mortal wound,) and a parting glass, or stirrup-cup, drank with Cato, who had been dubbed Emperor of Morocco, and king of Utopia, instead of Utica, he could no longer obtain command over any member but his tongue, which incessantly demanded Spiffard.

But Spiffard had, for the present, a stronger attraction in the aged stranger; who, refusing to take a place in one of the hacks had turned his steps to the road, as if determining to walk to the city.

The young man resolved not to leave him, and seeing that his former pedestrian companion was safely stowed in a carriage with one of the youngest of the revellers, who promised to deposite him at his lodgings and with trusty Trustworthy, the water drinker followed his new-made acquaintance, and soon overtook him, although he was walking with strides and vigour unpromised by his grey hairs and attenuated form.

Joining the old gentleman, Spiffard asked permission to accompany him, which was readily granted, with an expression of gratification that one so young should prefer walking with him to the easier mode of accomplishing the journey. There was a sympathetic attraction felt by these two dissimilar individuals not commonly experienced by two of the male sex at first sight.

"You pay me a compliment by preferring my company to that of your friends."

After a silence of a moment, Spiffard ejaculated, "friends."

"Perhaps companions would have been a more suitable word."

"For most of them, sir: but there are some even in that riotous company, who, I have reason to believe, are my friends."

"Not any engaged in the farce of the duel?"

"Yes, both the principal actors in that farce; one intended by the authors as the *butt*—even the long-erring eccentric George Frederick Cooke: the other, the frank and liberal minded Cooper."

"Can such a man as Mr. Cooke be the friend of any one?"

"Yes, sir, if that one has shown an interest in his welfare that could not be suspected to arise from selfishness. I may be mistaken; but I think he is attached to me because I have opposed his mad career, and have rejected firmly his excuses while I endeavored to strengthen his (hitherto fruitless) resolves to amend, and to give effect to his penitence. O, how truly, in one of his comedies, Holcroft has called repentance a sneaking, snivelling fellow, when not accompanied by amendment. I don't quote his words."

"The words of a play are seldom worth quoting."

"The words of truth are as acceptable from a play as from a homily—from a stage as from a pulpit—falsehood is always detestable and truth always to be reverenced."

"I spoke hastily—I was occupied by my feelings respecting that grey-haired actor whose folly I had been witnessing. I felt that plays were worthless, viewing the conduct of players. I was wrong."

"You do injustice now to players, as then to plays. You forget that men of every profession play the fool. Even in the fools-play which you have witnessed, and which boys might be ashamed of, there were only two players to ten men of other denominations; men with more fixed occupations and connexions; more generally esteemed in society; but all as eager in the childish game and as deeply involved in the guilt of intemperance, as the man you stigmatize as the grey-haired-actor."

"Folly is doubly despicable connected with grey hairs."

"True, sir, but not more in an actor than in a merchant, physician or lawyer."

"Your remark is just. But *you* have excited my curiosity. What could have induced one so young and so firmly attached

to habits of temperance, to seek the company of an old inveterate, irreclaimable debauchee?"

"Old, inveterate, but perhaps not irreclaimable. While life remains, there is hope. We do not despair of returning reason for the lunatic or the maniac."

"True,—true,—thank God! thank God!"

The pedestrians were by this time walking in that imperfect, though oft times pleasant, light, which the stars alone shed over an American landscape in autumn; and Spiffard did not observe the change his words had produced upon his companion; the convulsive expression of feature with which he uttered the few last words.

"Such being the nature of man," the youth proceeded, "and the power of truth, persuasively employed, being great beyond our knowledge, surely we ought not to abandon as irreclaimable any of our fellow-creatures who are not *permanently* deprived of reason. Mr. Cooke has a powerful mind, and although perverted and debased by the *second nature* of habit, perhaps the inclinations implanted in the *first*, may be restored, and the patient saved. I am influenced by motives flowing from circumstances touching me nearly, as has been already hinted."

"Yes!" said the old man. "Yes, I can understand. You have witnessed the mental alienation of some one dear to you. You are a stranger to me, and I have already spoken to you as men of the world do not often speak to strangers, but it is evident that we, however dissimilar in other respects, are alike sufferers from the same cause, and *that* is a source of sympathy with minds under the governance of reason. The loss of reason in one dear to me has caused the greatest suffering I have ever experienced. I have to-day, within a few hours, witnessed his deplorable condition; and seeing, as I did in your presence, such voluntary relinquishment of the greatest blessing bestowed on man, I lose my self-command, and utter that which had better, perhaps, have been locked in the breast, and guarded with close lips."

There was a long pause in the colloquy of the two pedestrians. We will not continue to report in detail any more of the conversation touching this subject. Our hero's return walk from Cato's was a perfect contrast to that which carried him thither. His companion was equally an opposite, in all but age, and in an alacrity for walking. The old gentleman was an habitual pedestrian, and could talk, although walking at a good round pace. His feelings had been excited

by circumstances; his confidence was gained by the open manner, and the truth-stamped physiognomy of our homely hero.

They reciprocally imparted their names, and Mr. Littlejohn (such was the stranger's appellation) made known many circumstances relative to his domestic griefs, which were drawn from him by the conversation we have related. He said that he was returning from a visit to his unhappy son, (who was confined in the lunatic asylum,) when he stopped at Cato's, attracted by the scene he had there witnessed.

We will dedicate another chapter to the character and conversation of Mr. Littlejohn and his companion, by which the reader will find, or may suspect, that the old gentleman will perform no unimportant part in our drama.

CHAPTER XV.

The walk back to town.

"I could wish courtesy would invent some other custom of entertainment."

"One draught above heat, makes him a fool; the second mads him, and the third drowns him."

"I * * * never was forsworn;
Scarcely have coveted what was mine own;
At no time broke my faith; * * * and delight
No less in truth than life."—*Shakspeare.*

"A dramatic exhibition is a book recited with concomitants that increase or diminish its effect."

"It was said of Euripides, that every verse was a precept, and it may be said of Shakspeare, that from his works may be collected a system of civil and economical prudence."—*Johnson.*

"He (Shakspeare) needed not the spectacles of books to read nature; he looked inwards, and found her there."—*Dryden.*

SPIFFARD had a predilection for aged companions. Old age is reverenced for its supposed concomitants; as, perhaps, Doctor Johnson would have said. If they are absent, old age is poor, indeed. Our hero generally found age enriched by experience, and sometimes by a well-stored memory, where

characters and events are recorded, that had escaped the historian or biographer; and he found that the old, for the most part, were pleased by his attentions, and rewarded them by confidence. Age is garrulous; but this, if the memory is perfect and the love of truth strong, may be a source of great profit to youth. A selfish, dogmatical, egotistical old man is a nuisance,—he is always, regardless of truth. Such was not the character of Spiffards present companion.

James Littlejohn was a merchant, and a successful one. He had imbibed a taste for books before he was confined to the counting-house, and his knowledge was not limited to the accumulation of dollars and cents, or his conversation to "the market," or the value of stock. He was a rich and prosperous merchant. A good man off and on 'change: beloved by his friends, and trusted to any extent on the Rialto of Wall-street. Was he happy? No. He had lost his wife. He loved her more than rupees. She left him two sons; the oldest a severe student, lost health in seeking knowledge, and died at his desk; the youngest likewise an ardent student, had devoted himself to theology, and had been admitted to sacerdotal power, by ordination. The fair promise of his usefulness had been blasted by an unhappy attachment to a beautiful girl, who, after encouraging his addresses, threw herself away upon a worthless foreigner, an impostor, with an assumed title, who deserted her to mortified pride, fruitless repentance, and early death. The young man was changed, he shunned society, devoted himself to abstruse metaphysical reading, and after a short career as a preacher, admitted doubts and opinions which he honestly expressed, and in consequence was obliged to retire from the pulpit. The conflicts in his mind, with the disappointments ambition and love had received, ended in his becoming a desponding maniac, and as such he was now an inmate of the lunatic asylum. During the earlier progress of this disease of the mind, he, for a short time, sought refuge from his perturbed thoughts, his doubts and misgivings, in stimulants; but his better feelings caused him to reject this miserable resource, which only hastened the prostration of intellect, and he sunk into hopeless melancholy, with occasional paroxysms of violence; during which he cursed existence, and accused the justice of heaven. Many of these circumstances were imparted by the afflicted father during this evening walk, and Spiffard frankly made known the history of his brief life, and explained the cause of his abhorrence of that particular vice, the con-

templation of whose effects had temporarily united him and his companion, and seemed to indicate further intimacy.

Various topics were discussed, in a walk of several miles; and Mr. Littlejohn was struck with surprise at the clearness with which Spiffard spoke on many subjects not usually made familiar to young men. He could not likewise but observe the confidence Spiffard evinced in the kindly disposition of his fellow-creatures, an absence of suspicion which bordered on infantile simplicity. He had no "art to find the mind's construction in the face." The seeming good, were, to his eyes, truly good.

After one of those pauses, which must occur even when dialogists are prone to communicativeness, Mr. Littlejohn broke silence by saying, "I was surprised when you told me that you are a player by profession, for it is long since I have thought of the theatre, or noticed a play-house placard. Your appearance, manner, conversation, are all at variance with my former knowledge of actors, and with my preconceived opinions of that class of men. I must consider you as an exception to a general rule. You have more acquaintance with literature, more knowledge of history, and of the relative situations and interests of the nations of Europe: you are better acquainted with the laws and institutions of this country than belongs to one whose pursuits are those necessarily connected with a profession so superficial."

"The profession does not deserve the epithet, sir, and as to my knowledge of American affairs, you must suppose that as an American I am bound to know more of them than foreigners do: I certainly should be ashamed of myself if I did not. A good actor must make himself acquainted with so many things, that he can hardly be considered a superficial man, at least when compared with the generality of mankind. The old gentleman whose mock duel and bacchanalian behaviour attracted your attention, is no superficial man. He has read much, thought much."

"Not to much purpose, or he would not pervert the gifts of God in the manner he does. But in *that* he is not singular. I do not charge this vice on your profession exclusively, but I fear that those who are devoted to the stage are more in the way of temptation than most men."

"Then sir," said the actor, "the stage must be an evil."

"As it has been, and is conducted in most countries, and especially in England and America, I believe it is," rejoined the merchant.

"Yet, sir," said Spiffard, "good men have advocated theatrical establishments."

"In the abstract. The theory is beautiful. Moral lessons, rendered as indelible as they are delightful. But if the manager or director aims at pleasing rather than instructing, at filling his purse rather than other men's minds, he seeks that which will please the idle and profligate, because they are the majority of mankind."

"Garrick has said, sir, 'those who live to please, must please to live.'"

"So the unhappy victim of seduction may excuse her flaunting finery and painted face. It is the plea of the meretricious. If it is necessary to flatter vice, and encourage folly for the support of an institution, *that institution is wrong*, and must be abandoned. I can conceive of a theatre which would be a school of morality, but it must be directed by a wise government, or academical institution, and not by those who live to please, and 'must please to live.' Temperance has not hitherto been encouraged by theatrical institutions. Intemperance and its attendant vices prevail within and around theatres; and the lessons of dramatists are little calculated to eradicate the evil. Sheridan exhibits his hero and his companions revelling in bacchanalian licentiousness, and makes vice glory in her deformity. Who can calculate the mischief produced and propagated by that one scene of revelry in the School for Scandal, or of the one song, 'let the toast pass?'"

"Or of any other drinking song, sir, of which we have so many not connected with the drama."

"True, but from the stage it is conveyed to thousands, in its thousand-times repetition, who would otherwise never have heard of it. Besides, sir, it comes recommended by the wit of the author personified in the profligate Charles, who is held up as the object of admiration and imitation. It is recommended to assembled thousands, who thoughtlessly applaud while poisoned by the cup they commend to the lips of others. Who shall say that this very song did not cause its author to live a scoffer at prudence, and die a bloated pauper?"

"But, sir, the stage presents many of the finest lessons in favour of temperance, and in the most impressive language."

"Its lessons are rendered of no avail by the frequency of exhibiting ebriety merely as a venial vice, and its subjects as pardonable objects, to be laughed at merely, if not commended. Whereas the dramatist who should do his duty, would

show the vice as leading to all evil, and its subject such as he truly is, disgusting, loathsome, and a cowardly suicide."

"You forget, sir, that men will not congregate to see the disgusting and the loathsome," said Spiffard.

The merchant replied.—"The skilful dramatist has shown the misery consequent upon the practice of gaming, and might exhibit the sufferings which flow from the disgusting and destructive vice of which we speak; and he should contrast them with the strength, health, cheerfulness, and power of doing good, which are the result of temperance."

"And so he has. The passages are numberless to that effect, especially in Shakspeare's plays. How beautiful is the picture of the faithful old servant in 'As You Like It,' whose temperance has given him the power to protect the oppressed son of his deceased master!"

"Beautiful!—but I fear that the picture of the guzzling, bragging, lying, contemptible (yet favourite) Falstaff, is longer remembered, and more often copied, than that of good old Adam."

"Then the lesson given by the evils Cassio experiences in consequence of yielding to temptation. His deep sense of his own degradation. His bitter exclamation, that he is 'hurt past all surgery.'"

"I remember the scene well, and have often meditated on it; but common auditors see in Cassio's fall from duty, only a subject for laughter; while Iago's 'wine is a good creature,' makes a more lasting impression than Cassio's disgrace and repentance. Why cannot some dramatist show the wife weeping over her children the live-long night, heart-sick at the anticipation, from experience, of a husband and father, returning to his home brutalized, to insult her he had sworn to love and cherish; to mislead those who look to him for precept and example."

"The public would not receive the piece," said the actor.

"I will not believe so meanly of the public."

"Why, sir," persisted Spiffard, "even a novelist would not dare to make so low and despicable a vice the theme of his story."

"Then," resumed Littlejohn, "the momentous moral lesson must not be given for fear of shocking the ears or eyes of the polite? Or, perhaps the poor author might write in vain, as no publisher could be found to *patronize* his work."

"Then I think, sir, it must be because the publisher thought it would not sell," said Spiffard.

"True," said the old gentleman, "I believe that is the only criterion, for I have known publishers who made the strongest professions of religion and morality, giving to the world the seducing scenes of 'Tom Jones,' without scruple; scenes in which obscenity is only veiled sufficiently to be made more dangerous."

"I think, sir, you can scarcely say it is veiled."

While thus conversing, an incident occurred which was a commentary on the subject of discussion. Our pedestrians had left at Cato's a set of revellers who were distinct from those they had seen and moralized upon. And their conversation was interrupted by shouts, cracking of whips, clattering of hoofs, and the rushing sound of wheels. Two gigs rapidly passed them, and the same moment, while striving for the glory of precedence, came in collision. While yet the air resounded with riotous shouts, one of the youths who had uttered them, lay senseless and mangled by a rock which had received him upon the overturning of the carriage. His skull was fractured. The reasoning faculty which had been bestowed by the Creator, to preserve life, with life had fled, after having been driven from its post by the enemy of life and reason. The pedestrians hastened to the spot, and found the youth dead. That frame which a minute before was rioting in pulsation, and spurred to madness by wine, was senseless;—irretrievably self-murdered. His immediate companion lay groaning at a short distance, unable to rise, but reserved, perhaps, to profit by the dreadful lesson. The hack horse had gladly stopped by the overturned gig. The votaries of reason and temperance busied themselves with endeavours to remedy the ills produced by the folly they detested.

And where were the companions of the dead, the rivals in the race?

On they went, shouting in triumph! With the recklessness of irrational beings. On they passed, either careless of their late associates in revelry, (for nothing hardens the heart so much as the practice of what is called goodfellowship,) or thinking lightly of the overturn, as of a frequent occurrence, in which they had no part.

One of the youths was dead, the other stunned by the fall. When assisted and led to the spot where the first lay a mangled corse; the full sense of his situation rushed with returning consciousness upon the survivor. The fumes of wine were dissipated, he recollected the past, saw the horrors of the present, and anticipated the scene that must ensue when the

parents should see a son brought into their presence a corpse, who had last been seen in all the pride of opening manhood. When the unhappy youth was thus suddenly restored to reason, he uttered with a cry of agony, "My brother!" and fell on the corse, senseless.

We pass over particulars. The brothers were placed in the carriage, late so triumphantly mounted and impelled. One brother supported the inanimate body of the other, while Mr. Littlejohn walked by the side of the gig, and Spiffard led the horse. They stopped at the first house on the road, and were received with kindness, but no assistance could be rendered, and in the same order they proceeded to town.

Our pedestrians left their charge at the house of the parents. It was not for them to intrude, and they retired unnoticed during a scene of confusion and misery too profound for us to attempt a description of.

Late in the evening, Mr. Littlejohn and his young friend, now united in intimacy by these chance circumstances, separated for their several places of rest. The rich merchant, after giving his card, and a hearty shake of the hand, to his young companion, wended his way to a towering house, (at a distance from his store-houses and compting-room,) where he found every comfort and luxury but those of domestic society: the poor player directed his steps to an humble dwelling, not far from the theatre which he enriched by his talents. He found society, but not such as was suited to him. That portion most immediately connected with his happiness had undergone a change in his eyes, and was daily deteriorating from that alluring appearance which had caused him to become one of the household.

CHAPTER XVI.

The Lunatic Asylum.

"There's rue for you, and here's some for me."

"As the morning steals upon the night
Melting the darkness, so their rising senses
Begin to chase the ignorant fumes that mantle
Their clear reason."—*Shakspeare.*

"The praise of those who sleep in earth,
The pleasant memory of their worth,
The hope to meet when life is past,
Shall heal the tortured mind at last.
But ye, who for the living lost
That agony in secret bear,
Who shall with soothing words accost
The strength of your despair?"—*Bryant.*

"One sees more devils than all hell can hold,
That is the madman."

"Prithee, nuncle, tell me, whether a madman be a gentleman or yeoman."—*Shakspeare.*

THE attachment felt by the two individuals who had been thrown together by what is called chance, at Cato's, was increased during their walk home, and each felt the desire to know more of the other. They were drawn to this first meeting by an inscrutable succession of links, (a chain unknown to themselves,) and although in most respects dissimilar, there was one point which, after being brought in contact united them; and caused a determination in both, although separated by diverse occupations and the numerous bars that society places between the rich and poor, to seek each other; and to commune freely on that subject which occupied their secret thoughts. A subject on which they could not—would not—speak to the crowds with whom they mingled in common worldly intercourse.

Spiffard had his feelings strongly interested in all that concerned Mr. Littlejohn; but particularly in the fate of his son. The father was habitually a visiter to the asylum. He had treasures on the sea and on the land; on every sea and every shore; but, where his greatest treasure was, there was his heart also; and that was in a small room surrounded by keepers, and bolts, locks and bars, the maniac's shriek, the idiot's

laugh, and the unmeaning gabble of unfortunate creatures, once rational. It was not difficult for Mr. Littlejohn to induce Spiffard, who cultivated the intimacy so strangely commenced, to accompany him on a visit to the place where the (not yet hopeless) wreck of his hopes—the ruins not irretrievable, as he thought, of his beloved son, were deposited.

They met the amiable physician of the institution at the door.

"How is he to-day?"

"Perfectly composed."

They found the unfortunate man reading his bible. He appeared between thirty and forty years of age. He looked up, but scarce noticed their presence, resuming his studies as if no one had entered the apartment. His fine features were colourless. His black, strait, thin hair, was smoothed on his forehead, and he repeatedly passed his hand over it, from the crown of the head nearly to the eyes, seemingly unconscious of the action. His left hand supported his head, or occasionally turned a leaf, as he appeared to seek a text. His tall and finely formed frame was clothed in sables. His bright, jet-black eyes had rested a moment on his father, and then glanced vacantly at Spiffard. No other motion indicated his knowledge of their presence.

They unasked, took chairs; and had been seated several minutes, (the father's eye fixed on the son, and Spiffard earnestly observing both) when Mr. Littlejohn drew his chair nearer to the student—but the approach was not heeded.

"My son,—"

"I do not wish to be interrupted, sir."

"Is that all you have to say to your father?"

"By no means, *all*. But I do not wish to discuss the subject now. I have been earnestly engaged for some time past in this particular study; and have been examining many texts. But although I do not feel that I owe any thing to you as a father, I owe to myself, to you, and to society, the attentions due from one gentleman to another."

So saying he paused and shut the book. He then fixed his penetrating eyes on the eyes of Spiffard for a moment; after which they wandered restlessly, and he burst forth wildly—

"You have brought a stranger with you to witness the havoc that you and I have made upon one of God's creatures. Why is it? You have caged me here like a wild-beast, and now bring the idle or curious to see the monster. Fine sport! Fine sport!"

"This gentleman, my son—"

"I want no apologies sir. *He* is excusable—let him go home and triumph in his own superior intellect—let him thank Heaven that *he* is not like others.—I am aware of the cause which *did* render it expedient to restrain me by bolts, and bars, and keepers—*did?* Perhaps *does*. But I am, as I think, capable of judging for myself, and have determined how long that restraint shall last. You have exerted an authority founded upon the supposed rights of a father: I have been inquiring into those rights and find them null, and the authority an usurpation. I owe you no obedience. I renounce what is miscalled filial duty. You are the cause of my existing in this world of folly and misery—I do not thank you for it."

This was said with more calm bitterness than might have been expected from his state, or than the words indicate. He had ceased the action of his right hand at the time that with his left, he closed the book; and clasping both, he now rested them on the Bible, and looked full in his father's face.

"The book on which you lean, bodily, and I hope mentally, bids you honour your father and your mother."

"'That my days may be long in the land.' True. The promised reward is earthly. All the promises to the Jews were so. Warburton is right in that. That my days may be long. Is that a blessing?—or a curse?"

"That depends upon ourselves," said Spiffard, seeing that the afflicted father remained silent.

"No sir! 'it is the cause my soul—it is the cause'—it is the hidden cause that controls all. I sought not this existence—I sought not any existence—here, I am—and—miserable!"

"My son, the book on which you rest, and on which our hopes rest, has not inspired thoughts like these. They are suggested by that which would lead to thanklessness towards your God, as well as undutiful thoughts of your father and your mother."

"My poor mother!"

"Happily she has been spared—" The father checked himself, and the son proceeded.

"I did love her. Surely not because she was my mother. That was no more her choice than mine. I loved her because she was good, kind, affectionate—as I ought to love all my fellow-creatures—all—all—all—God's creatures placed here by his will, not their own: enjoying and suffering—all—all filled with life, and doomed to death by an unavoidable sentence, passed upon them before birth. A death they must as

certainly undergo as though they had been arraigned before an earthly judge, convicted of the most deadly crimes, and assigned to the tender mercies of the jailer and the hangman. They are reprieved from day to day, only to be told by-and-by, 'to night you must surely die.'" His father interrupted him.

"After the free gift of life, health, enjoyment—"

The insane man continued—"All! yes, all! before the moment in which they breathe, are doomed to sickness, sorrow, death, the grave and the worm; 'to lie in cold obstruction and to rot.'"

"And rise to light and life and immortality!"

"The death is certain; but—"

"Hold! I command you. Your father commands you to forbear such language, and dismiss such thoughts."

Here there was a long pause. The agitated father sat erect, and with a flushed countenance, darted a look of authority upon his son, who momentarily quailed under it. He lifted his arms from the bible on which he had been leaning, and, as if surprised, threw himself back in his chair, opening his large and brilliant eyes with a confused expression; but another train of thought and feeling soon came over his mind, and his face assumed an expression of irony, bordering on contempt.

"Command! That's well enough said. Command! As if one man could control the thoughts of another. Thought, that is set in motion by circumstances unforseen and uncontrollable. Words may be commanded; that it is which makes hypocrisy so easy—damnable hypocrisy! Words ought to be controlled, so as not to injure the hearer. I will be silent if my words offend you, but for my thoughts they are uncontrollable. You have come hither unbidden by me; contrary to my wish or will have you come hither and broken in upon my studies, as, without wish or will of mine, you were an agent in bringing me into existence; for both, or either, I owe you neither thanks nor ill-will. My good will towards you is founded on my knowledge that you are a creature like myself, with like passions, like sufferings, and doomed to a like end."

"And is that all, my son?"

"No, no, not all. We have been thrown together so intimately, that the joys and sorrows of life have appeared to flow from one to the other, sometimes; and sometimes to both from the same source. Remembrance of the past, gives more power to your will, than to the wishes of another—so far, so far, and no farther, no farther. I can see no farther, no farther—so—you have confused me, sir. I wish you would depart."

He arose to his utmost height, and frowned.

"God bless you, my son. I will see you soon again."

"Well, well, well; good by! Come *alone*. Good by!" He looked scowlingly on Spiffard; and as his visiters withdrew, resumed his seat. His eyes were fixed upon the door, until it closed after them.

Mr. Littlejohn was sometime silent as they descended the stairs, and his companion felt no disposition to intrude upon his thoughts. At length the afflicted father exclaimed—"It is awful to witness the aberration of intellect; but cheering to see that reason is making advances to her throne."

"It is a blessed hope. You see amendment, sir?"

"I do."

The worthy physician of the institution now met them, and confirmed the father's hopes. It happened that the committee of directors who, in turn, visited the institution, to see that the benevolent intentions of the founders were duly carried into effect, at this moment arrived; and the physician politely invited Mr. Littlejohn and his companion, to join them in their progress through the various departments. The merchant was but too well acquainted with every thing relative to the place; but to Spiffard all was new, and intensely interesting.

Their first visit was paid to that part of the building which is assigned to the most outrageous, or the most hopeless cases of insanity. Spiffard here found a few whose deranged intellects and enfeebled bodies were the consequences of intemperance; and these were of course the most attractive subjects of his curiosity. The physician told him that in the apartments appropriated to convalescents, more of this class were to be found; for generally, when debarred this fatal indulgence, (the unnatural cause of their malady,) health and reason were restored.

How interesting! how humiliating! is the spectacle which a mad-house presents. Our fellow-creatures, in form like ourselves, deprived of the portion of man which distinguishes him from the brute creation. The senses, those inlets of ideas to the mind, so diseased or perverted as to give false impressions; or the mental faculty itself so disordered, as to combine all impressions and recollections erroneously. The varied forms and degrees of the malady; its suspended operation and renewed action; its various causes, and the varied effect of those causes; what constitution of body, what mode of life, most tends to produce mental alienation: what subjects are these for inquiry! All these and their remedies were familiar to the urbane physician who accompanied the visiters, and who was accosted by

the patients in a manner that proved their confidence in his humanity, and reliance upon his skill. He appeared among them as an acknowledged friend. Have we, when deprived of reason, an instinct that acknowledges worth?

Yells, more dreadful than ever struck the ear of traveller in desert or wilderness, from wolf or hyena; sounds more heart-rending, because, though not resembling any thing human, they were known to proceed from human organs; shrieks, unlike the cries of man or woman, were heard from one of the apartments, and a keeper, at the bidding of the superior, unlocked the door. The naked wretch within ceased his yells, turned his eyes on the intruders, then quickly averted them, and pulled the straw on which he lay partly over his body, covering his nakedness, as if conscious of his degraded condition.

Strange as it may appear, the physician addressed him as if speaking to one possessed of reason, and kindly inquired, "How do you feel to-day, Burford?"

"Better, better," was the answer.

"If you will keep your clothes on, you may come out to-morrow."

The spectators turned away. The door was locked and the most heart-piercing yells succeeded instantly on turning the key.

"During these paroxysms, he will neither suffer bed, bed-clothes, or clothing to touch him, but rends every thing to pieces."

"Such are the changes in this unhappy young man's disease," remarked Mr. Littlejohn, "that a few days past I saw and conversed with him in the visiters' parlour, quietly and cheerfully. I found him there, well-dressed, and looking in health; he was in attendance upon a female relative, who had come to see him."

"Were there no symptoms of derangement about him?" inquired Spiffard.

"To an observer, there *were*. His attentions to the lady were over-done. But I have seen an awkward youth, many miles from a mad-house, behave in much the same manner. Then, when excited by conversation, he began to talk of purchasing large tracts of waste lands, and laying out towns in the wilderness; but that being the common talk of our country, I should have thought nothing of it, if I had not heard it within these walls. What we know to be madness here, passes elsewhere for common sense; and when we hear wisdom among worldlings, we say 'surely the man's mad.'"

Although this gallery, and its suite of neat, airy, and com-

fortable apartments, was but too well filled with the most ungovernable patients of the institution, there was but one other who appeared to be under restraint. This was a man of middle age, and vulgar appearance. He had the liberty of the gallery in common with others; but his arms were secured by a leathern belt, passed around his body, which left the hands only a partial and circumscribed liberty. This person appeared ashamed of the addition to his equipage, and followed the doctor with importunities, uttered in whispers.

"When you are better your arms shall be liberated. You know that you attempted to strike your friend. You will soon be well, and then you will go home."

"I am very well, very well." But he averted his eyes from the steadfast examination of the physician, and silently turned away.

A few of the inmates of this hall or gallery, were silent, dejected, melancholy. One was sunk into perfect idiocy, a more hopeless state, a more humiliating spectacle to the sane, than even the raving maniac. Generally, the patients were lively and talkative. A genteel appearing man addressed Spiffard; and with a manner little denoting insanity, requested him to note the physiognomy of a person at a little distance from them. Spiffard, who was deceived by the manner and appearance of the lunatic, and thought him either a visiter, like himself, or perhaps, an assistant to the physician, followed where he led. "You will say he has the finest face in the world, and a head like an antique statue."

They stopt before a figure who stood to be gazed at, with an unmeaning smile; and whose countenance, head, or person, had neither expression, form, nor proportion, but of the most ordinary description.

"Behold that face; what a contour! what symmetry! there's a head of intellectual indications!" and the sprightly lunatic placed his hand on the head of his silent brother; treating it as familiarly as a phrenologist does a skull or a block, submitted to his fingers. "He's an Indian to be sure, or a half-breed, but Greece nor Rome never produced such a forehead:" putting back the coarse black hair of the tall, swarthy, stupidly-passive subject. "There's a face! It is more than human! The countenance of a god, rather than of a man!" Spiffard had, before this, perceived his mistake, and notwithstanding the morbid melancholy which all appearance of intellectual aberration caused in him, he could not but smile, as he bowed assent, and hastened to join his companions. He soon

after saw this lively admirer of beauty showing a small japaned tin box to the visiters, and expatiating upon the form, brilliancy, and immense value of a collection of pebbles, which it contained. "Jewels of the first water."

Perhaps the most extraordinary character in this portion of the building, was an insane man, who had been tried for murder, and found guilty; but as insanity as well as murder had been proved by the trial, he was sentenced to perpetual confinement, instead of the mosaic penalty which still holds a place in modern codes of justice. This person appeared to be about fifty years of age, and was indulged in the whim of wearing his beard uncut, which floated in waves of iron-grey over his breast. His scanty hair corresponded in hue, but was trimmed short. His figure was athletic, of moderate height, and his dress a grey suit of coarse texture, furnished by the institution, well suited to his condition, but by no means corresponding with the oriental condition of his beard. He appeared to recognize the directors, and to be pleased by their salutations. He answered some ordinary questions rationally, but soon commenced talking with a volubility, rapidity, and wildness, that were astonishing to Spiffard.

The wretched man we have attempted to describe, imagined himself to be gifted with power more than human; and to be likewise one of the crowned and anointed rulers over the earth. He consequently appeared to delight in the destruction of life. But, unlike his brethren of the sceptre, he made no pretence of shedding blood for the sake of religion, peace, mercy, charity, or even honour; he seemed content to have it thought that he destroyed, to show his power to destroy. A murderer, he was, like other sanctioned murderers, inclined to talk of death inflicted, and atrocities committed by his orders; although he did not pretend that his murders were perpetrated for the good of the human race.

One of the visiting directors asked if he would be glad to see the governor.

"No. He is my enemy; and you are my enemy."

"Would you know him, if he should be present?"

"How should I know him, when I never saw him?"

"Is this gentleman the governor?" pointing to Spiffard.

"No. How do you do, sir?" shaking hands with the comedian, without any assumption of regal dignity; or, as appeared by his subsequent words, without having the idea of his royal worth suggested, until that of blood had preceded it.

"Do you live in New-York?"

"Yes."

"You have but just come here. Are you mad?"

"Not more than most folks."

"That's what most people think. I like your looks. But you are mad. You do not know me; but I have a power which enables me to see; a power—you must have heard that a man was shot at Claverick yesterday. I shot him. I killed that man. My orders are obeyed promptly—on the instant. I say shoot that man, and it is done. They fire when I give the word of command, as a regiment obeys the order of its colonel. I say it, and they are dead. When the powder-mill blew up in Rhode-Island, and all the workmen were torn to pieces, scattered limb from limb, tossed in the clouds and smoke, mangled by the beams and rafters, I did it! Talk of power! There's the Emperor of China, and the Emperor of Russia. Talk of holy alliance! There's an alliance more than holy. The Emperor of Morocco's sister is to be married to the Emperor of Austria, and the Autocrat of all the Russias, whose present wife, you know, is sister to the Grand Turk—but the pope will absolve Prince Metternich, and then ——"

His "bald, disjointed" talk, became each moment more incoherent; but occasionally reverted to his own destructive power, and his delight in human misery; always connecting these with his kingly condition, which, very naturally, sanctioned his desires. He was, in fancy, an Emperor; and doubtless, as such, an appointed scourge of the human race. Yet his imperial majesty very submissively filled the station of scullion in the kitchen of the hospital; and while his *will* dealt destruction as a king or an autocrat, his hands very mechanically washed dishes.

After an examination of the comforts which enlightened benevolence bestows upon the afflicted, the visiters were conducted to an open place, or enclosure, where, the day being fine, the convalescent or tractable patients, took exercise. Some were amusing themselves, or basking in the rays of the sun. Some walking or lounging under a long shed, or covered way, erected for their accommodation. They had all dined, for the insane dine at mid-day, the reasoning and refined at night.

A young gentleman was walking under the shed, and intently engaged with a book. One of the directors asked, "What are you reading?"

"Freneau's poems. There is much good in them."

"Poor Phillip! He is almost forgotten, like some other of our literary pioneers," said the director.

"Sir, he deserves better of Americans," was the reply.

This patient entered freely into conversation, in a connected, but rather hurried manner. He appeared cheerful, inquiring after friends in the city, but did not appear to regret his confinement, though he indirectly alluded to it. The director, to whom he spoke to as a friend, he was well acquainted with, asking him if he was not coming to town.

"No."

"Mrs. Tourberville and her daughters often inquire after you."

"Do they live in Pearl-street still?"

"In the same place. One of the daughters is lately married."

"Which?" He was told, smiled, and resumed his reading and walking, as one content with his condition.

Several of the patients importuned the physician for permission to go home; assuring him that they were perfectly well. He, with great address and amenity, evaded their requests, and they gave up the point, seemingly impressed with the idea of complete restraint upon their will. One man very sportively invited each person who approached him to play at tossing coppers or cents.

"Come doctor! head or tail? I want to win some silver."

"What do you want with silver?"

"To buy cigars."

"There are none to be bought here."

"I'll toss, heads or tails for a box, and send to town for them. Here goes! I cry head, no, tail. I've won, I've won!"

"You must win if you take both sides."

"Ha! ha! ha! well said. But I'm staunch for Jefferson! No Jay's treaty for me."

The doctor told Spiffard that electioneering and drinking, so fatally common at the houses in which the polls were held, had brought this person to the state in which he saw him. This touched our hero's sympathetic string, and he eagerly inquired into his case, and the probabilities of cure.

"He is recovering; and if he refrains from ardent spirits after his return home, as he is obliged to do here, he will be again a sane and useful citizen." They left him shouting, "Jefferson forever! Ten to one on our candidate."

Returned to the house, they passed through several galleries, looked in upon the convenient and airy sleeping apartments, and visited a room where there was a small library.

At a table several of the inmates were reading. One was writing. His letter he willingly exhibited, requesting that it might be put in the post office. It was filled with offers to purchase vast tracts of soil, and addressed to a well known land-speculator, who had rested upon a very small territory in the church-yard some years before. This patient had lost both fortune and reason in schemes, which still with delusive hope bewildered him.

"Without the aid of alcohol?" asked Spiffard.

"Yes. Cupidity—the inordinate desire to possess, is sufficient of itself to turn the brain—and the madness is incurable."

Among these patients, Spiffard recognised a man of the name of Knox, whose insanity had been produced by extreme intemperance. He was subject to outbreakings even here, although debarred from alcohol in any shape. He was at this time calm and appeared well; indeed much better than when he was at liberty, and engaged at the theatre, (for he was an English actor,) where he was seldom free from the tyranny of the appetite he served. His great desire was to obtain his discharge. This is the same person of whom it is recorded in Cooke's memoirs, that being as usual imperfect in his part, and playing Gloster to Cooke's Lear, when he uttered the words "Ye gods, give Gloster his discharge;" the old tragedian said in an under tone, "wait till Saturday, and the manager will give you your discharge, you black-guard." He was discharged; and Cooke in pity for a time supported him.

Their last visit was to the gallery, and to its adjoining apartments, appropriated to the female patients. As they approached, a confused, but not discordant, sound of many voices was heard. Loud but cheerful and silver tones, mingled with playful laughter. As the attendant opened the door of the gallery while the inmates, (owing to their own merriment,) were unconscious of the approach of intruders, several of the ladies were surprised in the midst of their unrestrained, infantile playfulness. The mask was off. For the insane carry the social mask even into the madhouse.

One lady—for such her dress and manners spoke her—was sitting on the floor, as if at a game of romps with her companions who stood laughing near. On the entrance of the visiters, she jumped up—smiled—blushed—and as though ashamed of being caught romping, ran into a side apartment: she soon however returned, and addressing Littlejohn by the appellation of "Grand-papa," asked him to take a walk with

her, at the same time placing her arm within his. Before he could answer, one of her companions cried "Fy, fy! Mary Ann," and the playful challenger looking at the doctor, who shook his head, withdrew her white and slender arm, laughed, and again vanished.

One of these apartments was devoted to female occupations of a graver kind; reading and needle-work; and several well dressed women were happily employed, patients and their attendants, in orderly work and cheerful conversation.

On the return of the visiters from this quiet scene, some objects presented themselves that were more or less distressing to their feelings. A very pretty, delicately formed and tastefully dressed lady, who had been conversing with one of the visiting committee, approached gracefully to Spiffard, and accosted him.

"I am told sir, that you are the celebrated actor, Mr. Spiffard."

"Spiffard is my name, madam."

"You don't look like an actor."

"How so, madam?"

"I hardly know. I thought you were old."

"Actors assume all ages—take all shapes."

"So do all men. But you look very serious as well as very young. I declare I should almost think you had been crying, and that I saw tears still in your eyes."

Such had been and was the fact, although unobserved by Spiffard's sane companions. He smiled and said, "I am a poor actor, madam."

"Don't say so: I have heard of you. Do you think I should make a figure on the stage?"

"A most interesting one."

"Pshaw! I don't mean so—but you men are ever ready to flatter. But I do think I could play Ophelia. 'There's rue for you'—O, no! not for you—for you, naughty man," and she turned playfully to the doctor. "You are the king, you know."

"But not a murderer."

"I don't know that." Then addressing Spiffard again she added "Ophelia must be played by a singer and I can sing," and with wild and sweet expression, and a voice such as Mrs. Merry possessed, she sung

"He is dead and gone, lady,
He is dead and gone;
At his head a grass-green turf,
At his heels a stone."

But I won't sing if it makes you sad. I thought actors were always merry."

Spiffard turned away to hide his emotion; and the physician led the songstress off, whispering in her ear, "You see it makes him weep."

Their inspection of this noble building terminated with a view from the roof, which presented one of the most magnificent panoramic pictures the eye of man is ever permitted to behold. Cheerful, thriving villages, fields rich in culture, roads thronged with carriages, cities, and their glittering pinacles, *only* divided from each other by the waters and ships that enriched them. The greater of these cities, like the proud mistress of the east, projects a garden, (unpolluted by the crimes of a seraglio,) into her own Bosphorus and Marmora; and receives in her golden horn, the flags and the wealth of every land and sea, while she smiles on a Galata and Pera, where the same laws and interests prevail among the same free and happy people. From these sublime prospects, our friends descended, to be reminded of what immediately surrounded them, and of their own personal and physical wants.

By invitation, Mr. Littlejohn and his companion partook of the dinner provided for the visiting committee. Spiffard remarked that the philanthropic physician had, previous to taking his place at the board, employed himself in persuading a gentleman, who paced up and down the hall, to join the company. He succeeded in placing the melancholy man at the table, and induced him to eat, and even to take one glass of wine; for wine was not banished from the temperate board of the asylum; neither was it ever abused.

This person, who now attracted Spiffard's special attention, was a patient whose malady permitted that he should have the freedom of the house and garden. After dinner, Spiffard learned that this gentleman's insanity is what is called a religious madness! He had been a merchant—became a preacher—and finally, under the oppression of bodily disease, came to the maniacal conclusion, that he was selected from all mankind to suffer a state of hopeless reprobation; that no redemption availed, nor repentance could save him.

While talking with his informant, the unhappy gentleman approached, and Spiffard had an opportunity of hearing him on the subject of his misery.

"You are better, Mr. Treffil, for joining us, and taking a glass of wine."

"Yes; for an instant. But the sense of my condition returns with redoubled force the next moment."

"Sir, instead of avoiding cheerful company, you must seek it. You are labouring under a mistake; and when restored to bodily health, you will be convinced of the falacy of these tormenting phantasies."

The sufferer shook his head. "It is vain for me to tell you of the communications I have had with the world of spirits. I know you cannot conceive of them, or believe me. My doom is fixed irretrievably."

"God is good beyond our conception, and infinitely merciful."

"I know what you would say; I have, myself, talked thus to others. To others the words may apply. I have heard reasons for my condemnation that are incontrovertible. My sins are unpardonable. I know that there is *no hope* for me. I have heard it proclaimed to all the worlds of the universe. I have been transported from planet to planet bodily. I know that you do not believe it. From star to star, through the immensity of space, filled with—. What I have seen and heard, I am forbid to tell."

"Before Spiffard and his friend left the asylum, the latter paid another visit to his son. He went unaccompanied. On his re-appearance, Spiffard asked, "How did you find him sir?"

"In tears. He seemed to be conscious that his former reception of me had been harsh. He took my hand, and tenderly pressed it at my departure, begging me to see him soon."

As the evening approached, our pedestrians, notwithstanding kind invitations to ride, returned as they came, on foot; musing and conversing on the scenes they had witnessed, this being to Spiffard, a most instructive day.

CHAPTER XVII.

The result of intemperance, and a sick chamber.

"Show not thy valiantness in wine, for wine hath destroyed many.—*Ecclesiasticus.*

"Is man no more than this?"

"They are as sick that surfeit with too much, as they that slave with nothing."—*Shakspeare.*

"Honour a physician with the honours due unto him, for the uses which ye may have of him."—*Ecclesiasticus.*

"'*Bardolph.*—Why, sir, for my part, I say the gentleman had drunk himself out of his five sentences.'"
"'*Slender.*—I'll ne'er be drunk whilst I live again, but in honest, civil, godly company.'"—*Shakspeare.*

"A wise sentence shall be rejected when it comes out of a fool's mouth, for he will not speak it in due season."—*Ecclesiasticus.*

"I would rather have a fool to make me merry, than experience to make me sad."

"Our remedies oft in ourselves do lie.

"Cease to lament for that thou canst not help;
And study help for that which thou lamentest."—*Shakspeare.*

We will now return to George Frederick Cooke. Among the many who have placed themselves aloft, as beacons on the hill-top, to warn mankind of the evils that threaten them; or who serve as buoys, to mark the hidden rocks and sands, where the gallant argosei of life, (freighted with youth and health, and all the ingredients of happiness, and onward borne, her bellying sails filled with the gales of hope,) must sink if not avoided: among these warnings, buoys, and beacons, few have been more conspicuous than this highly-gifted man.

While Spiffard and Littlejohn pursued their walk from Cato's, as we have seen, Cooke, under the care of one of the younger revellers, who was either more prudent or more hard-headed than his companions, returned to town in a hack coach, which had been in attendance on the party. The young man, who although but too conversant with scenes of dissipation, had never been confined with such a companion, was occasionally

amused by his extravagance, shocked at his profane vulgarity, and puzzled by his loud demands to be set down, and orders to the coachman to stop.

It seemed as if every vile image or word which had been presented to the eye or ear of the unhappy man during a long life, (a life partly passed among the licentious and frequently among the vilest of the vile) were called into existence and action by the demon who possessed him. The young man tired out by insolent repetitions, finally thought of governing by force, or at least threats. He had fallen on the remedy. For the tragic hero was never so far lost as to forget what was due to self-preservation when danger appeared. He could distinguish real from mock threatenings; and although he braved, as in the recent duel, the one, he shrunk from the other "upon instinct."

Tedious the ride to the young man, ere they arrived at the Tontine Coffee House: but arrive they did, and found Trustworthy Davenport ready to receive the man he faithfully served, and even deigned to call master. Cooke, who had been for some time in a quiescent state, was roused by the stopping of the carriage and the ceasing of the rumbling noise which seemed to soothe him. He now vociferated his orders to the coachman to drive on, as loudly as he before commanded him to stop. His young companion gladly made his escape, resigning his charge to Trusty, who, presenting himself at the coach-door, solicited his patron to take his arm and alight.

"Coachman! Drive on! Stand out of the way and shut the door, you thrice three times elongated yankee son of a puritan praise-god-bare-bones! Coachman! Drive on!"

"This coachman says he can go no further, but I'll find a carriage for you in a jiffy, or I'll be swampt. Where shall I order your carrier to go?"

"To church, sirr! To church!"

"Jist git out of *this* coach, sir, and I'll see that you go, where you ought to go—where you want to go—I mean—so, sir, softly!"

The "yankee traveller" needed not to have changed his phraseology, for his patron was incapable of making nice distinctions. He made an effort to leave the carriage, but fell headlong into the grasp of his long-limbed valet, who in less than five minutes deposited him in the easy-chair by his bed side.

Nature, abused, and struggling against the abuse, notwithstanding uncommon physical powers, at length gave way. A

helpless, senseless mass, the admired of thousands, was deposited in that bed where he could only awake to regrets for the past, loathings of the present, and dread of the future.

Before morning, Davenport, who slumbered in the chair by the bedside, was awakened by the groans of the tortured man. He found him almost suffocated. By changing his position he saved him from immediate death, and then hastened for one of his physicians. The nearest of the many who gladly endeavoured to prolong the life of this infatuated man, was doctor McLean; and happily he was brought in time to afford relief.

Such was the termination of the excesses at Cato's—or rather of that series of excesses, which had been rising from stage to stage, until the fabric which supported them broke down. With some constitutions this termination is a hopeless state of despair, madness and death. With Cooke it brought on severe pains, difficulty of breathing, which if relieved by blood-letting, left him a miserable penitent as long as weakness and sickness continued—and no longer.

The symptoms which at this time marked his disease were the same that ultimately in a more aggravated form, preceded immediate dissolution. Two of the best physicians of the city attended him; and although restored to comparative ease, he was confined to his bed for several days.

During this state of pain and sober reflection, he was attended by Spiffard with the assiduity of an affectionate son. Occasionally he brought Mr. Littlejohn with him, at that gentleman's request, and when the tragedian was sufficiently recovered to converse, both his guests were delighted with his stores of anecdote, sketches of character, and sallies of humour.

One day that Cooke and Spiffard were alone, the old man expressed his desire to know by what train of extraordinary circumstances his young yankee friend had become a member —and a distinguished member of the profession to which he had devoted his own extraordinary powers.

"You are the strangest young man that ever I met with—*young* man?—young or old, you are unlike any thing that ever fell in my way. You tell me that you are a yankee from Vermont, yet you are a finished English actor, fit for Drury or Covent Garden. You are a very young man, yet you attach yourself to an old worn out fellow like me: you are a tea-sot and a water-drinker, yet you delight in the company of a veteran—known—proclaimed—shameless votary of the bottle!

Why is this? Come tell me what induced you to try the profession you have chosen—how you obtained your knowledge and skill in it, and how you have escaped the vices that hang about it."

Spiffard recounted his story, omitting some circumstances with which we have made the reader acquainted, and dwelling upon many theatrical adventures and characters with anecdotes more interesting to an actor than to any other person. He gave his reasons for embarking in an English ship for Quebec rather than the direct route and better sailors to New-York. He had no inducement to be in that city until late in the theatrical season, as such suited the manager's arrangements, and the desire to visit the British provinces whose history is so intimately connected with that of his own country, caused him gladly to seize the opportunity. Besides that, he wished to linger on the shores of Lake Champlain, and visit the Green Mountain spot where his father had flourished, decayed and died.

"I will not recount," he said, "the events of a passage across the Atlantic, though I might speak of clouds and winds, and dolphins, and whales, and the hopes and fears in meeting another storm-tossed bundle of planks and ropes on the ocean, and all the other pretty occurrences, from the common-place book, which occupy so many pages of modern prose namby pamby. Three times the number of days were wasted on the voyage that are sufficient to waft one of our passenger-packet-ships from Liverpool to this port. We escaped the hazards of the gulf, and in November were gladdened by the sight of the stupendous banks of the St. Lawrence, that majestic stream pouring the waters of so many inland seas into the fathomless ocean. As we approached Quebec and I saw the towering battlements of the upper town and castle, bristling with cannon, tier above tier, overhanging the houses and shipping which lay dim and dark in the shades of evening, while the sun yet played on the glittering spires and waving colours floating over them, I felt repaid for all the tedious hours I had passed on the weary weary sea. As I gazed, the eventful struggles of the brave men who fought and fell on this once important spot, rushed upon my mind with a pleasing soul-elevating melancholy. Early the next morning I landed, and found my way to the plains of Abraham. I sat on the stone which pillowed the head of the dying conqueror. I stood on the spot where one master-spirit decided the fate of the western world. I thought of Wolfe and the glorious day of his triumph and death. That day which broke the power of despotic France in the west, over-

threw at a blow her mighty plans of empire, and secured to the sons of English republicans the immense region from the Atlantic to the Pacific oceans,—from the north pole to the table-land of Mexico—a region destined for the propagation of innumerable free states, bound together by the same institutions, the same languages, the same interests—and a religious freedom, as dear as all—which rejects the dogmas of any usurping hierarchy."

As the young man spoke, his tone had become elevated, his cheeks were flushed, his eyes sparkled, and Cooke, who had raised himself in his bed, could scarcely believe that it was the low comedian who talked of states and empires in terms so lofty, and so little suited to his usual style. Spiffard observed the veteran's surprise, and said, "I have ever been an enthusiastic admirer of the institutions of my country, Mr. Cooke, and feel the attachment of a grateful heart to your native land, from which they are partly derived. I am proud that my forefathers sprung from England, that I can claim part with Englishmen in the glories of Shakspeare and Milton, Locke, Bacon, Newton, Hampden, Sydney, Pym, and Vane, and hundreds more, whose minds have enlighted the world, and continue, to this day, to roll off the clouds with which tyranny and superstition would envelope us. I am proud that my ancestors were among the puritans of New-England, who abandoned their lovely country, that they might be free to live as republicans, and worship their Creator as their consciences dictated; and I am happy that my grandfather served with Shirley at Louisburg, and bled with Wolfe on the plains of Abraham, by the side of gallant Englishmen, in opposition to those powers who then, and now, would enslave the souls and bodies of mankind."

"I see you are a thorough Yankee; and I suppose as you travel this way from Quebec, you will treat me to a dissertation on Saratoga and Bunker hill."

"No. The sympathetic chord that made Englishmen and Americans *one*, was severed before the seventeenth of June, seventeen hundred and seventy-five; and you are an Englishman."

Cooke looked up with his peculiar side-long glance, and said, "Thank you, thank you! Do you know that I have been thinking, while you were speaking, that if your head, by any chance, had been raised twelve inches higher, it might have been a head of eminence, and looked down on little men with the frown, or the condescension, of a hero—a leader of senates or armies—at least on the stage."

This touched a string in our hero's composition, which totally changed, not alone the current of his ideas, but the very nature of them.

"Yes, sir," he replied, (with that simplicity which rendered him so remarkable, and so obnoxious to be played upon by those of inferior intellect or acquirement.) "Yes, sir, I have thought that my face might, with the aid of histrionic art, represent a mimic hero, however unfit I may be to lead real senates or armies. My features are as boldly marked as John Kembles; my nose as prominent; my eye as capable of expressing passion. I have as great power over my countenance. I have studied the dramatic authors as assiduously, though not for so long a time as he has. But because, according to certain arbitrary rules, it is found that my face is too long for the height of my person, it is concluded that I cannot rise to the pitch of tragic dignity required for the stage, or give effect to the precepts or pathos of the poet."

"Did you ever try?"

"Yes."

"What was the result; how did the audience receive you?"

"The fools laughed."

"Well, well, never mind; punish them as you have done ever since, by making them laugh whenever you show your tragic phiz on the stage; leave strutting, roaring, and scowling to me and black Jack."

So saying, the old man laid his head on his pillow with a good-humoured laugh, in which Spiffard could not but join, though at his own expense."

"I had got no further in the story of my homeward travel—" Spiffard recommenced, and might probably have given a tolerably correct picture of Canadian manners, customs, costumes, rivalries, jealousies, and contrasts; and the conflicting interests of a conquered province, where ignorance and superstition is cherished as the precious reserved rights of the conquered; but at this moment his rival traveller and actor, Trustworthy Davenport, ushered Dr. Hosack into the apartment.

After the first salutations, the physician inquired if Cadwallader, McLean, or Francis, his coadjutors in the task of repairing the injuries nature had received, had visited the patient, and then remarked that he looked better.

"I always feel better, Doctor, when this tea-sot, this water-drinker, is with me; but I am puzzled to know what he can find attractive in the bed-side conversation of an old worn-out winebibber like me."

"His admiration of your talents as an actor, is sufficient to account for Mr. Spiffard preferring your company to that of men of less experience and knowledge."

"No, no, that's not it. He has seen Sarah, and Black Jack, and all the rest of them. No, I will tell you what I suspect. He is studying the effect of wine on the human constitution; and when he sees me snug under the sod, he will give lectures on temperance, making old Cooke the foundation on which to establish his theory, and build his fortune. But I'll cheat the water-drinker by out-living him. I'll play Shylock at ninety, as Macklin did."

"May you live to ninety, and I live to see it! But what says the doctor to the question of wine or water?"

"Pooh, pooh, what signifies what he *says*. Look at his face, and then turn to the mirror and look at your own pale visage. There's a complexion where madeira—always meaning in moderation—sparkles—"

"Let me see your tongue."

"That's by way of stopping its motion. As much as to say, 'hold your tongue.' But a tongue is not a member to be looked at, but listened to."

"Yet to the physician, even its appearance can tell tales. There, that will do. Mr. Spiffard, I must prohibit my patient from further exertion, or even attention to the conversation of his friends to-day. His tongue speaks of fever. Let me feel your pulse, sir. That will do. Let me place my hand—so, sir. Are your ankles swelled?"

The doctor proceeded with his examination. Cooke was silent, but appeared less concerned than either Spiffard or Davenport; for the last-mentioned of our actors stood anxiously listening and looking on, evidently taking great interest in the fate of the patient.

"The symptoms are decided. There is water in the abdomen."

Cooke turned his head away, and cast a look from the corners of his eyes on the physician, at the same time holding his face close to the pillow, and repeated the word "water," in a tone of surprise.

"Yes, sir," said the doctor, and was going on seriously to prescribe certain remedies, when all gravity was set at defiance by the patient exclaiming—"How should water find its way there? No, no, doctor, never risk your reputation by telling the world that you found water in the stomach of George Frederick Cooke! What say you, you long-visaged, lank-sided

yankee philosopher? Did ever water approach these premises since they were in your keeping?"

Davenport, thus addressed, and finding the eyes of the company turned upon him, answered with a drawling tone, and great deliberation—"If I might venture to propound an opinion upon sich a deep and profound subject—"

"As my stomach! Both deep and profound, ha? I have sometimes thought it had a double profundity. Well, Mr. wise man of the east, go on—your opinion?"

"I have a notion, (without pretending to give an opinion;) I have a notion that that critter man, is a compound of the elements of arth, air, fire, and water; and *that*, for one thing, makes him sich a contrarious animal; and for another thing, it makes it necessary for his bodily health, that all these elements should be replenished as fast as they evaporate, or are exhausted. Now, if I may be permitted—"

"Go on—propound—thou learned Theban."

"If a man denies admittance to water through the proper and natural door, by which it brings health and strength, it will find another inlet, and then it causes diseases and weakness: and in Mr. Cooke's case, it being always refused entrance above, it has taken advantage of the warm bath ordered for his feet, and has crept up through his toes."

"He has hit it, Doctor. The philosopher has found the cause. The disease has outwitted the physician. Most learned Doctor Davenport, see who knocks."

"I prohibit any more company this day. Mr. Cooke is not well enough to see any of his friends until to-morrow." Spiffard followed Trustworthy; and the doctor enjoining quiet for his excited patient, soon after left him to the care of the faithful, eccentric philosopher.

CHAPTER XVIII.

A little mystery, and an old acquaintance.

"Of what incalculable influence, then, for good, or for evil, upon the dearest interests of society, must be the estimate entertained for the character of his great body of teachers, and the consequent respectability of the individuals who compose it."—*Verplanck.*

"You have often begun to tell me what I am, but stop'd,
And left me to a bootless inquisition."

"Is there no pity sitting in the clouds,
That sees into the bottom of my grief."

"It is the show and seal of nature's truth,
Where love's strong passion is impressed in youth."—*Shakspeare.*

"Whose power hath a true consent,
With planet, or with element.—*Milton.*

"——— truth shall nurse her,
Holy and heavenly thoughts still counsel her."

"———— my mother you wot well,
My hazards still have been your solace."

"If that thy father live, let him repent."

"Lepidus is high-coloured. They have made him drink."

"Faster than spring-time showers, comes thought on thought."
Shakspeare.

I WILL introduce my reader to another sick chamber of a very different aspect from the last. Indeed, a greater contrast to the commodious apartments and assiduous attendants which surrounded and administered to George Frederick Cooke, could not well be imagined, than the mean and scantily furnished hovel-like house of Mrs. Johnson, and the feeble assistance which could be rendered to her, (suffering and sick as she was,) by her only permanent attendant, a poor little negress. True, she had the occasional consolation of her son's presence, and that of Emma Portland: the consolation of duteous affection, sympathy, charity, and love. When those occupations which enabled him to procure the scanty sum necessary for his mother's support, would permit, she had the

"Yes; for an instant. But the sense of my condition returns with redoubled force the next moment."

"Sir, instead of avoiding cheerful company, you must seek it. You are labouring under a mistake; and when restored to bodily health, you will be convinced of the falacy of these tormenting phantasies."

The sufferer shook his head. "It is vain for me to tell you of the communications I have had with the world of spirits. I know you cannot conceive of them, or believe me. My doom is fixed irretrievably."

"God is good beyond our conception, and infinitely merciful."

"I know what you would say; I have, myself, talked thus to others. To others the words may apply. I have heard reasons for my condemnation that are incontrovertible. My sins are unpardonable. I know that there is *no hope* for me. I have heard it proclaimed to all the worlds of the universe. I have been transported from planet to planet bodily. I know that you do not believe it. From star to star, through the immensity of space, filled with—. What I have seen and heard, I am forbid to tell."

"Before Spiffard and his friend left the asylum, the latter paid another visit to his son. He went unaccompanied. On his re-appearance, Spiffard asked, "How did you find him sir?"

"In tears. He seemed to be conscious that his former reception of me had been harsh. He took my hand, and tenderly pressed it at my departure, begging me to see him soon."

As the evening approached, our pedestrians, notwithstanding kind invitations to ride, returned as they came, on foot; musing and conversing on the scenes they had witnessed, this being to Spiffard, a most instructive day.

CHAPTER XVII.

The result of intemperance, and a sick chamber.

"Show not thy valiantness in wine, for wine hath destroyed many.—*Ecclesiasticus.*

"Is man no more than this?"

"They are as sick that surfeit with too much, as they that slave with nothing."—*Shakspeare.*

"Honour a physician with the honours due unto him, for the uses which ye may have of him."—*Ecclesiasticus.*

"'*Bardolph.*—Why, sir, for my part, I say the gentleman had drunk himself out of his five sentences.'"
"'*Slender.*—I'll ne'er be drunk whilst I live again, but in honest, civil, godly company.'"—*Shakspeare.*

"A wise sentence shall be rejected when it comes out of a fool's mouth, for he will not speak it in due season."—*Ecclesiasticus.*

"I would rather have a fool to make me merry, than experience to make me sad."

"Our remedies oft in ourselves do lie.

"Cease to lament for that thou canst not help;
And study help for that which thou lamentest."—*Shakspeare.*

We will now return to George Frederick Cooke. Among the many who have placed themselves aloft, as beacons on the hill-top, to warn mankind of the evils that threaten them; or who serve as buoys, to mark the hidden rocks and sands, where the gallant argosei of life, (freighted with youth and health, and all the ingredients of happiness, and onward borne, her bellying sails filled with the gales of hope,) must sink if not avoided: among these warnings, buoys, and beacons, few have been more conspicuous than this highly-gifted man.

While Spiffard and Littlejohn pursued their walk from Cato's, as we have seen, Cooke, under the care of one of the younger revellers, who was either more prudent or more hard-headed than his companions, returned to town in a hack coach, which had been in attendance on the party. The young man, who although but too conversant with scenes of dissipation, had never been confined with such a companion, was occasionally

amused by his extravagance, shocked at his profane vulgarity, and puzzled by his loud demands to be set down, and orders to the coachman to stop.

It seemed as if every vile image or word which had been presented to the eye or ear of the unhappy man during a long life, (a life partly passed among the licentious and frequently among the vilest of the vile) were called into existence and action by the demon who possessed him. The young man tired out by insolent repetitions, finally thought of governing by force, or at least threats. He had fallen on the remedy. For the tragic hero was never so far lost as to forget what was due to self-preservation when danger appeared. He could distinguish real from mock threatenings; and although he braved, as in the recent duel, the one, he shrunk from the other "upon instinct."

Tedious the ride to the young man, ere they arrived at the Tontine Coffee House: but arrive they did, and found Trustworthy Davenport ready to receive the man he faithfully served, and even deigned to call master. Cooke, who had been for some time in a quiescent state, was roused by the stopping of the carriage and the ceasing of the rumbling noise which seemed to soothe him. He now vociferated his orders to the coachman to drive on, as loudly as he before commanded him to stop. His young companion gladly made his escape, resigning his charge to Trusty, who, presenting himself at the coach-door, solicited his patron to take his arm and alight.

"Coachman! Drive on! Stand out of the way and shut the door, you thrice three times elongated yankee son of a puritan praise-god-bare-bones! Coachman! Drive on!"

"This coachman says he can go no further, but I'll find a carriage for you in a jiffy, or I'll be swampt. Where shall I order your carrier to go?"

"To church, sirr! To church!"

"Jist git out of *this* coach, sir, and I'll see that you go, where you ought to go—where you want to go—I mean—so, sir, softly!"

The "yankee traveller" needed not to have changed his phraseology, for his patron was incapable of making nice distinctions. He made an effort to leave the carriage, but fell headlong into the grasp of his long-limbed valet, who in less than five minutes deposited him in the easy-chair by his bed side.

Nature, abused, and struggling against the abuse, notwithstanding uncommon physical powers, at length gave way. A

helpless, senseless mass, the admired of thousands, was deposited in that bed where he could only awake to regrets for the past, loathings of the present, and dread of the future.

Before morning, Davenport, who slumbered in the chair by the bedside, was awakened by the groans of the tortured man. He found him almost suffocated. By changing his position he saved him from immediate death, and then hastened for one of his physicians. The nearest of the many who gladly endeavoured to prolong the life of this infatuated man, was doctor McLean; and happily he was brought in time to afford relief.

Such was the termination of the excesses at Cato's—or rather of that series of excesses, which had been rising from stage to stage, until the fabric which supported them broke down. With some constitutions this termination is a hopeless state of despair, madness and death. With Cooke it brought on severe pains, difficulty of breathing, which if relieved by blood-letting, left him a miserable penitent as long as weakness and sickness continued—and no longer.

The symptoms which at this time marked his disease were the same that ultimately in a more aggravated form, preceded immediate dissolution. Two of the best physicians of the city attended him; and although restored to comparative ease, he was confined to his bed for several days.

During this state of pain and sober reflection, he was attended by Spiffard with the assiduity of an affectionate son. Occasionally he brought Mr. Littlejohn with him, at that gentleman's request, and when the tragedian was sufficiently recovered to converse, both his guests were delighted with his stores of anecdote, sketches of character, and sallies of humour.

One day that Cooke and Spiffard were alone, the old man expressed his desire to know by what train of extraordinary circumstances his young yankee friend had become a member —and a distinguished member of the profession to which he had devoted his own extraordinary powers.

"You are the strangest young man that ever I met with—*young* man?—young or old, you are unlike any thing that ever fell in my way. You tell me that you are a yankee from Vermont, yet you are a finished English actor, fit for Drury or Covent Garden. You are a very young man, yet you attach yourself to an old worn out fellow like me: you are a tea-sot and a water-drinker, yet you delight in the company of a veteran—known—proclaimed—shameless votary of the bottle!

Why is this? Come tell me what induced you to try the profession you have chosen—how you obtained your knowledge and skill in it, and how you have escaped the vices that hang about it."

Spiffard recounted his story, omitting some circumstances with which we have made the reader acquainted, and dwelling upon many theatrical adventures and characters with anecdotes more interesting to an actor than to any other person. He gave his reasons for embarking in an English ship for Quebec rather than the direct route and better sailors to New-York. He had no inducement to be in that city until late in the theatrical season, as such suited the manager's arrangements, and the desire to visit the British provinces whose history is so intimately connected with that of his own country, caused him gladly to seize the opportunity. Besides that, he wished to linger on the shores of Lake Champlain, and visit the Green Mountain spot where his father had flourished, decayed and died.

"I will not recount," he said, "the events of a passage across the Atlantic, though I might speak of clouds and winds, and dolphins, and whales, and the hopes and fears in meeting another storm-tossed bundle of planks and ropes on the ocean, and all the other pretty occurrences, from the common-place book, which occupy so many pages of modern prose namby pamby. Three times the number of days were wasted on the voyage that are sufficient to waft one of our passenger-packet-ships from Liverpool to this port. We escaped the hazards of the gulf, and in November were gladdened by the sight of the stupendous banks of the St. Lawrence, that majestic stream pouring the waters of so many inland seas into the fathomless ocean. As we approached Quebec and I saw the towering battlements of the upper town and castle, bristling with cannon, tier above tier, overhanging the houses and shipping which lay dim and dark in the shades of evening, while the sun yet played on the glittering spires and waving colours floating over them, I felt repaid for all the tedious hours I had passed on the weary weary sea. As I gazed, the eventful struggles of the brave men who fought and fell on this once important spot, rushed upon my mind with a pleasing soul-elevating melancholy. Early the next morning I landed, and found my way to the plains of Abraham. I sat on the stone which pillowed the head of the dying conqueror. I stood on the spot where one master-spirit decided the fate of the western world. I thought of Wolfe and the glorious day of his triumph and death. That day which broke the power of despotic France in the west, over-

threw at a blow her mighty plans of empire, and secured to the sons of English republicans the immense region from the Atlantic to the Pacific oceans,—from the north pole to the table-land of Mexico—a region destined for the propagation of innumerable free states, bound together by the same institutions, the same languages, the same interests—and a religious freedom, as dear as all—which rejects the dogmas of any usurping hierarchy."

As the young man spoke, his tone had become elevated, his cheeks were flushed, his eyes sparkled, and Cooke, who had raised himself in his bed, could scarcely believe that it was the low comedian who talked of states and empires in terms so lofty, and so little suited to his usual style. Spiffard observed the veteran's surprise, and said, "I have ever been an enthusiastic admirer of the institutions of my country, Mr. Cooke, and feel the attachment of a grateful heart to your native land, from which they are partly derived. I am proud that my forefathers sprung from England, that I can claim part with Englishmen in the glories of Shakspeare and Milton, Locke, Bacon, Newton, Hampden, Sydney, Pym, and Vane, and hundreds more, whose minds have enlighted the world, and continue, to this day, to roll off the clouds with which tyranny and superstition would envelope us. I am proud that my ancestors were among the puritans of New-England, who abandoned their lovely country, that they might be free to live as republicans, and worship their Creator as their consciences dictated; and I am happy that my grandfather served with Shirley at Louisburg, and bled with Wolfe on the plains of Abraham, by the side of gallant Englishmen, in opposition to those powers who then, and now, would enslave the souls and bodies of mankind."

"I see you are a thorough Yankee; and I suppose as you travel this way from Quebec, you will treat me to a dissertation on Saratoga and Bunker hill."

"No. The sympathetic chord that made Englishmen and Americans *one*, was severed before the seventeenth of June, seventeen hundred and seventy-five; and you are an Englishman."

Cooke looked up with his peculiar side-long glance, and said, "Thank you, thank you! Do you know that I have been thinking, while you were speaking, that if your head, by any chance, had been raised twelve inches higher, it might have been a head of eminence, and looked down on little men with the frown, or the condescension, of a hero—a leader of senates or armies—at least on the stage."

This touched a string in our hero's composition, which totally changed, not alone the current of his ideas, but the very nature of them.

"Yes, sir," he replied, (with that simplicity which rendered him so remarkable, and so obnoxious to be played upon by those of inferior intellect or acquirement.) "Yes, sir, I have thought that my face might, with the aid of histrionic art, represent a mimic hero, however unfit I may be to lead real senates or armies. My features are as boldly marked as John Kembles; my nose as prominent; my eye as capable of expressing passion. I have as great power over my countenance. I have studied the dramatic authors as assiduously, though not for so long a time as he has. But because, according to certain arbitrary rules, it is found that my face is too long for the height of my person, it is concluded that I cannot rise to the pitch of tragic dignity required for the stage, or give effect to the precepts or pathos of the poet."

"Did you ever try?"

"Yes."

"What was the result; how did the audience receive you?"

"The fools laughed."

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attendance of the best of sons. But his days were passed in laborious preparation for his mother's future welfare, and even his nights were devoted to gaining the pittance required by their necessitous condition for present support; especially since a chronic disease had rendered his beloved parent incapable of those exertions which once had made their situation comfortable, and enabled her to give him the education of an enlightened, efficient citizen. She had frequently another attendant, (as noticed above,) whose sex made her more competent to know, and more skilful to perform, the offices which the sick require. Emma devoted to Mrs. Johnson as much of her time as she could; but she was wanted at home to assist her aunt and cousin; and abroad, by others who were sick and poor.

Mrs. Johnson had one attendant in common with Mr. Cooke. Of the many physicians who exerted their skill for him, one had been led to the house of poverty, and administered that relief which his professional skill and benevolent disposition, enabled him to give. Emma Portland had a tie stronger than pity and charity, or even sympathy toward a person so like herself in disposition, and so like her lost mother in sentiments, accomplishments, knowledge, and resignation to the will of heaven. Emma had become acquainted with Henry Johnson before his mother's illness, when she, by her industry, aided by strict economy, had supported her little establishment, while her son was obtaining that knowledge in a merchant's counting-house, which might lead to a competency for her future comfort.

This young couple, (for they were already united in the purest bonds of affection) had become acquainted in a manner and in a place, of all others, most likely to create a pure union of hearts, because the employment which brought them in the presence of each other evinced the congeniality of their dispositions and the kindred feelings of well regulated minds. They were both teachers in the same sunday school: both employed in the diffusion of knowledge to those whose condition in life rendered it most difficult of attainment: both endeavouring to rescue from vice those most exposed to become its victims—the children of the ignorant and vicious. Sunday was the only day that Henry Johnson was free from the labours of the counting house; and until his mother's illness required his presence in attendance on her, he had devoted it to the instruction of those whose avocations or situations prevented or prohibited other modes or opportunities of acquiring knowledge. The form, the face, the general appearance of Emma

Portland, were sufficient to attract the admiration of Henry; but he was captivated by her demeanor while bestowing instruction on the little ones around her; who soon learned to look upon her as a friend, and to love the lessons she bestowed, for the love they bore their beautiful and kind instructress.

Some of the same causes operated to produce the same effects in the breast of Emma Portland. She observed the punctuality with which Henry attended to his voluntary duties, and the patience he exhibited in performing them. His manly form and expressive face might have passed unnoticed; but his suavity of manners, his devoted attention to the welfare of those who were entrusted him, attracted her attention and gained her approbation. They had occasion to commune in this their benevolent employment. They mutually made inquiries respecting each other. The interchange of civility and words led to the interchange of esteem, and finally of love.

The situation of Emma, with her aunt and cousin, was by no means agreeable to Henry, and it was not until he knew the refined and just sentiments, and had learned the history of the lovely orphan, that he suffered love to lead his hopes on to the anticipation of happiness with such a partner. Love, with minds well regulated and accustomed to self-control, is not that blind and irresistible passion which poets and novelists have described. Once convinced of the worth of the object of his admiration, the youth felt resolved to remove her from her present situation, and doubted not that his resources were equal to the task. Before sickness had reduced his mother to the helpless state in which we now find her, Henry had communicated his views of future domestic happiness, and had obtained her approbation of his choice: those views were at present obscured; but youth can see beyond the clouds.

They were no common clouds that enveloped the Johnsons. Loss of health had caused the gradual approach of that extreme penury which threatened to render the remnant of this unfortunate lady's days peculiarly cheerless. The little shop she had attended to, and in part supplied with needle-worked articles for sale by her own industry and ingenuity, had dwindled away, had been closed, and its remaining stock sold at auction. Henry had discharged all debts, paid the rent of the house they had occupied, and removed, with his parent, to the hovel they took refuge in, there to meet the winter's storms and hide from the cold looks of worldlings. All the poor were not yet thrust into the suburbs of the city or the adjoining villages, and this mean habitation was in the way of Emma

Portland in her walks of duty, she seldom passed the house of Mrs. Johnson without paying the tribute of affection to suffering merit. She seldom saw Henry there; and, indeed, his absence sometimes appeared to her mysterious. We need not say that the attentions of Emma to the invalid increased the attachment of the son, and caused the mother to place her hopes of that son's future happiness on the prospect of his union with a creature of such rare virtues.

It was noon on Sunday—Henry, who at this period, passed that day in attendance upon his mother, had been reading to her in the family bible. He had ceased, and a few minutes of silence had elapsed. He turned to the leaf on which is usually recorded those important events in domestic history, the marriage of the father and mother, and the day and hour on which it took place: this, in most cases, is happily followed by the dates of the birth of each child. Henry looked, as he had often before done, mournfully upon this leaf in his mother's bible. It was mutilated. The top of the leaf on which the date of the marriage of his father and mother had been, as it would appear, written in the accustomed manner, had been cut off. There was no record on the leaf, save of the birth of a son on the 16th of June, 1791, baptized in *blank* church, (the name of the church carefully erased,) Manchester, by the name of Henry.

"Mother, it is long since you promised me, that, in due time, you would tell me who and what my father was. You know that I look often at every part of this book; but, since I first could read, this leaf has fixed my attention more than any other. I know your worth too well to entertain a thought to your disadvantage; but it sometimes occurs painfully to my mind, that only some act committed by my father, either disgraceful or criminal, could induce you to permit me to arrive at man's estate ignorant of even the name of one of the authors of my being. Relieve my mind from this impression, and say, at least, that my father's name is not dishonoured in his native country."

"I am sorry that you recur to this subject, Henry."

"It grieves me to cause you sorrow; but, believe me, dear mother, if you should be taken from me, and leave me in this incertitude, I would not rest until I had searched the records of every church in Manchester, with this leaf in my hand; if by no other means this mystery could be cleared and my curiosity satisfied. I pain you, madam, but forgive me. For your

sake I have deferred pressing this question, although it is seldom absent from my thoughts—for your sake I would still defer it—but another is now interested in it. Emma Portland is entitled to ask, and should know, that the father of the man she looks forward to honour, was not one whose name shall hereafter cause a blush on that face which was never suffused with the livery of shame. If your strength does not suffice to enter into a full explanation of the meaning of this mutilated leaf in the sacred volume, at least say that my father's name is not a reproach and a by-word in his native land."

"Henry, I cannot now enter into a painful story—but I repeat my promise—you shall know all—even if I should die this day—you will know all."

"And my father's name is not pronounced, (when he is spoken of) with epithets of contumely attached to it?"

"On the contrary—in terms of admiration."

"And yet—you are in a foreign land—and his son is ignorant of that name. Mother! you are as pure as the mind of man can imagine, or the heart of a son can desire. You have bred me in the love of truth, and abhorrence of mystery—and yet—"

"And yet—my son, I cannot willingly pronounce the name of your father. Forbear—I entreat you—you cannot long remain in ignorance. It is my wish to inform you of every circumstance before my death, and that must be in a few weeks—perhaps days—I am ill—give me that glass of water—quick—"

With affright and contrition her son obeyed her. And while tenderly supporting his parent's head and in broken accents asking her forgiveness, Emma, who with the little black girl had been at St. Paul's chapel, entered and flew to his assistance.

In such hands the fainting woman soon revived. With such a nurse sickness and sorrow were soothed to serenity. The mother banished the recollections of former woe, and blessing the virtuous pair who revived her hopes of happiness in an earthly futurity, though not for herself, she sunk sobbing on her pillow, her overcharged heart relieved by a shower of salutary tears.

Such was the scene at the bedside of the poor unknown. We have seen what was passing by the sick-bed of the rich, the famous, the idolized George Frederick Cooke—more of both, anon. We will return to Zebediah Spiffard.

About this time the comedian's recollections of Boston

were revived by an accidental meeting with a person whose conduct had materially affected the course of those events which we have recorded, and of course those yet to follow in our story. The chain of the past, the present, and the future, is never broken.

As Spiffard passed through Nassau-street, he was accosted by a man who came at the moment from a public house, notorious as the resort of those who, like Bardolph, carry faces that might be mistaken for my landlady's red petticoat. This person stopping directly in the footway, cried, "sure it is Mr. Spiffard!"

"That is my name, sir."

"Why, Zeb, have you forgotten your old master?"

The truth flashed upon Spiffard, and with it a pang shot to his heart—a pang only to be accounted for by the circumstances of his childhood, the last scenes in his father's house, his present doubts and fears, and the peculiar susceptibility of his character, on the subject of the species of moral degradation which he at once perceived written on the countenance of this unhappy man. He gasped for breath as he exclaimed, "Mr. Treadwell!"

"Ay! I am very glad to see you my boy! Come in—come in," and he turned to the door he had just left. "Come in—I have been inquiring for you, and was going to see you—come in—you can help me—you can give me the information I want."

He led him, though reluctant, first into the bar room of the tavern, and then into a private apartment. He loathed the sight and smell of the place, but he could not refuse to follow one who revived recollections of a happy period of his youth, and who he had once been accustomed to respect and obey. He was urged on likewise by the feeling of shame at being seen in the street with a man whose appearance denoted the effect both of past and present excess.

In despite of Spiffard's remonstrances Treadwell ordered brandy; and talking with rapidity soon made known the cause of his journey to New-York. He displayed his own turpitude with an assurance which nothing but his present excitement, and a belief in the laxity of morals attached to the profession his quondam pupil had chosen, could account for.

Mrs. Tomlinson, a favourite actress, had been engaged for the New-York theatre, after a separation from her husband, an event which had taken place in Boston, and Spiffard now learned that his former legal instructor, although married

and the father of a family, had been the cause of the divorce. With the recklessness which the progress in guilt naturally induces, he had come on to effect a re-union with the unhappy woman, by inducing her to return to the place of his residence. She had, however, formed another attachment in New-York, and, hearing of Treadwell's arrival, secreted herself from his pursuit.

Little doubting but that Spiffard could give him the desired information, he concluded his communication with—"you will tell me where she is to be found."

"I do not know, sir."

"My dear fellow, that is impossible. She is of too much importance in the theatrical world to allow me to believe that. You may as well tell me, for I will know. Thomson, to whom I gave her letters when she left Boston, shuns me—and I suspect—but I have come here to see her, and I will see her."

"I know nothing of her, except as I have seen her on the stage; and her character is such that I wish no nearer acquaintance."

"That's too good! Your wife does not associate with her?"

"Certainly not, sir."

"That's very well! very well, indeed! When all the world knows how her character stood before—"

"Stop, sir!"

"Mrs. Spiffard, or Mrs. Trowbridge—"

"Stop, sir!" and Spiffard's eyes flashed fire, his face was flushed, and his limbs were braced to the tension of the tiger's, before he springs on his prey. "Stop, sir, one word spoken disrespectfully of my wife, will be resented on the instant. Contrary to my wishes, you have told me your own infamy, and that of the person you seek; yet you have dared to ask me if she is the companion of my wife. I despise your insinuations, but I will not suffer them to be repeated."

"Why, why, why, my dear fellow, why do you fly out in this manner? We all know—that is—come, come, take some brandy and water."

"Mr. Treadwell, you have already taken too much. If you had not deprived yourself of the sense of shame, as well as the power of reasoning, you would not have exposed yourself and the unhappy woman, who, perhaps, but for you, would have been a respectable wife and mother. I must leave you, sir."

"What? Why, Zeb? Don't you ask your old friend to come and see you? What! cut me!"

"I am obliged to believe your own account of yourself. When I heard your story from others, I tried to disbelieve it. Our acquaintance ends here."

Spiffard did not listen to his reply, but left the house abruptly. He left the house, but another arrow had entered his inmost soul, his heart's heart, and was borne away with him. The words he had heard in the Park, when we first met him; the mystery which hung over some passages of the life of one whose fame and welfare he had rashly united to his own; the consciousness of precipitancy in contracting an engagement for life, so vitally important to his peace; all rushed upon his tortured mind as he left the tavern; and the unhappy Treadwell's looks, as well as the inuendos he had given, continued to haunt him with horrid recollections. He passed through the bar-room to gain the street. When on the pavement, he heard from within a shout of laughter from those who surrounded the bar; and his imagination pictured a crowd of bloated fiends, sitting in the clouds, and rejoicing at his misery.

Treadwell sought to drown the voice of conscience, and the sense of humiliation, on the spot. A few words will terminate his story. While unsuccessfully seeking the woman for whom he had deserted his home, and whose infamy he was proclaiming by the search, her husband arrived in New-York, on his way from south to east, and hearing of Treadwell's presence, and avowed object, he sought him, and in a public place inflicted the chastisement of the most contumacious words, accompanied by blows. The wretch returned to his native place; he had no home; he died neglected by all but the wife he had deserted.

The unfortunate husband whose domestic peace had been invaded, his wife, and the friend of the seducer, who appropriated the guilty consignment to his own use, all perished early and miserably. Such things have been; and, perhaps, if mankind knew that their deeds of evil would not be covered by the veil of charity, but proclaimed for the truth's sake, many might be checked in the downward course, and brought to real repentance; which is amendment.

CHAPTER XIX.

A dinner party in 1811.

"Your reasons at dinner have been sharp and sententious; pleasant without scurrility, witty without affectation, audacious without impudence, learned without opinion, and strange without heresy."

"Some sports are painful; but their labour,
Delight in them sets off."

"The rich wine first must rise in these fair cheeks, my lord, then we shall have them talk us to silence."—*Shakspeare*

"When a rich man hath fallen, he hath many helpers; he speaketh things not to be spoken, and yet men justify him. The poor man slipped, and yet they rebuked him too; he spake wisely, and could have no place."
Ecclesiasticus.

"Time is the old justice that examines all such offenders; and let Time try."—*Shakspeare.*

"Experience, though none authorite
Were in this worlde, is ryght ynowe for me."—*Chaucer.*

TIME rolled on, or flew, or crept, or limped, according to the circumstances or the feelings of his children; those children who murder him, and whom he, though murdered, never dying, devours.

Winter had arrived, and the many-coloured leaves of autumn had been scattered to the winds, or fallen to the earth, as a covering for the roots from which they had derived their summer nourishment; the long protracted rain-storms of November had given place to the freezing blasts of the north-west, before George Frederick Cooke had so far recovered, as to be permitted by his physicians to resume his place at the festive boards of his numerous admirers.

Doctor Cadwallader, (who had attended the old tragedian, in conjunction with Doctors Hosack, McLean, and Francis,) had long promised his friends the pleasure of dining with the eccentric thespian; accordingly, having stipulated that the bottle should be under the control of two medical attendants, a day was fixed when Cooke was to be the lion of the party; and exhibited in the evening, to the female acquaintance of Mrs.

Cadwallader, and as many of the *elite* of the city as the drawing-rooms might accommodate.

Spiffard was invited to the dinner and tea party in due form; for he had become acquainted with all Cooke's physicians, from the circumstance of being found so frequently at the bed-side of their histrionic patient. As we have said, Cooke was attended by no less than four of the faculty, of the highest grade; but Cadwallader took the lead as the senior, although Hosack, McLean, and Francis were all consulted: all separately visited the invalid at times, and sometimes altogether.

The young comedian declined the invitation. He had determined not to make one in parties from which his wife was excluded. Mrs. Spiffard was one of the acknowledged heroines of the stage at this time, but as utterly shut out from female society as if she had been infected with the most deadly contagion. Spiffard had thought little of this before marriage; it was one of the after-thoughts that tormented him.

Actresses have never been received into society, in this country, on a footing of equality. Some are visited, sought after, and invited into the circles of the rich and fashionable, when they have recently arrived from Europe, under particular circumstances; but even then, they are rather considered as objects to gaze at, and show off, than as persons belonging to the class who pay them these attentions. This class consider themselves as patrons. The patronized are generally superior, both in talents and accomplishments, to their patronizing entertainers; yet are they never considered as other than inferior to those who show them off, and pride themselves upon their liberality in so doing.

It is in vain to deny, or endeavour to conceal from the actress, that the very circumstance of publicly exhibiting for hire, that person, and those talents, so admired and applauded, has degraded her in the eyes of the world. Be it just or unjust, *so it is*; and, perhaps, so it ought to be.

That this is unjust, in some instances, is certain. We have known ladies of superior talents and education, who have made the stage their profession, under the immediate guardianship of their parents, that they might retrieve the fortunes of their fathers, and support the younger branches of their family in a necessary course of education. The tribute to these ladies from justice, ought to be reverential respect and praise.

The knowledge we all have of the character of an audience at a theatre—the mingled character, in which so much of the baser material preponderates—the conviction that the plaudits of a play

house are sought with avidity—almost valued as the supreme good by many, and boasted of by the individuals, as "I got three rounds"—"the pit rose to me." The certainty that the actress must come in contact with (and the world knows not how intimately) those of the same profession of both sexes known to be impure, although of equal or superior talent to herself—on the same stage—behind those mysterious curtains and scenes—in those dark recesses, of which the secluded matron, or even the dashing woman of fashion, knows no more than she does of the world beyond the grave—the knowledge of these circumstances, and the considerations and impressions flowing from this knowledge—all these *items* ever did, and still do, make the world pause and hesitate and feel shy and queer, when required to associate with an actress, however much it may admire the skill or talents of the individual.

Spiffard had not thought of all this before his marriage. As a boy, in Boston, he only saw the stage to admire; in England, he had only seen the bright side of the picture which the drama exhibits. He was pure himself, and void of suspicion in a degree that exposed him to ridicule. He knew nothing of the higher class of English society, except as represented in books, and he knew that actresses were admitted amongst the nobles of the land, and even united in marriage with them. Now that he was married to an actress of talents, he was at first surprised to find, that his wife was considered of an inferior caste by those who applauded *her*; and that, although they invited *him* to their parties, his domestic partner was not thought of as his and their companion. He had made other discoveries not less inimical to his peace; and although he had no wish to lead Mrs. Spiffard into the drawing-room of Doctor Cadwallader, or any other magnate of the city, he felt that where his wife was doomed to linger, he ought to remain; and that, content or not, he must rest *with* her. They were united for better for worse. It was worse than he expected—it will happen so sometimes—he hoped to make it better. He had chosen, and chose to abide by his choice.

Such was the ground Spiffard took in respect to receiving the invitations of those who admired his talents and those of his wife—invited *him* and neglected *her*. He therefore accepted no invitations. But in the present instance, Cooke prevailed upon him to go with *him*, as his protector from himself. The physicians urged him to comply. The tragedian at length refused to go without him, calling him his mentor, his guardian, and promising to be guided by him. The water-drinker was

persuaded to waive all objections (the objections, as may be supposed, were neither stated nor discussed), and finally to yield.

The party at the dinner-table was large. The physicians of the theatrical lion made a part. Mr. Littlejohn and his friend Governor Tompkins sat near Spiffard and Cooke. Opposite to them was a gentleman Spiffard had never seen before: a man far past the meridian of life, tall, above the usual height of Americans (and that exceeds the European standard): this height was reduced, however, by a habit of courteous bowing. His face remarkable for symmetry; his complexion fair, but rather ruddy; and his full blue eyes were half closed with smiles while attending to the words of every speaker. The dinner was good, ample, and served with taste. When I speak of a good dinner, I mean such as might have been thought good in England fifty years ago, before gastronomy was a science, or cooks, *artistes*. The wine was good, and of every choice kind. The host was a man who knew how to welcome his guests and make them at home, by freeing them from superfluous attentions. The ladies of the family, Mrs. Cadwallader and daughters, with a favoured few, graced the table, and according to the custom of those days, soon withdrew after the dessert, taking with them several other nymphs related to them, called Temperance, Sobriety, Moderation, and sometimes Decency.

Cooke, who was, to use a green-room phrase, "the great pan of the dairy," had great attention paid to him, and it was evident that much was expected from him; but nothing came. He was courteous, reserved, not quite silent, but very cautious. When challenged to a glass of wine, he touched the brim or sipped. The master of the feast observed his caution, and deferred any attempt to draw him out for the present. Spiffard, who had been introduced to Governor Tompkins by his friend Littlejohn, was by far the most of a star: for he shone upon every topic which he touched in the course of conversation, without any of the affectation of the theatre, or the forwardness of the traveller; and displayed a knowledge of subjects so foreign to what is generally considered the train of study a comedian would pursue, that he excited the admiration and fixed the attention of all who were in his vicinity.

A subject happened to be started which gave Mr. Littlejohn an opportunity of entertaining those near him, and especially Spiffard, by detailing circumstances connected with a scene dear to every American of right feeling. It is one of the pri-

vileges of age to be sometimes interesting, merely as witnesses of by-gone events, if a habit of observation has charadterized the youth of the witness, and a love of truth accompanies the decline of life.

A difference respecting the date existed between governor Tompkins and the remarkably handsome tall gentleman who sat opposite to him. Few men, for beauty or courtesy, could compete with the governor; but his present opponent, though older, was more dignified in appearance, and would in most eyes pass for the handsomer man. The general, for that was the title by which he was accosted, was a more fashionably dressed man than the governor, or perhaps any person present; his fine formed face showed little mark of age, except about the eyes and brows, and the brilliancy of his florid complexion the smoothness of his skin, as well as demeanor, turned away all suspicion, which times' powder-puff or crows-feet might have excited. As we have said, he was tall above the average, of even American height, and might be said to be a very handsome as well as very well dressed gentleman.

Such were the courteous disputants.

"Mr. Littlejohn, I dare say, can tell us," said the governor.

"His knowledge," said the referree, "is at all times at the service of the man of the people's choice."

"We were at a loss for the date (that is, the day, for no one can forget the year) of a very important transaction; no less than that which put a seal to the federal union and the constitution of the United States."

"The doctor's library would resolve that question, but to save trouble I will be your authority. It was the thirtieth day of April, 1789. I believe you, governor, are too young to have been present, but the general might have witnessed the scene."

Littlejohn looked at the general with an expression which Spiffard noticed, but which was mysterious, and at the time, to him, inexplicable.

"I was in France at the time," said the general.

"Were you present at the ceremony?" asked Spiffard with enthusiasm, addressing the merchant.

"I was, and assisted, in the capacity of grenadier; standing in front of the building erected on the site of the old provincial town-house, for the accommodation of Congress, and which was called Federal Hall after the adoption of the constitution."

"My dear sir," said Cadwallader, whose attention was at-

tracted by the subject, as well as by reverence for the speaker, "as the building you mention has been long swept from the face of the earth, and the place where Washington pledged himself to support that constitution his wisdom aided in forming, has been devoted to the children of mammon, and to the strife between cupidity and tax-gathering, your description of a place, the memory of which is hallowed in my mind, would be very interesting to us men of these utilitarian days."

"And a description of the ceremony," said Governor Tompkins;" for though I was old enough to have seen it, I was at Westchester, probably playing the idler at the time, for I was on a visit to my father, and glad to escape from my master's office, and the study of Coke upon Littleton."

"Federal Hall, as well as the building which gave place to it, projected into Wall-street where Broad-street terminates, on the one side, and Nassau on the other. A covered way accommodated foot-passengers; over it was a balcony, the pediment surmounting which was supported by massive pillars, swelling fancifully in the centre, rather according with the architect's whim than with any known order."

"Who was the architect, sir?" asked the general.

"Major L'Enfant."

"Aha! a Frenchman. How infinitely are Americans indebted to France. She stepped forward in the cause of freedom, and with unexampled liberality sent her fleets and armies to rescue America from oppression."

"When I hear of the liberality of Louis the Sixteenth's government in the cause of liberty, and of the debt we owe to France for seizing a favourable opportunity to cripple the power of England, I can only express my dissent by one word —a very expressive old English word, though not perhaps classical."

"What is that, Mr. Littlejohn?" asked the governor.

"Fudge!"

"Ha! ha! But we must not lose Federal Hall and the first presidential inauguration. You have described the pediment and its pillars or columns."

"These pillars divided the open space within which the inauguration took place into three parts, making a picture to those in front of the building, like Raphael's apostles at the beautiful gate of the temple. As Broad-street terminated at this spot, forming an open space, the persons on the balcony were in full view of the populace. The volunteer companies

of militia, in full uniform, paraded in front of the Hall, on Wall-street. Some troops of horse, well mounted and equipped, two companies of grenadiers that might have pleased old Frederick, the one filled by the tallest youth of the city, the other composed of Germans; many of them men who had found means to remain, as citizens and freemen, among the people their masters had sent them to reduce to the condition of slaves. These, with a company in the garb and military equipment of Scotch Highlanders, were drawn in line with several bodies of artillery and infantry. My good friends, Generals Morgan Lewis, and Jacob Morton, were both active officers on the glorious day, and could give you many interesting details which may have escaped me, a private, and confined to the ranks. Both houses of Congress being assembled, they, with foreign ambassadors and other distinguished persons, filled the balcony and the space behind it. From this elevation, the view of Broad-street was of one living mass, a silent and expectant mass; with faces upturned, they gazed upon the man of their hearts as he walked from the interior of the building, and took his place in the centre of the balcony, between two pillars which bounded the compartment, and formed the principal group of this great historic picture."

"Mr. Spiffard," said Cadwallader, "precious as youth is, one would almost consent to be old, to have seen such a day!"

"Not only almost, but quite, sir!" replied Spiffard.

Cooke listened without appearing to attend. The handsome general bowed, saying, "You have an excellent memory, Mr. Littlejohn. It is a great blessing."

"That depends upon circumstances, sir," was the reply, accompanied by a glance such as he seemed to keep in store for the general. "It is sometimes convenient to forget—and memory may be a curse."

Cadwallader appeared to notice the look and the reply, although the general's face gave no symptoms of any movement within; and the doctor adroitly said, "It was indeed a great historic picture! You can, perhaps, not only remember the persons present, the figures of the price, but their situation on the canvas."

"As though it were yesterday."

"Pray give us the picture," said the doctor.

"In a painting, costume is essential to truth; and if I paint, truth shall be my first object."

Cooke observed in a whisper, "Then you will be the first

historian (writer or painter) that ever paid her ladyship such a compliment."

The merchant proceeded. "The president elect made his appearance, that day, in a plain suit of brown cloth; coat, waistcoat, and breeches; the dress was homespun—home-manufactured, even to the buttons; which my old friend Rollinson, the engraver, takes pride in saying, displayed the arms of the United States, chased by his graver. White silk stockings showed the contour of a manly leg; and his shoes, according to the fashion of the time, were ornamented with buckles. His head was uncovered, and his hair dressed and powdered; for such was the universal custom of the day. Thus was his tall, fine figure presented to our view, at the moment which forms an epoch in the history of nations. John Adams, a shorter figure, in a similarly plain dress, but with the (even then) old-fashioned Massachusetts wig, stood at Washington's right hand; and opposite to the president elect stood Chancellor Livingston, in a full suit of black, ready to administer the prescribed oath of office. Between them was placed Mr. Otis, the clerk of the senate, a small man, bearing the bible on a cushion. In the back-ground of this picture, and in the right and left compartments formed by the pillars, stood the warriors and sages of the revolution. The men who forgot self for the sake of their country."

"O, for a painter!" cried Spiffard.

"Go on with the accessories to your picture," said the doctor.

"The man on whom all eyes were fixed, and on whom all hearts rested, stretched forth his hand with that simplicity and dignity which characterized all his actions, and placed it on the open book. The oath of office was read. The bible was raised, and he bowed his head upon it. The chancellor announced that '*it was done*'—that George Washington was the President of the United States of America. The silence of thousands was at an end; and the air was rent with acclamations, bursting simultaneously from the hearts and tongues of men who felt that the happiness of themselves and their posterity was secured."*

"Thank you, sir," said the doctor.

"O, what a contrast is this simple picture, to the impious mockery and insulting pageantry which attends the coronations

* This is the description of an eye-witness of the scene.

of European potentates," was the exclamation of the Vermonter.

"Those imposing ceremonies, sanctioned by religion, and made sacred by time, have their effect," remarked the general.

"Imposing ceremonies! Yes, they have their effect on those who are kept in ignorance by impostors." Then turning from the general (who bowed, but could not smile) to Spiffard, the merchant continued. "My young friend, every American must feel proud when contemplating the simplicity and wisdom of our institutions."

"Will they not last forever?"

"Forever is a long day," whispered Cooke.

"That is a question not for us to answer. It is certain that they will be imitated, and as certain that they will be looked upon with jealousy and enmity—misrepresented and plotted against by those who will be interested to destroy them, and perpetuate their own power."

Doctor Cadwallader seeing that many of his guests were evidently disappointed in not finding the entertainment they expected from the eccentricities of George Frederick, and concluding that it was only when the wine was in, that the humour would come out, addressed the tragedian in a tone, and with the intent, to attract the attention of the company. "I have had my professional and guardian glances unceasingly directed to you, my patient, knowing how long you have suffered from your late illness, and I perceive that you are more afraid of madeira than I think necessary."

"Doctor," said Cooke, with a glance from the corner of his eyes over his shoulder, "I need not tell a man of your experience, that 'a burnt child dreads the fire.' I believe I shall for the future follow the example of this venerable gentleman at my elbow, Mr. Spiffard, who has, like myself, in early life drank so freely of wine, that now, to qualify it, he takes nothing but water."

"But, as you have not yet attained his venerable age, or had either opportunity or inclination to injure yourself in that way, I advise, as your physician, that the water-drinking be put off until to-morrow."

"'To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow.'"

"So, here's a bumper toast. The first cultivator of the vine. I prescribe a bumper of madeira to you, and one of Manhattan water to your venerable neighbour—unless he returns to his former ways, and takes wine for the remainder of the day—come, fill! Here's to the memory of the first cultivator of the

vine, and inventor of the exhilarating liquor pressed from its fruit."

Every glass was filled with madeira, except that of the water-drinker. Every one repeated the toast literally, except Cooke, who added the name of "Bacchus," as the inventor of the liquor he loved.

"Another bumper for Mr. Cooke, as a punishment for altering the toast," cried out one of the company who had not been so cautious in his libations during the feast.

"I submit to the punishment. I have generally found it easier to receive than to pay. I am bound to take what my physician prescribes." And having drank a second bumper, he added, "This is better than any prescription I have swallowed of your ordering of late, my dear doctor. Call you this punishment?"

"I think, sir," said Spiffard, addressing Cadwallader, "that Mr. Cooke ought to be enjoined to take a tumbler of the medicine Doctor Davenport prescribed when called in at the late consultation."

"That would be punishment."

"And you deserve it for robbing the inventor of wine of his due, and giving it to another."

"What, sirr, what! Would you transfer the worship from Bacchus to any other hero or divinity? Who, sirr, who? Who but the jolly god invented this heart-cheerer?"

"Cassio says, the devil."

"False reading; he called the invisible spirit of wine by that name—not this visible and beautiful creature, nor its creator. Besides, sirr, that was when his head ached."

"But, sir, I appeal to Doctor Cadwallader. Who did you mean, sir, by the first cultivator of the vine and inventor of the wine-press?"

"Noah, to be sure."

"What, old Captain Noah?" said Cooke.

"Surely."

"Then, Mr. Cooke," said the governor, "I fill your glass again, and drink with you to Captain Noah."

"With all my heart. I will do him all the justice in my power, and endeavour to make up for my unintentional disrespect."

"'O, thou invisible spirit of wine!'" slyly whispered Spiffard.

"I do not wonder," Cooke continued, "that the old gentleman exerted his wits to invent wine after being so long water-*drenched*. A good rule should work both ways. 'Mix water

with your wine,' says the philosopher; if the rule is good, then it is good to mix wine with your water."

"Good, good!"

"Most assuredly I am not an admirer of that word 'mix;' but these grave and learned doctors, who are 'my very worthy and approved good masters,' say (and I doubt them not, though I cannot account for the fact) that I have too much water in my system. What, then, is the remedy? Captain Noah's, to be sure. Wine! generous wine!"

The visible wine and the invisible spirit of wine, had produced very visible effect; and but for the interference of the young Mentor at his elbow, the convalescent tragedian would have soon shown symptoms of his old complaint. Spiffard, assisted by one of the physicians, contrived to substitute a decanter of wine-and-water for that of wine which was at his side, and by filling for his friend, kept him in that moderate state of excitement which merely exhibited him to advantage.

A few songs were introduced; and in this part of the entertainment Spiffard amply contributed; for his knowledge of music, and stores of the best songs of every description, made him an invaluable guest at any musical or convivial party, and rendered it easy for him to prescribe his own course, and persevere in it, in respect to his water-drinking. 'Nor numbers, nor examples, with him wrought to swerve' from his resolves.

The conversation turned naturally upon actors and acting. Cooke's remarks on his contemporaries of the stage, were always liberal—when he was himself. He gave Kemble all the praise he deserved, although it was evident that he placed him far below Mrs. Siddons, in the scale of histrionic excellence. Garrick and Henderson he had only seen, but never played with. He professed to aim at the one in Richard, and the other in Falstaff. In Sir Archy and Sir Pertinax, he remembered their author, old Macklin; but he played them even better. When descanting on the merits of others, he undesignedly impressed upon his hearers a conviction of his own pre-eminent talents in his profession.

Surely actors should avoid the appearance of slighting those who preceded them. The fame of an actor only lives in the praise of those who follow him. He leaves no impress of himself, but as he is imitated by others. We are apt to bestow our admiration on those who "strut their hour on the stage" before us, and doubt the testimony of writers who have recorded the merits of their contemporaries. This was not a failing of Cooke's. Happily this day was one of his brightest. He exerted himself to please, and was successful.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Conversation and coffee—Politeness and harmony.

" Black spirits and white, blue spirits and gray,
Mingle, mingle, mingle; ye who mingle may."

" It is certain that either wise bearing, or ignorant carriage; is caught as men take diseases, of one another: therefore let men take care of their company."

" ——— Let me see wherein
My tongue hath wronged him: if it do him right,
Then hath he wronged himself; if he be free,
Why then, my taxing like a wild goose flies,
Unclaimed by any man."

" How blest are we that are not simple men!
Yet nature might have made me as these are,
Therefore I will not disdain."

" Their own hard dealings teaches them to suspect
The thoughts of others."

" Of government the properties to unfold
Would seem in me to affect speech and discourse.
* * * * The nature of our people—our city's institutions—
You are pregnant in."

" Sour-eyed disdain and discord shall bestrew
The union of your bed with weeds so loathly
That you shall hate it both."

" Who can come in and say that I mean her,
When such as she is, such is her neighbour."

" My face is visor-like, unchanging."—*Shakspeare.*

The company removed early from the dinner-table and the wine, exchanging the fumes of the cigar for those of the fragrant berry, the exhilarations of the decanter and the song for those of the tea-pot and the music of female conversation.

The handsome general left the dining-room before the company broke up, and was not found in the drawing room. This gentleman had not been introduced to Spiffard; and although he most courteously addressed the young man with smiles and a manner intended to be condescendingly encouraging, the *water-drinker* shrunk from him with a sensation approaching

to something between dread and loathing. He answered his questions politely, but with great brevity, and withdrew his eyes from the fine features and mild glances as soon as his unwilling reply to the superficial remark would in decency permit. Yet, by a strange anomaly of feeling, he looked for this man in the drawing-room, and seemed to be relieved when he discovered his absence. Cooke was *here* really the lion of the evening. He was fully alive to the pleasures of society, and in that happy state of confidence and self-possession, which prompted to eccentric sallies, and enabled him to meet on equal ground the opposition of those who did not choose to submit to his occasional dogmatism. The water-drinker was always the same, when not assailed on his weak side: and he was at this time in unusual spirits. His musical powers and his conversation had produced their full effect, and he was pleased to see that the man, in whom he took so great interest, had escaped unscathed from the dangers of his recent situation.

Doctor Cadwallader, one of the oldest and most popular physicians of the city, well known and highly esteemed in every literary as well as fashionable circle, had issued invitations very generally for this evening, and Mrs. Cadwallader had done the same; consequently the suite of apartments were filled by the young of both sexes, companions or admirers of the young ladies, and with professional men of every description, some of whom were expressly invited for the purpose of meeting the famous tragedian: the females of the doctor's family alone formed a brilliant circle; but, in addition, the rooms were almost crowded by belles and their mamas, who wished to see Richard and Sir Pertinax surrounded by a dramatis personæ of every-day life.

Cooke went through the forms of introduction with all the easy ceremony of the old school, and by the suavity of his manners, softness of his voice, good humoured smiles, and occasional archness, won the hearts of the old ladies, and the admiration of the young.

"I never will believe," whispered Mrs. Temple in the ear of Mrs. Cadwallader, "I never will believe that such a pleasant old gentleman can be guilty of the acts which have been attributed to him."

"My dear," said the elegant Mrs. Cadwallader, "these men are strange deceitful creatures. Even *our* husbands are not always the same amiable pieces of perfection they once were, or as we wish them to be."

Mrs. Temple's husband seldom came home sober, and

never in tolerable humour unless fortune had favoured him at the pharoah or brag table.

Cooke was at this moment examining a miniature picture (by the accomplished and amiable Malbone) that Miss Cadwallader had asked his opinion of. He immediately saw that it was the portrait of the lovely girl herself.

"My dear young lady, I can only say that it is extremely beautiful and extremely like. I must confess my ignorance of all that relates to this delightful art. Likeness I can see. I peer at those soft eyes and almost imagine that through the long lashes they are peeping at me—I look at these swelling ruby lips and think they are breathing odours, and just opening to accost me—but when I turn to the original, I spy a thousand faults in the copy."

"What are they, Mr. Cooke?"

"I cannot perceive the laugh that lurks between the eyelids, and about the dimpling cheeks or curling lips—there now—it is less and less like. I cannot find the rows of pearl that should be here—or the blush that spreads and deepens every moment—truly the artist's colours have no life in them! What do you think, madam?" addressing Mrs. Cadwallader, who then joined them.

"You do the artist injustice, and flatter Louisa at his expense."

"Nay, mama, I think Mr. Cooke is a very good judge of painting," said the laughing Louisa.

"If my friend Pope were here," said Cooke, "he could talk learnedly on painting, as he is not only actor but painter, and in this same style. He would point out the merits and demerits of this very beautiful portrait—for such I can see that it is—although I can see that nature possesses many more beauties than art has portrayed. He could descant on colour and keeping, on tint and touch, and tell you why this eye does not sparkle like that," and he archly turned his own up to the laughing eyes of the lovely girl—"but I have no skill in these things—I can paint no face but my own, and burnt cork and brick-dust are the principal colours I require."

"But, Mr. Cooke," said Mrs. Temple, "is not every actor necessarily a painter? Is he not obliged to conceive an image of the figure, costume, expression, of the character he wishes to represent, and to make his own appearance conform thereto?"

"He ought to do all this, madam, and he ought to understand grouping, that himself and those acting with him may

present true and graceful pictures to the spectators; but he is generally content to leave the first to the wardrobe-keeper or tailor, and the last to the stage-manager or prompter."

"I feel confident," said Dr. Hosack, who with Cadwallader joined the group, "that you, and your friends Cooper and Kemble, do not trust for stage grouping, or dressing, to the prompter or the tailor."

"Why Tom and black Jack are generalissimoes: they command by virtue of proprietorship."

"And you," said Mrs. Cadwallader, "by talent. When you call up the image of Richard, Iago, Falstaff, or Sir Pertinax, you see in imagination a countenance and costume conforming to the character, in the same manner that the painter who wishes to represent on his canvass a madonna or a saint."

"I understand you, madam; so far the actor is a painter. Both must be imaginative; or steal, as both do, from those who went before them. But the actor must paint, as the savage does, on his proper person."

"Or as we do," said Louisa, "when preparing for a party or ball."

"No, no: your care is, only, that grace and beauty may have fair play; and nature appear in her true loveliness, accompanied by art, not disguised by it. But the actor must be himself the mere board on which to daub the character he is to exhibit—a walking piece of paste-board or bundle of rags. He bears his own work about with him on his own person, and is exposed, with it, to be hissed, or hooted, or pelted, by the congregated mob of a playhouse."

"Or to see the effects of his skill," said Cadwallader, "reflected in the eyes of beauty, and hear the enthusiastic plaudits of the thousands attracted by his celebrity."

Spiffard was in another part of the room with Littlejohn; well pleased that his aged friend could give him the characters of the various individuals who were grouped in the apartments or occasionally entering. Mr. Littlejohn did not appear averse to playing the part of Asmodeus for the gratification of his young acquaintance.

"Who is that tall and heavy moulded stupid looking man, who is gazing around him with an inquiring and sinister eye, and an air of vulgar confidence?"

"Bless me," said Asmodeus, "what brings him here? He has mistaken the doctor's house for a political tavern-hall, or this congregated assembly for a ward meeting. He is out of place here."

"Nature has been bountiful to him in bulk."

"And extremely parsimonious in every intellectual quality, except cunning; but the deficiency is supplied by dollars and cents;—brawn, cunning, and impudence, qualify him as a brawler at an election, or an intriguer in the lobbies of the legislature; consequently he is a man of no small influence. Aha! I see now what has brought him here. He has found the governor and has taken him aside."

"Has he influence with him?"

"Yes. Because he can serve him: and our democratic governor knows, that in our democratic government the work of the ruler must be performed by tools of forms as various as their worth."

"Do you not apply the term democracy and democratic government incorrectly?"

"In my opinion," said the merchant, "a democratic government is one in which the people rule, whether by elected representatives or in their own persons. In the latter case it may be, and has been, an odious tyranny; in the former it is the perfection of government by law. Both are, in my acceptation of the term, democracies; because the people govern, and there are no hereditary rulers, and no privileged class. When I speak of democrat, I mean one who opposes all usurpations upon the people's rights, and submits himself to the laws."

"Ha!" exclaimed Spiffard, "there is our friend the manager. Who is that with him?"

"That," said Littlejohn, "is, in my opinion, the best painter in the United States."

"You forget Stuart, sir,"

"Every man has his taste: I like that young man's pictures better than Stuart's."

"You do not tell us his name."

"Sully. Did you never hear Mr. Cooper, your manager, speak of him."

"Not that I remember. They appear intimate."

"Did the manager never mention any particulars of the painter's life?"

"No, sir."

"That is because he must have been the hero of his own tale. Sir, one of the first acts of his management was to exert his influence and advance funds to bring forward the young painter by an opportunity of exerting his talents.

"Bravo! But, sir, when you speak of our best painters, you forget that we have West, Copley, Trumbull."

"West and Copley have abandoned us, and Trumbull has been many years a resident of London. If I had thought of the beautiful pictures painted by him, which I saw in this city ten or twelve years ago, representing, in small historical painting, some scenes of our revolution, I should not have placed any one before him."

"There is another American," said Spiffard, "now painting in London, that, I think, excels them all."

"Indeed! Who?"

"Allston."

"And when I visited Philadelphia, I saw the works of a boy—I think his name was Leslie—who, in scenes of delicate humour, promises to stand unrivalled."

This conversation was interrupted, very much to Spiffard's surprise, by the approach of Mrs. Cadwallader, Mrs. Temple, and four or five young ladies, with as many laughing girls, whose sparkling eyes were fixed on the comedian.

"Mr. Spiffard," said the matron, "your friend Cooke has assured these girls, and given us all assurance, (for we are equally interested,) that you will favour us with a specimen of your skill on the harpsichord, and some of your songs. I have been appointed to make the request."

"What he has promised, I will endeavour to perform, madam. His assurance of my will is correct, and of that he is a judge; of my skill, I disclaim his judgment. He cannot tell the difference between a street-ballad-bawler and a Billington or Mara. You shall judge of the worth of his commendation, by the precipitate retreat he will make as soon as he hears the sound of the instrument."

So saying, the young actor, attended by the group of females, and by his friend Littlejohn, moved towards the harpsichord. Cooke walked into the adjoining apartment, which was farthest from the common door of entrance for the company. The instrument at which Spiffard prepared to place himself, was opposite to this door, and his back, of course, turned to it; but unfortunately, he cast his eyes upon a mirror, suspended over the harpsichord, and saw an apparition which deprived him of the power of motion, as though he had been transformed to a statue of marble. The chord was struck which shook his reason. His eyes were fixed ou the mirror; his face was colourless; his hands fell upon the keys of the instrument, which emitted a discordant sound, and his pale lips were opened as

he gasped for breath. The gay party who surrounded him, stood a moment, as if petrified: their eyes followed his to the mirror, and they instantly turned them to the door; there the cause of his strange conduct was in some measure accounted for, by what they saw.

The remarkably tall, well dressed, and handsome gentleman, who had been placed opposite Spiffard at the dinner-table, and who had been addressed as general, but whose name he had not heard, entered the room with a female hanging on his arm, whose rich and splendid attire, tall, slender figure, as well as the wild expression of her countenance, were sufficient to attract a stranger's attention, but not to account for the young man's extraordinary emotion.

The general advanced, bowing courteously, with the same unchangeable face, that seemed, at table, to defy scrutiny, and only express a desire to please. His companion saluted Mrs. Cadwallader, who received her as if taken by surprise. The younger ladies withdrew, and the general's consort, quitting his arm, followed them.

The attention of those who were near the musician was again attracted to him by the exclamation of "My mother!" and by his falling senseless on the floor.

Here was "confusion worse confounded." Doctor Cadwallader, who was advancing to meet the newly arrived guests, had his attention called to Spiffard, and, with Mr. Littlejohn, ran to his assistance. Cooke, as we have seen, had retired to the next room.

Spiffard having recovered sufficiently, was led by the gentlemen into a private apartment; but the doctor was called away by a messenger from his wife, and left the young man with the merchant.

After a few words interchanged between Mrs. Cadwallader and her husband, he sought the lady whose appearance had produced this strange effect on Spiffard. He found her seated on a sofa with three of his daughters, and apparently reproving them. The girls willingly gave place to their father, who, after a few minutes, left her, proceeded to the general, and appeared to speak to him very earnestly.

"I wish, doctor, you would persuade her to return home; she is very nervous. The coach is still at the door. You have great influence over her." And he turned to a gentleman near him with exquisite *nonchalance*, and continued a conversation he had been previously engaged in, respecting the want of refinement in American society.

The doctor cast a scornful glance at him—seemed to hesitate, as if debating internally how to proceed—then returned to the lady, and a few minutes after, they were seen leaving the room together.

The general had continued to address his neighbour, without appearing to notice the conduct or departure of Cadwallader.

"You, Mr. Transcript, not having resided any time abroad, are not conscious of the infinite distance that the people of this country are behind those of Europe in all that pertains to politeness, and, I may say, civilization in general. But as I have passed most of my life in Paris, I am incessantly shocked; it plays the devil with my wife's nerves, to find a coarseness of manners in the best society, and a vulgar imitation of what she has been used to at home, that is sometimes ridiculous, and always disgusting."

The person to whom this was addressed, did not seem to relish it; and his face not being so well disciplined as the generals, he coloured, as if offended, and showed other signs of uneasiness; but as the general was tall and handsome, and very well dressed, and withal, his senior by many years, he only remarked, "I think, sir, our countrymen always become ridiculous, or worse, by imitating Europeans either in manners or opinions."

In the meantime, Mr. Littlejohn could not but express his surprise, when alone with Spiffard, at the sudden and strange illness that had overcome him; for he had observed the change in the young man's countenance, before he fell, fainting, from his seat.

"Why, my young friend, what is the matter? What overcame you so strangely and suddenly?"

"If I did not know that she died years ago, I should say *that* woman is my mother!"

"What woman?"

"She, so richly dressed—so unlike every other person in the room; she who entered, leaning for support on the man you called general."

"O, Mrs. Williams. Were you not introduced to the general?"

"No! nor wished to be."

"He is called a very handsome and very polite man. A traveller, and man of the world."

"His face appeared to me like a beautiful mask, and I could not but fancy that it was kept on to hide deformity."

"You show yourself a physiognomist."

"It is rather feeling than observation."

"General Williams and his wife move among our fashionable people; but they are becoming rather remarkable."

"They are not Americans?"

"*He* is. He is one who has been seen by Europeans wandering abroad, and from his specious appearance and manners, has been unhappily considered a fair specimen of his country, although ever villifying her institutions, and belying her character, in word and deed. 'Leaving the fear of heaven on the left hand,' he has been 'fain to shuffle, to hedge, and to lurch,' to keep up false appearances, or minister to depraved appetites. He married in England, and now lives in a style of splendour betokening riches, probably derived from his wife. Courteous behaviour, and costly entertainments, have ranked them with those who rank themselves highest among us; but those who look beyond the surface, or see, even there, indications of something within, not corresponding to the without, are giving symptoms of shyness. He is noted for imitating the aristocracy of Europe, in bows, smiles, and sarcasms; and her appearance is such, not unfrequently, in public, as may be thought at least equivocal. But why should such an apparition effect you in this extraordinary manner?"

"The resemblance to my mother both in person, feature, manner, style of head-dress, and that indescribable expression of countenance which you have hinted at, took me by surprise. You are aware of my susceptibility on a subject that has entwined itself with my very being; and this extraordinary likeness to one so connected with all my early associations, overpowered my reason. Features, complexion, eyes, dark glossy hair; my mother had a sister, but she was no heiress—she could not—"

"Such resemblances and coincidences frequently occur."

"I am ashamed that I have caused so much trouble and confusion."

"You have told me of the misery your father endured, and have spoken of the cause. He did not brave the opinion of the world."

"O no! He bore his sorrow patiently, and endeavoured to hide its cause."

"But here is one who looks as if *that* did not exist, which all sees, and he ostentatiously exhibits."

"How can such conduct be accounted for?"

"It would appear at first view unaccountable; but the mind

of man is ever active—and that which is strange, leads to suspicions and conjectures, all perhaps, unfounded."

"And you say this man married in England?"

"Yes. But except the fortuitous resemblance you spoke of, all this does not touch you so nearly as it does those who have been the intimates of the parties. Come, let us return to the company."

"I am sick—sick, sir. I must go home. I will explain to you another time. But, notwithstanding discrepant circumstances, I cannot discard a belief that I have seen the sister of my mother."

"Discard all unpleasant thoughts; you owe an apology to our kind hostess; and see, here she appears, anxiously looking for you."

Mrs. Cadwallader having ascertained that Spiffard had recovered, now joined them, and exacted his promise to return to the drawing-room; and after answering a question of Mr. Littlejohn's, by telling him that Mrs. Williams had gone home, left the friends to follow at their leisure.

CHAPTER XX.

Midnight, and an apparition.

"And didst thou not, when she was gone down stairs, desire me to be no more so familiarity with such poor people."

"I myself could make a chough of as deep chat."

"But this is worshipful society."

"It is said, labour in thy vocation; which is as much as to say, let the magistrates be labouring men; and therefore should we be magistrates."
"*George.*—Thou hast hit it; for there's no better sign of a brave mind, than a hard hand."—*Shakspeare.*

The madness of a lawless mob,
Is rife to do the devil's job;
More fierce, more pittiless, more fell,
Than any king that groans in hell.—*Anon.*

"Approve the best, and follow what I approve."

"Love
Leads up to Heaven, is both the way and guide."—*Milton.*

"A young negro took our horses, with that affectation of extreme politeness and good breeding, which is so highly amusing in many of his colour, and which inclines me to think that they appreciate the character of a fine gentleman, more than any part of the community."—*Latrobe.*

Doctor Cadwallader, whose patient she was, having conducted Mrs. Williams home, returned to the company, and found the general bowing, smiling, conversing, or listening, apparently as much at ease as if nothing had happened in any way extraordinary. The doctor passed him without speaking, and assiduously shunned him for the remainder of the evening.

Mrs. Cadwallader took her husband aside, and spoke to him with warmth in a low tone. His reply was, "Never again! But where," added he, "is the young gentleman who fainted so unaccountably at her appearance?"

"Still with Mr. Littlejohn, in your study."

She joined a group of ladies, and, at the moment, Littlejohn and Spiffard entered, the latter intending to make his apologies,

and retire; but his intentions were prevented by the doctor, who immediately addressed him with inquiries, and cheerful assurances.

"It is strange, Mr. Spiffard, that the entrance of Mrs. Williams should have such an effect upon you. Gentlemen of your profession see such a variety of character, that one might expect you to be proof against any exhibition. I am sorry that my house should have been the theatre where such a scene occurred."

"My apology must be, sir, that I saw or fancied a resemblance to a person in whom I was formerly much interested. The sudden recurrence of images exceedingly painful—threw me off my guard and overpowered mind and body. I hope you will excuse and forget my behaviour. I wish to apologize to Mrs. Cadwallader and then steal away, unnoticed. I have caused a great confusion where only pleasure ought to reign."

"No, no. You were not the cause. Why should you think more of the affair when you see how coolly the general takes it. He is a better actor than you are."

"That may well be, sir."

"At least" said Littlejohn, "on the great stage, where all are 'merely players.' Williams, like the old greek actors, plays in a mask. If I am not mistaken in Mr. Spiffard he is only an actor in the mimic world, and has no disguises for the great masquerade of real life. My young friend will excuse me, I hope, for saying, that, my attachment to him, recent as our acquaintance is, proceeds principally from a conviction that in private life he is no actor. He appears to me to be a creature without disguise himself, and without suspicion of disguise in others."

Spiffard looked serious, paused a moment, then replied, "As I feel the necessity of speaking of myself, permit me to say, that, at my first entrance into life as a man, I found the common opinion in respect to players was, that they were more artificial in their intercourse with the world than other men; and having from my earliest infancy a most devout love of truth, I determined that my love of the drama should not interfere with what I considered the very essence of moral worth. I have been and I trust I shall always remain, rather one that 'wears his heart upon his sleeve for daws to peck at,' than a hypocrite or an actor in my intercourse with society; perhaps these feelings may render my manners less acceptable, but I would rather be esteemed unpolished by others, than know myself, false."

The doctor shook the young man by the hand cordially, and after a little more conversation, persuaded him to remain, for at least a part of the evening. Cooke, who had been engaged in chat with Governor Tompkins and knew nothing of what had befallen Spiffard, advanced from the inner apartment with his companion. Littlejohn introduced the two last mentioned, and the conversation that the Governor and the tragedian had been engaged in, which was theatrical, was continued; until Williams, with his courtly smiles approached and joined them. Cadwallader walked away. Doctors Hosack, McLean, and Francis advanced, and the first accosted Tompkins with a question relative to the western part of the state. Spiffard shrunk from the courteous general's approach, and appeared to place Littlejohn between him and the man of bows, as a safeguard. No introduction took place. The frank and urbane manners of the governor led to ease and cheerful chat, as was customary wherever he came; and a colloquy ensued, of which we will endeavour to give the reader a part, at the risk of holding him too long from the stirring incidents of our story.

Doctor Hosack's inquiries led to the first subject of discussion.

"Before I was married," observed Littlejohn, "I indulged my propensity to travel, which has always been very great."

"I thought, sir, you had never been in Europe," said Williams.

"Never, sir, nor in Asia or Africa. My first wish was to gain a knowledge of my native land; hoping afterwards to see others, when qualified to make comparisons. My most ardent desire at that time, governor, was to pry into the manners, and study the character of the aborigines."

"The opportunities for that study are much greater now," said Tompkins. "I have, probably, while travelling the circuit when I was a judge, passed over more Indian ground than you could penetrate through in your early days, by any effort that a white man might then be able to make."

"True, sir, but not find so many Indians."

"They have been sadly abused and cheated," said Williams.

The merchant continued. "My first journey was made under the wing of your predecessor, Governor George Clinton, when he made our treaty with the six nations, which opened the way for that immense display of the arts of civilization, now rendering the then wilderness, from the Mohawk to Lake Erie and from the St. Lawrence to the Alleghanies, a land flowing with milk and honey; teeming with beings united as

brethren and cultivating science while they cultivate the soil. I then saw enough of the red men to excite my curiosity intensely; and I prevailed upon one of the interpreters, (a white man who, when a child had been carried off and adopted by those who murdered his parents,) to be my guide into that country of the west, which although now smiling with orchards, gardens, meadows and corn-fields; studded with villages, towns and cities; was then an almost impenetrable thicket, forbidden to the white man unless he passed over it with fire and sword. With this guide, and after the treaty which opened my path, I commenced my journey; and I look back upon it as the most delightful portion of my life; probably because the most teeming with novelty, at an age when all is new."

"But," said Williams, "I should think it very monotonous; and peculiarly unprofitable, unless it led to a speculation in furs."

"My speculations, although a merchant, have been aimed to penetrate beyond the skin, or any other covering, whether in the desert or the drawing-room. The speculations I then made, and the knowledge I obtained of facts, traditions, customs, manners, religion, superstition, impostures, (for there are impostors even among uncivilized men,) most unblushing and steady-faced impostors, wearing masks more impenetrable than any I have met with in refined society:—fellows who, though never trusted as leaders, have an influence in savage life, as great as their brethren exercise over the ignorant in polite society."

"The result of your inquiries would be very acceptable," said the governor.

"The result of my inquiries, at that time, and some little since, compared with what I can gather from books, has produced such opinions respecting the character of our Indians as differ from those of most men."

"And they are—"

"First," said Hosack, "let me help you to a glass of this Madeira."

"And I will," said Tompkins, "with his permission, fill a glass for Mr. Cooke. Cadwallader keeps the best madeira in the state. What do you think of that colour, Mr. Cooke?"

"It is brighter than that of an Indian painted for a war-dance or scalp-hunt."

"As deceitful and as deadly."

"O, no! Mr. Spiffard, when not abused, it is as hospitable and as generous," was the apology for the bright liquor made by doctor McLean.

At this moment two black waiters bowed before them, dressed with as much attention to the fashion of the day, as any person in the room, not even excepting the handsome general, and with all the tact of European footmen they presented the splendid salvers, bountifully laden, the one with porter, wines and cordials, the other with cakes, fruits, and sandwiches.

Character is shown in trifles. Cooke threw down a bumper at one toss of the glass. Tompkins and Hosack held up the wine and looked through it at the brilliant chandelier above them, seeming to enjoy the flavour through the eye by anticipation. McLean and Francis touched glasses, and made less of the imaginary but quite as much of the real taste of the liquor. Littlejohn touched his lip to the glass, filled for him by doctor Hosack, and put it away. Williams took a plate and filled it with eatables after tossing off a tumbler of foaming brown-stout; and Spiffard gently declined the proffered temptations by an inclination of the head.

"And now, my dear sir, your opinion of our red-skins." said Tompkins.

"Or rather," said Cooke, "the red-skins of the forest. We do not ask our own characters."

"Our Indians appear to me so essentially different from all the other races of men," said the merchant, "that the more I have examined the subject, the more wonderful it has appeared to me. The wide difference between the savage and civilized man is obvious, and easily explained. But the very nature of the American savage, is the opposite in many respects to the savage of any other part of the globe. We have just seen two negroes, whose ancestors were brought hither as slaves, by the ships of speculating christian merchants, freemen of England or her colonies—these were savages in the literal acceptation of the word—I meant the African negroes, not the Enropean merchants—"

"Thank you, sir, for the commentary," said Spiffard, smiling.

"Whatever lexicographers may say, I never could confound the words savage and barbarian. The first may be innocent, the last must be cruel."

"A nice distinction, Mr. Cooke."

"Sirr, the merchants who fit out slave-ships are barbarians. They send forth their hell-hounds to hunt men for the torture of the sugar mill, as the pious cavallieros of Spain halloo'd on their blood-hounds in chase of Indians for the living-death of

their gold-mines. A savage *may* be a barbarian—a slave-dealer *must* be one."

The general had finished one plate-full—taken a glass of champagne, and was helping himself to another supply of jelly, when he observed, "the African is benefited by the change, in my opinion—as for slavery—all are slaves but those who command by virtue of knowledge or riches."

The merchant proceeded, "The fathers of these two cringing waiters were savages, whose black skins have been ornamented with lines, circles, and crescents, scored by a flint-knife or sharp-edged shell, and whose intellectual attainments might be estimated by the insuperable difficulty of teaching them to count ten. Now, see their sons, as courteously servile as the descendants of the European kidnappers who enslaved their fathers; and probably as well versed in vice. They imitate the white in every species of foppery, folly, absurdity and crime. They imitate him as tyrants and as slaves. Not so the Indian. The conformation of his head shows his great superiority to the imitative negro; and he feels in his woods and prairies superior to the encroaching white-man. The vices of civilization brought in contact, undermine him and he perishes; but he never bows. He is eloquent and polite—never cringing. Two young Osages or Iroquois could never be induced to carry the delicacies of a drawing-room around, like those blacks, and bow, and cringe, and fly, at the nod of the white man, although they see the white man do it."

"They are not too prord to serve us as warriors, hunters, or voyageurs." remarked the governor.

"True: but without servility. They are at home in the fight the chase and the canoe. They adopt our weapons and excel in their use. They serve us in the forest or on the rivers and lakes, and are proud to show their superiority to us. You could not by the training of centuries bring the descendant of an Indian to bear himself like yon black."

"Or like yon white," said Cooke.

"Yet, they are great beaux," said the governor.

"True, sir, no beau in this assembly, and I can see a great many perfect coxcombs, is more attentive to ornamenting his person than a young Indian brave. Both their men and women are as fond of show, and as much tickled with tinsel, as we are; but the Indian would not, like the black, or the white, dress himself like a chief and conduct himself like a slave."

"This may be all true," observed Dr. McLean, "but is it not his pride that makes him suppress any token of admiration

at the inventions and improvements of the white man, although he wishes to imitate them?"

"He values his independence too highly to pay the price."

"He is revengeful."

"As a white."

"Deceitful."

"To destroy his enemy. It is the theory and practice of European warfare."

"He is a drunkard," said Spiffard, "and to obtain the means of excitement, will degrade himself to become a liar and a thief."

"In this, I acknowledge that he imitates his white neighbours. This is one feature which puzzles me in the character of this proud people. Their religion, their liability to be deceived by false prophets and conjurers, and some other points may be accounted for; but their obstinate rejection of the truths of christianity, or, if apparently received, its utter inefficacy, is, to use the same word, another puzzle. The present race of Europe is a mixture of the three divisions of the old world. All nations, while in a savage, or semi-savage state, have bowed the head to the law of the gospel. At first to the outward forms, and by degrees to the spirit, more or less, according to circumstances. If a king, chief, or leader, was induced to receive the sign of the cross, all his nation, people, or followers, professed themselves christians. But the aborigine of America either rejects peremptorily, or acquiesces from politeness. He will hear sermon, kneel at mass, hang a cross among his ornaments, but he remains ever ready for the chace of beast or man, ever delighting in blood and torture."

The success of some missionaries, particularly the Moravians, may be objected, but their great and exemplary efforts produced but transient and partial effect. Individuals doubtless became christians, (at least I am willing to believe so) but never did an Indian profess christianity because a king or chief called himself by that name."

"Is it not because they will not submit to law," inquired Spiffard.

"They have an inexplicable moral law, to which they submit more willingly than civilized men submit to any legal restraint, however trifling, which interferes with their passions or interests. If an Indian has, in the opinion of his tribe, incurred the penalty of death, and is by the council adjudged to die, although he may be far from home, and beyond all control by coercion, if notified of the doom pronounced, he returns and

offers his life to expiate his fault. If he is in debt to any one, he asks time, and life, for a hunt; brings home the product, settles his pecuniary account, and then meets the final settlement of the death-blow, without any apparent reluctance."

As Cooke moved from the group we have been attending to, he repeated, "there are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, than are dreamt of in your philosophy."

"Hypocrisy is carried farther with these savages than with any other people in the globe," was the general's remark.

"I love them for their democratic independence," said Tompkins.

"Democracy!" said Williams with a sneer. "They certainly are good democrats in filth, drunkeness, deceit and violence."

"I am sorry, General Williams, that your long residence in Europe has prejudiced you against the institutions of your country. Democracy, government by the representatives of the people, natives of the soil, is the palladium of America. You resided in Paris during the reign of terror, and, excuse me, your prejudices may be derived from what you saw of mobs."

"No, sir, I was then a pure democrat, but I have since had experience of the vast superiority of European society, and my judgment of the government necessary to produce this superiority, is founded upon long observation. Every thing in this country appears little and mean, with great ostentation and unbounded pretension."

"Humph! pretension," said Littlejohn.

"Your countrymen," said Tompkins smiling, "are much obliged to you."

"Nay—you must not misunderstand me. I love my country sincerely. But you will allow that the vulgar herd think of nothing but levelling. I remember in this city of New-York, and its environs, beautiful and commanding hills, from whose summits we might contemplate the neighbouring islands, with the plains and mountains of New-Jersey, the majestic rivers and bay, and even look to the Atlantic ocean. Then, when entering the superb harbour from the sea, the city appeared to rise from the waters, hill above hill; now, a foreigner in approaching, cries how flat the land is upon which that town is built. He sees nothing but marks of mediocrity and tokens of trade."

"And you may remember, as I do, between these towering hills, enveloped in mists, like many a haughty European head, deep ponds of stagnant water, the receptacles of filth and

sources of pestilence; low and wide spread marshes, where the bittern fished for the frog, and the snipe hid his long bill in the mud. Where are they now? It is true we have a level; but it is a wholesome level. The materials of superfluous heights have been made useful. The lowly morass has been lifted to the level of the adjacent plain, and is covered with the neat abodes of thousands—the fountains of disease are converted into the habitations of health. Thus it is that democracy would and will, by degrees, leave no head so high as to be lifted to the clouds and see mankind through a mist, and will raise from the pestilential miasmata of vice and ignorance those who had been doomed by the aristocracy of former days to the slough of despond or the stagnant pool of corruption."

"All a dream, sir, a dream!"

"A glorious reality! Our institutions are raising millions to the level, and above the level of European society. Our schools daily increase. Millions are imbued with the love of their country; become familiar with her institutions; obedient to her laws; and rich in her literature, and *that* of *their fatherland.*"

"Bravo, governor! Democracy has a worthy champion in the West-Chester farmer's son."

"Give me your hand, my old friend, and the friend of my father. You are not afraid of that system which would lift the poor and the ignorant to the level of good citizenship, and reduce the usurper of power to a state wherein he may be useful instead of prejudicial."

"All this is very pretty, gentlemen, and very specious. But you are teaching the ignorant and vulgar, who must ever be the mass of society, that they ought to be the rulers of the well born and well educated. Mere number, that is, brute force, will govern. The consequence is, that if I, or any other gentleman, come in contact with one of the very lowest of the people, provided the individual does not wish any favour, or has no design upon my purse, his language or behaviour will be insolent or brutal. Go into a mechanic's workshop and ask an apprentice for his master: the answer is, I have no master—that is, you get no answer. One of the journeymen, if an European, may, perhaps, say, 'the boss is not here.' The meaner officials of the country, from the same cause, assume a tone of familiarity that calls for correction, but which their superiors in office dare not attempt. I have seen a constable in this city put his thumb and finger into the mayor's snuff-box, when offered to a distinguished guest of

the corporation, and take his pinch with the sangfroid of perfect equality."

"I am an old man, Mr. Williams—I beg pardon—general I should have said," and Littlejohn fixed his eyes on the person he addressed with an expression that might have made the blood mount to the forehead of any other man. "I have lived many years, and never found that my countrymen were deficient in civility, unless provoked by the *assumption* of superiority."

"I think the action I have mentioned was neither civil nor proper."

"Where," asked Governor Tompkins, "where was the offence if a constable put his finger and thumb into a mayor's snuff-box? They are both servants of the same sovereign—the sovereign people; and both part and parcel of sovereignty. I am an officer of higher grade than the mayor, and I have taken my pinch from the box of Jacob Hays, and Jacob has had thumb and finger in mine many a time."

"Ah, there it is—you all look forward to the time of election."

"Ha, ha, ha! May be so! But my snuff received no injury except from diminution; for Jacob has a broad thumb and finger, and makes a grasping pinch, as many a greater sufferer than my snuff-box can testify."

"Say what you will, governor, I wish to find respect paid to my—my—" he was going to say rank, but his eye met Littlejohn's, and he changed his word to "appearance."

"It is a trite saying, that appearances are deceitful," observed the last mentioned interlocutor.

"If I go into an inn," said Williams, "I may stand in the common bar-room for minutes before I can be told whether I may have shelter or refreshment. Whereas, in England, the moment I appear, I am saluted with proper respect, and ushered into an apartment fit to receive a gentleman."

"By an obsequious cringing menial, who, not being paid by the keeper of the inn, anticipates, in you, the bearer of his wages," said Littlejohn.

"Jemmy Bryden, of the Tontine, tells a story of himself when he kept the Fountain inn at Baltimore, perhaps apropos to *appearances*," said Tomkins. "Notice had been given to the landlord that President Jefferson would, on a certain day, honour the Fountain inn with his presence, and pass the night. Greatly pleased was Jemmy Bryden. He *boo'd* in anticipation, and much he talked of the expected honour. Every preparation

was made, and the landlord stood ready on the appointed day to receive the president of the United States with every attention due to his rank. At this crisis a stage-coach drove up to the door, and a tall traveller stept out, with saddle-bags on arm, and was stalking through the hall to the interior of the Fountain inn. 'Ye canno go in there,' said Jemmy, 'sit ye doon, mon, in the bar-room.' The tall man did as he was desired—threw his saddle-bags on one chair and himself on another, with perfect nonchalance; took out his snuff-box, and after helping himself, offered it, open, to Jemmy, who was in the act of popping in thumb and finger, when a well dressed gentleman approached, and asked, of the tall man, (with the saddle-bags) 'when will your excellency have a carriage ordered?' at the same time demanding of the astonished landlord 'why he had not shown the president to the apartments ordered for him?' "

Spiffard seized the opportunity offered by Mrs. Cadwallader's approach to propose the *amende honourable*, by taking a place at the harpsichord; and, with her, left the group of gentlemen who had been attracted to listen to the amiable governor.

Again Spiffard approached the harpsichord, which, as we have seen, was opposite the door of the outward apartment: again he was seated opposite the fatal mirror. Again the ladies surrounded him at the call of Cadwallader. And this time he was permitted to show his skill both as a vocal and instrumental musician. He sung a plaintive ballad—it was thought he had composed it himself—and his auditors were melted to tears. He changed suddenly to a strain of mock bravura, and gave a comic song with characteristic expression. The effect his efforts had produced—the attentions of the elegant Mrs. Cadwallader—the inspiring looks, and half suppressed sounds of delight, escaping from the lovely girls around him—all tended to encourage the young comedian, and his animal spirits were exalted to their highest pitch, when other sounds, most discordant and shrill were heard, and the company turned to the door from whence they proceeded.

The first words were indistinct, although screamed by a voice scarcely human. Then was heard, " stand out of the way, fellow! I will go in!"

The hand of the musician was arrested—his voice faltered—he lifted his eyes to the mirror, and again saw the dreaded vision which had before deprived him of self-government and stopped the beating of his heart.

Mrs. Williams burst into the apartment a perfect image of raging insanity. The elegant dress with which she had pre-

viously appeared, when she entered hanging upon the general's arm, and was still, in part upon her, but in utter disorder; appearing as if the act of disrobing had commenced before the impulse of madness had seized and hurried her from her chamber to this second humiliating exhibition. No cloak, shawl, or hat, served to hide the ravages made in her habiliments, or veil her distorted maniacal countenance. Her first appearance had been, in part, maudlin; the second was that of furious passion and raving insanity commingled. Every feature was distorted, and although inexpressibly wild, yet the open mouth and muscles reluctantly obeying the confused intellect, dimmed that brightness which flashes from uncontrolled passion, when its madness is not under the influence of poison.

Her dark hair hung in disorder, made more conspicuous by the previous care which had been taken in its arrangement, and the remains of ornaments which had been lavished upon the now straggling tresses. In this plight she had walked, or glided, a hideous spectre, through the streets, from the splendid mansion of the general to that of Doctor Cadwallader.

"Williams! Williams!" she shouted, as she entered, in a tone high, hoarse, discordant. "Williams! I will bear it no longer! Why am I to be left alone? Why am I to be abandoned? I am betrayed! deceived! I will expose the hypocrite. I will let the world know—"

While uttering these ravings, which seemed to threaten some disclosure, as a punishment to be inflicted upon the courteous general, she had advanced, and the receding company gave her ample space to exhibit the wildest contortions of body and limbs.

The cry of "Spiffard—Mr. Spiffard?" was heard, and he was seen by those near the harpsichord, pale, and sinking from the music-stool. Again he might have fallen to the floor, but for the aid of Doctor Cadwallader, and an exertion of mind made by himself, when he found that he was a second time causing a confusion, which to the company must appear inexplicable or ridiculous.

The unhappy woman ceased her call upon her husband, as soon as the name of Spiffard struck her ear. She stood still a moment. "Who says Spiffard? Where is he? Where's the Yankee farmer? Where's my sister? Let me see Spiffard! Let me see my sister! My father! My mother! O, my mother!"

Williams, who had been seated on an ottoman, making himself agreeable to a lady, at the time his wife entered, was, for

once, taken by surprise. He at first strove to appear unconcerned; but when certain words reached his ear, he started from his seat, and hurrying through the retreating crowd that had made a circle round his wife, arrived in time to prevent her falling on the floor, as she called upon her father and mother, in a tone that indicated exhaustion and returning reason, accompanied by deep, heart-breaking sorrow.

The physicians hastened to her assistance, and the unhappy woman was conveyed home; this time, accompanied by the general, who had murmured something, in broken sentences, of "delicate health—unhappy disease—nervous affection," to those who assisted and rode with him to his door, in a coach offered by one of the company.

Spiffard was surrounded by friends, among whom was Littlejohn, all interested in his apparent suffering, and all very much at a loss to account for the extraordinary incidents of the evening. He soon took leave of his kind hostess, and retired. After much whispering, tale-telling, and many grave looks, and foreboding shakes of the head, the various groups dispersed, and left the doctor and his lady to form plans for their future conduct towards those of their guests who had been most conspicuous in the scenes of pain and pleasure, on which we now drop the curtain.

Before we proceed with our hero's story, which is becoming more interesting as it approaches the catastrophe, it is necessary to go back, and see how, and by what means, General Williams, the handsome American, and his English wife, had become connected with the fate of the Yankee water-drinker.

We are not practised in the delightful art of story-telling, whether true or false, real or imaginary; but we find that others who have practised the art with success, have thought it not inconsistent with that interest which they wish to excite in their readers, to skip backwards and forwards in their narrations; now dropping the chain of events (as a housewife drops a stitch in her knitting work;) now taking it up again, and filling the void skilfully, (like the aforesaid industrious dame;) so that their work (like the glove or stocking,) may be made to suit those it is intended for. This being the established mode, we shall in all humility follow it.

The reader has seen that our lover of truth and water found his maternal grandfather, Mr. Atherton, when he visited him in Lincolnshire, reduced to poverty; that he had lost his wife; and that he was dependent upon the exertions of his only remaining daughter for subsistence. This daughter, once thought little of

in comparison with her beautiful sisters, had proved the only solace of his age. This neglected one was not adorned by polished skin, or Grecian feature, but she possessed the lasting beauties of the mind. Cheerful, pious, dutiful, and industrious; she was the prop of the paternal tree, that had not afforded her a due portion of its protecting influence, when its stem was vigorous, and its branches flourishing.

The neglect which Sophia Atherton had experienced from her father and mother, taught her to rely upon another parent; and caused her to seek instruction from the sources which that parent had placed within her reach.

We have seen that our hero did his duty, in placing his grandfather and aunt beyond the reach of want. We will go still further back, take up another stitch, and bring up another thread of our knitting work, in another chapter.

CHAPTER XXI.

Things as they were thirty years ago.

"A paramour is, God bless us, a thing of naught."—*Shakspeare.*

"O, what a tangled web we weave,
When first we practise to deceive."—*Scott.*

"Smile in men's faces, smooth, deceive, and cog;
Duck with French nods, and apish courtesy."

"Methought a serpent eat my heart away,"

"Cupid is a knavish lad,
Thus to make poor females mad."

"One man holdeth troth, a million false."

"Which is the villain? Let me see his eyes;
That when I note another man like him,
I may avoid him."

"O what authority, and show of truth,
Can cunning sin cover itself withal."—*Shakspeare.*

"Meine Ruh' ist hin,
Meine Herz ist schwer;
Ich finde sie nimmer
Und nimmermehr."—*Goethe.*

"Wrong has but wrong, and blame the due of blame."—*Shakspeare.*

I HAVE pledged myself to give some account of the handsome and courteous General Williams, and to explain his connection with the fate and story of Zebediah Spiffard.

William Williams, (who had contrived to assume, with some plausibility, the title of general, in consequence of a short period of enrolment in the French republican army, at the commencement of their struggles for liberty,) was one of those unprincipled speculators, who have, in the minds of the superficial, left a stain on the American character in Europe. He was a Pennsylvanian by birth, and descended from one of the com-

panions of William Penn; but had very early in life, thrown off both the principles and garb of the primitively apostolic society, of which his ancestor had been a member and leader.

By the death of his parents, he was left in possession of some property, which he dissipated even before he "was read out of meeting." After sponging upon such of his countrymen as his exterior and professions could deceive, (and he had "a tongue could wheedle with the devil,") he sought a wider field for the display of his abilities in Europe. He did not go empty-handed to Paris; and arriving at a time when his professions of zeal in the cause of liberty, as well as his being an American, were recommendations, he entered the army under the auspices of the good LaFayette; but found means to retire, before seeing any active service, with the rank of major, which was easily advanced to that of general, after going to London.

The vicissitudes occasioned by the many revolutions of France, enabled him to gamble, or speculate, to advantage in Paris: he, however, found it convenient to cross the channel, and he arrived at the metropolis of Great Britain with a full purse, splendid appointments, and an honourable military title. All this was not sufficient to gain him an introduction to the higher classes of that great city. He imitated their vices and extravagance; but his schemes upon their gold and bank notes, though backed by skill, failed, at the outposts of nobility, the gaming tables, to which he had gained admittance. Many other schemes failed, although some succeeded, and he was nearly at the bottom, where ebbing fortune threatened to leave him, when, at a public place, he met the attractive Sophia Atherton.

The outward marks of wealth had not been stripped from the general, and he succeeded in gaining an introduction to, and attracting the attention of this fallen, and now neglected, victim of seduction. Though much *her* senior, he was younger, handsomer, and more attentive than her noble seducer; and found no difficulty in commencing a suit which ended in a very different manner from his first intentions.

Williams, who was in all things as great a libertine as the hereditary lawgiver of Great Britain, with whom Miss Atherton lived, met her at one of those ball-rooms, where persons who had fallen, like her, but were yet of the first class of the degraded, (and who resorted to this place by permission, and under certain restrictions, appearing in splendor, attended by the carriages and servants of their illegitimate lords,) were accustomed to assemble; and where a show of decorum was pre-

served. He gained the information he wished from the proprietors of this dancing assembly; and with the cunning of the unwise, conceived a plan for restoring his shattered fortunes, and escaping that royal seat, called the King's Bench.

He was informed that my lord was about to marry, and would willingly make pecuniary sacrifices to get rid of the beautiful frail-one in question. My lord was extremely rich—a legitimate heir to his estates and titles was his object—and the general's informant hinted that his lordship would probably pay well to be relieved from the presence of the lady who had been exhibited in triumph, but was now tolerated as a burthen, which he wished to remove without resorting to harsh, or what might be considered, dishonourable measures.

The unhappy Sophia, disappointed in her hopes of continued attachment from the man who had gained her heart, (we do not say her love; heart may mean wishes, desires, hopes, whether of admiration, or riches, or splendor;) disappointed in all her vain expectations, tormented by conscience, cut off from such society as she could esteem, and made daily more sensible of her deplorable fall, was pleased by the particular attentions of the handsome general; who appeared as a man of fashion, distinction, and wealth. They met frequently at the before-mentioned dancing assembly, and after, by appointment, at other places; she guardedly preserving with fidelity, that treaty with my lord, by the terms of which she enjoyed the liberty she exercised; and always accompanied by his lordship's servants, in attendance, or by some person appointed by him. Of course, he was apprised of Williams's attentions to his protegee, and she knew that he had such information. After a time, my lord told her that if the gentleman would marry her, he would yield his consent, however unwillingly, and would settle a handsome annuity upon her for life.

Williams found the charms of the beautiful Sophia, (who communicated the munificent intentions of my lord,) increase as his funds and credit diminished—and became more pressing, in proportion to the pressing calls of his creditors. The dread of that resting place, before named—a place not unknown to several of our republicans who have made their visits too long to the land of their fathers—increased. This uneasy bench began to appear in his dreams; the fear of it made him more fervent in protestations, and more assiduous in attentions.

The lady, on her part, became, in some measure, attached to her professed admirer. Her hopes rested on him. To become a wife, was, of itself, a circumstance ardently to be desired.

She hoped that she might again be received as a child at the paternal hearth. She saw, or imagined, a way opened by which she might escape the tortures of an upbraiding conscience; for conscience, though lulled by the opiates of dissipation, would awake, and the voice was louder at every awakening. She hoped yet for the blessing of her father, and to have the stains of sin washed from her by the tears of repentance and forgiveness, shed and mingled on the bosom of her mother; for yet she knew not that she was the murderer of that too fond and indulgent parent. She encouraged the adventurer's addresses, in the delusive hope of retrieving character, and finding happiness; for "hope is swift, and flies with swallows' wings." Williams pursued her to avoid a prison, satisfy his creditors, and secure the means of living, if not in splendour, at least in sensual indulgence. Her beauty, for yet her brilliant complexion, (aided by the arts of the milliner, mantua-maker, and other coadjutors of the toilet,) lent to Sophia Atherton no small portion of attraction for such a man as William Williams.

The other party to this bargain, the noble peer, who could trace his blood to one of the robbers attending upon the Norman conqueror; (and who had, as we have seen, watched the progress of the intrigue,) chose his opportunity to bring it to a close. One morning, (that is, a little before sun-set in June,) when he, by appointment, met Sophia, he, assuming an air of badinage, and exercising a degree of frankness, not often put in requisition, told his victim that he thought "the Yankee gentleman" would "serve her turn," and advised her to secure him. His frankness, however, did not extend so far as to make known to her that the general was no general; and that the splendid equipage, furniture, and other indications of wealth, were unpaid for.

"I will do my endeavour to arrange matters in such a manner that you shall have no just cause to complain of my want of liberality. The general will make you what is called 'an honest woman;' and if he takes you to Yankee-land, you will shine as a brilliant star among the pine-knots of New-England, or a sun, illuminating with your splendour, the fashion-aping coteries of Boston or Washington."

We will not record the answer of the humbled and penitent Sophia. The interview ended in an understanding that Williams should be invited by her to see *my lord's* collection of pictures, statues, medals, and other evidences of his *virtu;* and a concerted-accidental meeting should take place between the noble peer and the ignoble general.

This happened as was arranged. Let it be observed that the female partner in the transaction was the only one who did not attempt to deceive. The general imposed upon her, and wished to impose himself upon the noble, as a man of honour and wealth. The noble had obtained a knowledge of the worthlessness of the impostor upon whom he intended to place the ostensible responsibility for the future welfare of the woman he had ruined; but was satisfied that he acted as a man of honour, in providing her with a husband, and securing her from a want of the luxuries she had been accustomed to. Sophia imparted to the man on whom her hopes now rested, all her former aberrations and future aspirations. She was again deceived!

The two gentlemen—alas! that the term should be so prostituted—the nobleman and general—(these words must pass for designations of the individuals who met to complete the bargain and sale,) concurred in deceiving the object of the traffic. The general, accompanied by his intended wife, admired the works of art he ostensibly came to see. My lord *dropped in by chance*, was introduced; and the negotiators, at a signal given by the master of the mansion, were left *tete-a-tete*, by the withdrawing of the lady—the property to be bought and sold.

My lord told Williams that he was aware of his pursuit of Miss Atherton, and added:

"She is a lovely woman, sir, a treasure, of which, I am conscious that I am unworthy. My age is unsuited to her youth and beauty. She has confessed that you have engaged her affections. Family reasons render it proper that I should marry, and my union with a lady of rank is arranged—the time fixed. Now, sir, you are a man of honour—a general in the American service—"

"No, my lord—I have been in the French army."

"True, I recollect—for to be frank, I have not been so inattentive to Miss Atherton's future prospects, as not to make *certain inquiries*. You live in style, keep your carriage, and all that—but, to be plain, I understand that your circumstances are not such as appearances indicate, or, as Miss Atherton thinks them."

The peer paused. The general determined to throw off a mask which he found was no longer a disguise. He confessed, that he was a bankrupt; but he was too much under the influence of habit not to begin some smooth sentences respecting remittances and expectations, which the hereditary lawmaker interrupted by proceeding thus.

"Sir, I believe we understand each other, and may as well

come to the point. We are both men of the world, but I am the greater favourite of fortune, and you the happier as *un homme a bonnes fortunes.* In plain English, I am rich and you are poor."

The countenance of the peer was as he spoke the last lines, very like that which Moritz Retzch has given to Mephistophiles in his sketches from Faust. The general kept his *own* countenance—bowed and smiled. The rich man proceeded.

"I will come down handsomely if you will publicly marry Miss Atherton."

"Publicly?"

"Publicly. That is, in the presence of undeniable witnesses.—You hesitate. Your friends, you know, need not be made acquainted with any particulars of the lady's former history. Your honourable character must be her passport in either hemisphere." Mephistophiles again.

"Certainly, Sir."

"I will settle upon her for her life, one thousand pounds—of course sterling—*per annum.*"

"For *her* life."

"*Her* life. She is still young—true, the young die—well, then, if you survive, five hundred a year for *your* life—you shall be a general on half pay." Mephistophiles again.

"But my present debts?"

"What! must I wipe off all old scores?—well, well, so be it. We will make a clear field."

Such was the bargain and sale. It is sufficient for us to know that it was fulfilled *honourably.* The general introduced his beautiful wife to his friends, who, being principally Pennsylvanians of a respectable class, were less liable to know the history of Miss Atherton, whose name alone, was made known to them by the husband, with the addition, that her family resided in Lincolnshire; and the bride and bridegroom left London for the country seat. That she was an heiress was very clear, *to the general's creditors.*

Sophia had stipulated that she should visit her parents and sister. Her mother was dead. Her father refused to see her, or forgive her. The knowledge that her mother died in consequence of her flight and infamy, was a sore blow, awakening anew her lulled conscience. Her hopes of reconciliation were blasted. Her sister Eliza saw her privately and wept over her. She remembered what had passed in the days of early youth, "school-days friendship—childhood innocence," for though unlike and differently treated by their parents, there still were "many hours that they had spent together," when they "had chid the

hasty-footed time for parting them." Besides, religion had taught Eliza forgiveness; she practised its precepts. To "do as she would be done by," and "to render good for evil," were laws her pure heart never rebelled against. She endeavoured to be a mediator between the father and repentant daughter; but even *her* influence—the influence of wisdom, purity and love, could not bend the obstinacy of a weak-minded man, whose hopes had been blasted where he placed his fondest expectations.

The wretched Sophia was doomed to further disappointments on her return to London: trifling in comparison with those she had last experienced, but they were additions; and when the cup is full, a drop causes overflowing. Riches command outward tokens of respect; but the heart requires more; and neither Williams nor his wife found it. The reception Mrs. Williams met with from those to whom her husband introduced her was cool. There was some mystery identified with her and her marriage, and mystery begets suspicion.

Shortly some good natured friend, with the best intentions in the world, informed her that it was said, and positively asserted, notwithstanding that she had contradicted it, that, Mrs. Williams had been divorced from a former husband in consequence of certain indiscretions: "only think how ridiculous, my dear," and another *had said* that a certain peer had been noticed (while looking at her through his glass, at the opera-house,) giving intimations of former intimacy; and then whispering to some of his companions: and it *was reported* that the peer—a newly married, though an old man, had been a particular friend of Mrs. Williams. Other reports said that she had been separated from her husband and a flock of fine children, by a private compromise between general Williams and the injured party. In short the unhappy woman found that the past was incessantly intruding upon the present, not only by the busy suggestions of memory, but by circumstances which to the *sound* would have caused no pain. She saw that there was no rest for her in her native land.

To add to her misfortunes, she had, when first conscious of the falling off, and increasing neglect of her seducer, sought in the wretched resource of the wretched, a temporary relief from mortification and grief; and now, under the affliction caused by the failure of her hopes, she again had recourse to the same aggravating palliative.

Williams found his situation disagreeable, and proposed a visit to his native country. Sophia, although she had no favouring recollections of her former residence in America, and

might have objected to Boston, gladly agreed to the proposal of visiting the relations of her husband in Philadelphia. To go where she was unknown, seemed desirable; but to seek a refuge in such obscurity was like the hopeles attempt to fly from the observation of a Roman tyrant when Rome was the world, and the only refuge of the guilty was death. A change of place was, however, a revival of hope.

The *soi-disant* general had no brothers; and but one sister living. She had never deviated from the sect of which her ancestors had been shining lights, and had married, in meeting, (with all the decent and rational forms of quakerism,) a man like herself. She was now a widow, residing in Philadelphia, in circumstances which assure competence to those whose desires are moderate, and surrounded in her simple dwelling by four daughters as prudent, neat, and unpretending as she had been when at the same joyful epocha of life, the age of expectation. To this sister the general announced his intentions of visiting his home, and being her guest until he should establish himself and her new sister, in a suitable dwelling, as her neighbour.

The travellers were anxiously expected by the quaker widow and her daughters. Their plain domicil was prepared to receive them, and their hearts were as open as their doors. They received notice of the arrival of the long expected guests, who had left the ship and come up to the city in a steamboat. A trusty porter was in waiting to conduct them to the retired dwelling of Mrs. Smith, which, surrounded by other quaker families, stood in a court-like street, a *cul de sac*, which was not in existence when her brother left home. The travellers were espied as they entered the secluded place. Williams approached the door of his only remaining relative. His sister and her daughters stood at the entrance to receive him, and one they were prepared for his sake to love. Mrs. Williams, who more than divided the attention of the female group, hung on his arm. They were followed by the black porter with his wheelbarrow of baggage, two servants, a man and woman; two dogs, favourites of the master, were close at his heels, and a third, the pet of the mistress was borne in the arms of the female servant. The kind faces of the quakers beamed with pleasure as they saw the near approach of the new sister and aunt. She had already ascended the first step of the porch, already the sister had advanced with outstretched hand—when Fidelle uttered a cry and escaped from the arms of his convey-

er. The lady shrieked, "run Williams! see what's the matter with Fidelle!"

This want of tact, not to say feeling, can only be accounted for by what has already been hinted at. I only state the fact. As to the expecting ladies, I can give no adequate notion of the change of feeling which took place in them, when they saw the new-come relatives retire from them in pursuit of a little yelping cur; and then saw the general, (having captured the puppy) advancing again—his attentions and caresses bestowed upon the brute animal, while his wife stretched her arms to receive *Fidelle*, and turned her back on her husband's relations. When they saw this specimen of their guests, the reader may imagine the shock their affectionate hearts received. Their countenances I cannot describe, except that of the youngest girl, who, seeing nothing but the ridiculous in the scene, stood behind her mother, and showed by her laughing face that she was only restrained by the matron's presence from giving audible indications of her delight.

Even the neighbours had been drawn to their windows—for neighbours love to participate in neighbours' pleasures—and some of them drew in their heads that an indecorous smile might not be observed, or laugh heard. And many a heart and door was shut to the visiters, by this freak of the dog, the gentleman, and the lady.

Mr. and Mrs. Williams, after a time, commenced housekeeping, in an expensive style, in Walnut-street. They were discontented, and passed a winter in Washington. It was worse there. They removed to Richmond, and finally to New-York. They lived in splendour—they gave dinners and parties, and were in return invited and feasted. All looked beautiful, for a time, *without*, but the canker-worm feasted within. In the winter of 1811-12, the once beautiful Sophia was reduced to the state in which we have seen her at Doctor Cadwallader's.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

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